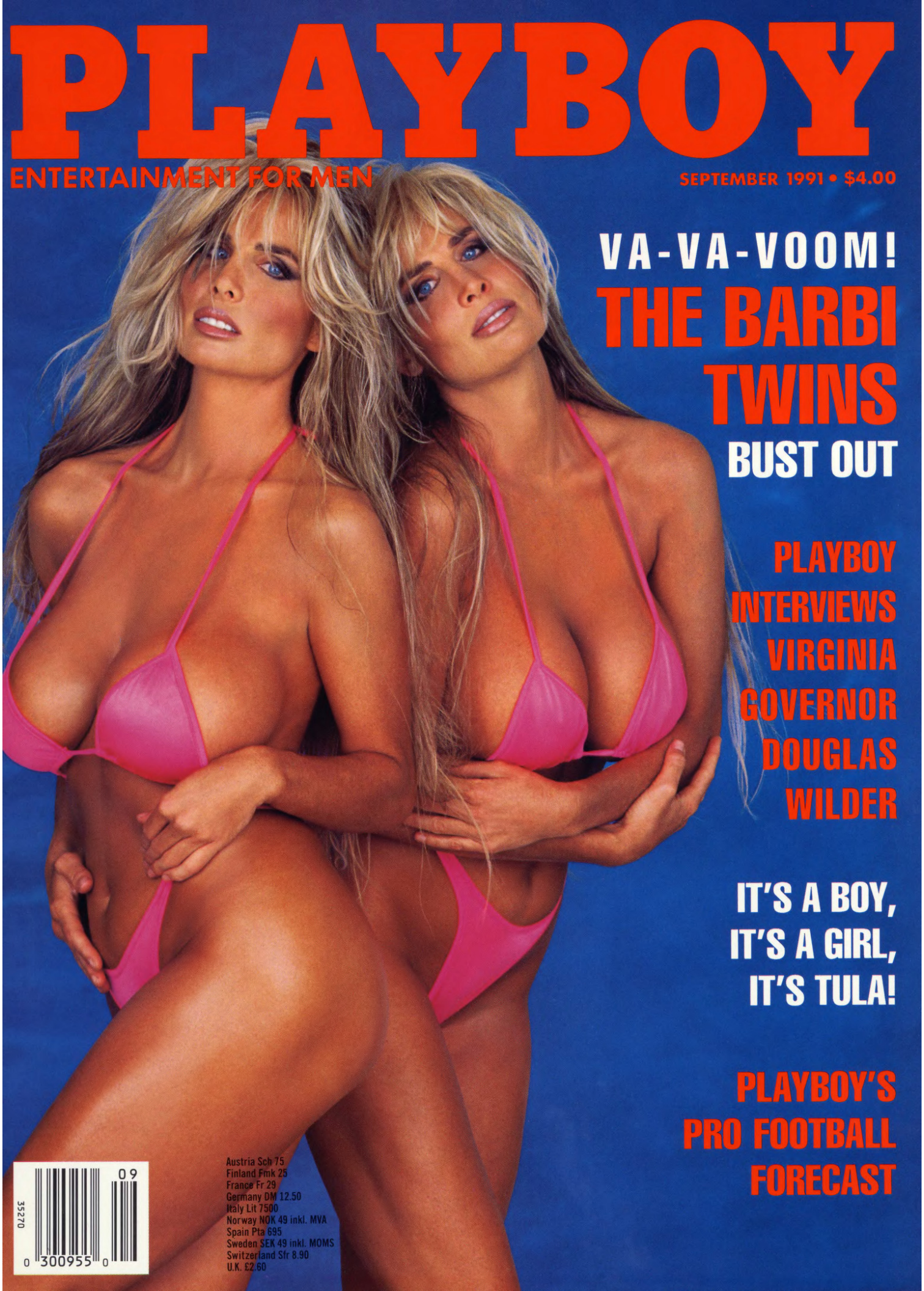
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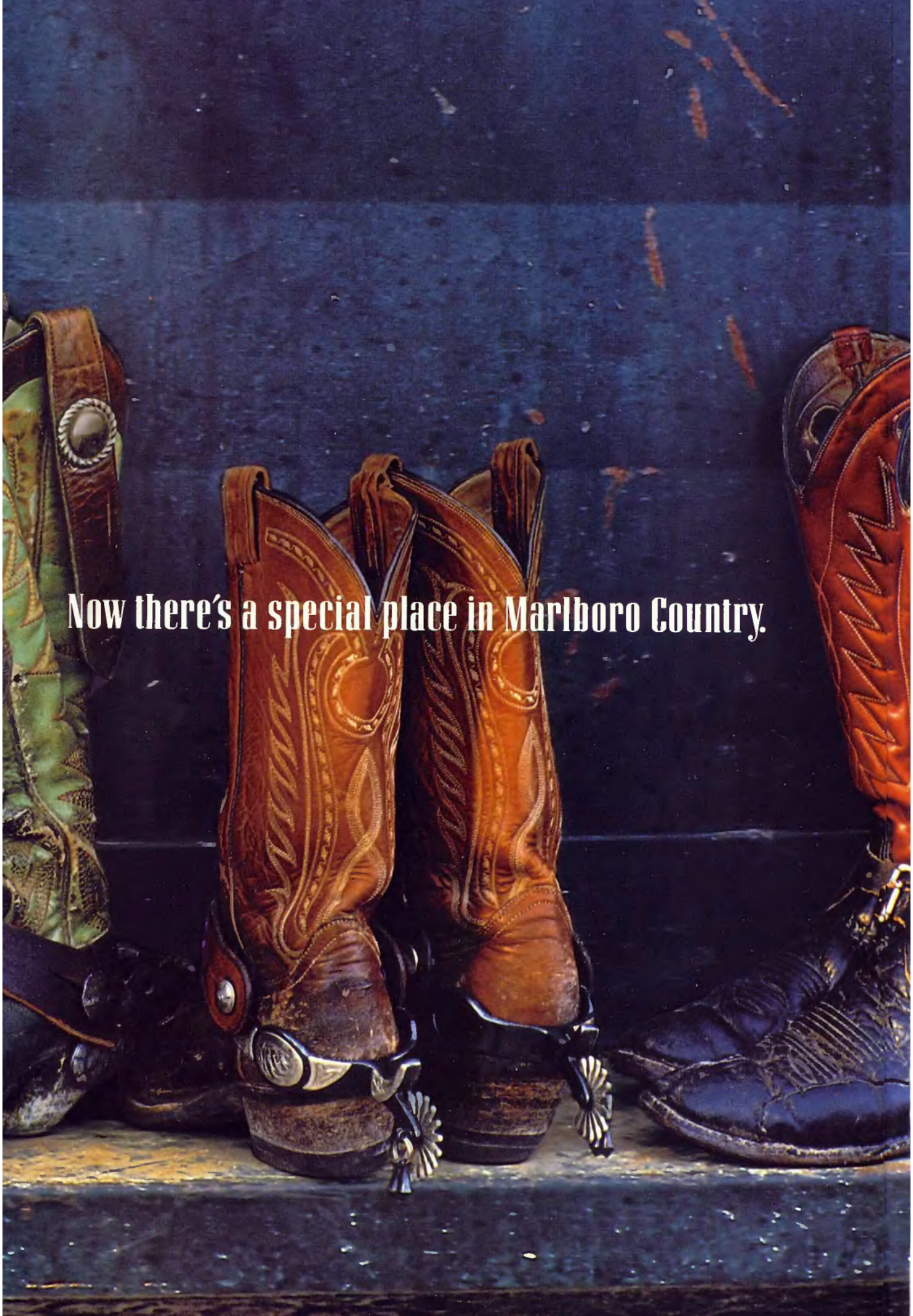
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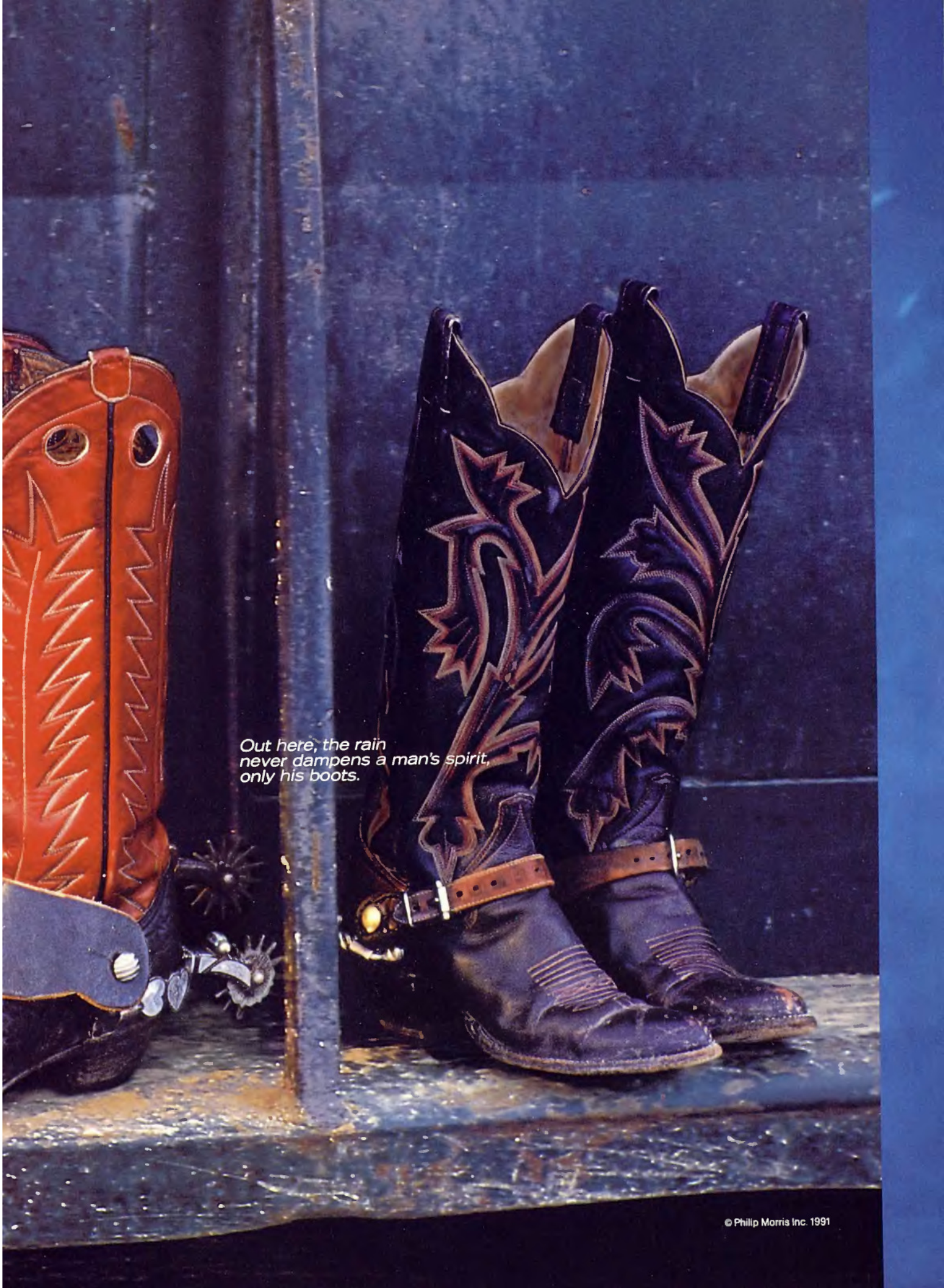

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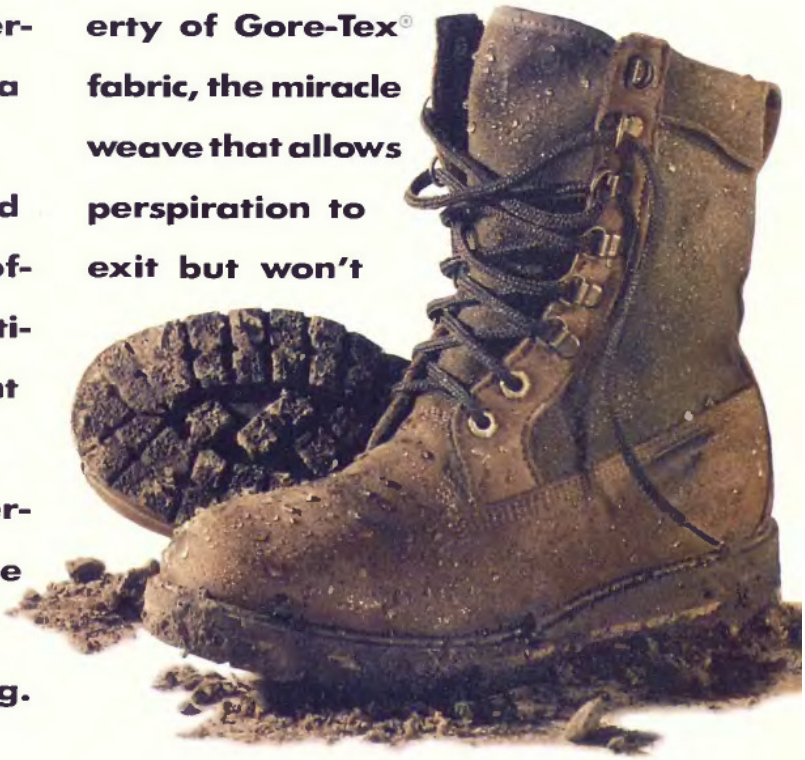

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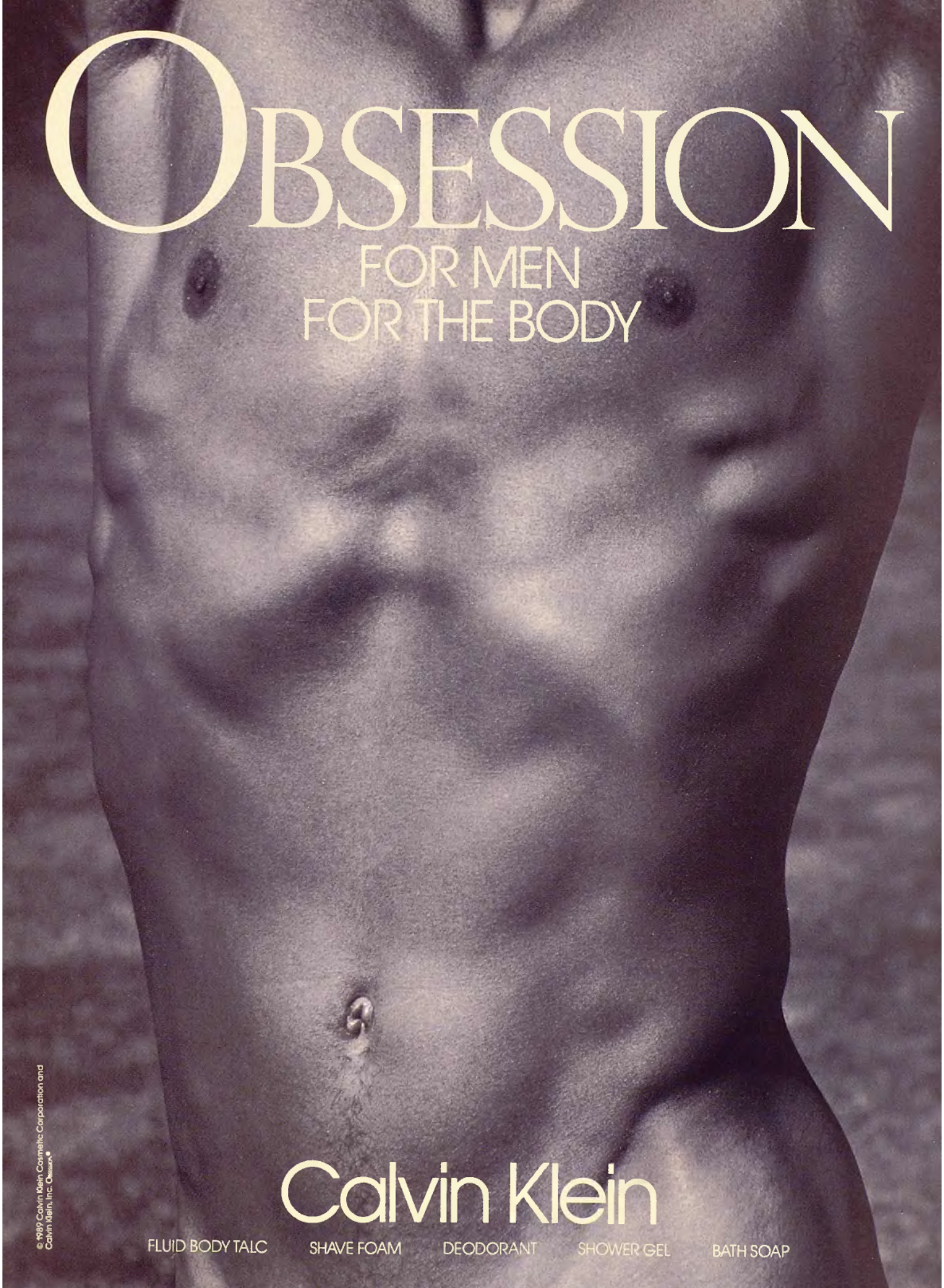

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PLAYBILL

ASIDE FROM NEW YEAR'S DAY, we think September is the best time to start afresh. Summer's over, the beach is less appealing, football and politics heat up as the weather cools down. All of a sudden, you want to know what's going on in the world again. This issue of *Playboy* will help jump-start your brain—we guarantee it. Writer **Pamela Marin** took to the roads of Indiana and Arizona to piece together a picture of Vice-President **Dan Quayle's** past—and maybe his future—digging into the history of his family's powerful chain of newspapers in *Who Made Danny Run?* If he gets kicked out of Washington, Quayle can always write about it. **Ted Kennedy** may have the same option if he doesn't clean up his act, writes **Robert Scheer** in *Reporter's Notebook*. Right-thinking liberals with the power to lead, argues Scheer, have the responsibility of keeping an eye on their private lives, too. We've considered the right and the left, so who's in the middle? Virginia governor **Douglas Wilder,** in our *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Peter Ross Range.** A very viable Democratic candidate for higher office and arguably the most prominent black politician in the country, Wilder tries, unsuccessfully, to side-step Range's persistent questions.

Moving from politics to sex is traditional, but our story with pictures of **Tula Cossey,** written by Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren,** is anything but journalism as usual. Why? Because this beauty used to be **Barry Cossey,** a man. Edgren looks into the puzzle of transsexualism and lets Tula tell her own story, *The Transformation of Tula*. If beauty is in the eye of the beholder, you'll need to read **David Huddle's** piece *Here's Looking at You* (illustrated by **Olivia De Berardinis**), a tribute to the art of ogling women. Huddle says it's part of a book he's writing exploring gender.

After politics and sex, what other topics excite our readers' passion? How about football, personal computers and action films? Can we help? You bet! **Gary Cole's** annual *Pro Football Forecast* (illustrated by **Chuck Walker**) promises more uncanny predictions than ever (no, the Giants won't repeat). When you sit down at your personal computer to calculate the odds among N.F.L. teams, do you ever wonder what makes the damn thing run? Read Contributing Editor **David Rensin's** profile of **Bill Gates,** the man behind Microsoft, described as the most powerful nerd in America in *Bill Gates, Soft Icon*. Rensin co-authored *The Bob Book* with **Bill Zehme,** which got a lot of media attention, which worried us. Fearing he had too much free time, we also sent him to check in with actor **Danny Glover** for this month's *20 Questions*. Glover is smart and funny and waiting for a romantic lead part.

When was the last time you said to yourself, "I'd like to really travel, go somewhere completely different, meet unusual people in out-of-the-way places"? Before you pack, read our chilling fiction selection, *The Safari*, written by **Malcolm Bosse** and illustrated by **Braldt Bralds.** It's about a New York couple determined to see the Ecuadorian rain forest like natives. For more Bosse, get his recent novel of survival, *Mister Touch*, from Ticknor & Fields.

Don't bother to do a double take. You saw our wonderful cover? Well, feast your eyes on the **Barbi** twins' pictorial, *Seeing Double*, photographed by **Kal Yee.** Landmark Calendars has already sold more than $500,000 worth of Barbi-twin calendars. Here, wrapped into the rest of this terrific issue, you also get ten entire pages devoted to the twins, **Shane** and **Sia.** What else is available at this bargain rate? The *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, photographed by **Jay Zukerkorn,** a pictorial ode to *Not Your Average Working Girls* and our best girl, Playmate **Samantha Dorman.** *Playboy* is where all the action is in September—and every other month. Touchdown!

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RANGE

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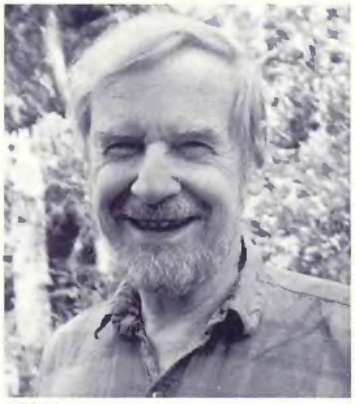
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PLAYBOY

vol. 38, no. 9—september 1991

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COVER STORY

In 1989, Hollywood met the high-voltoge Barbi twins with the living-doll look on—of oll ploces—a billboard. Here's your chonce to discover L.A.'s god-dess-sized beouties—Shane (left) and Sio (right). Our cover was produced by Associate Photo Editor Jim Larson and shot by photographer KAL. Thonks to Johnny Wolker of L.A.'s Visoges Style for the twins' hair and to Gary Berkowitz of Cloutier for their make-up. Hair's to seeing double, quips our Rabbit.

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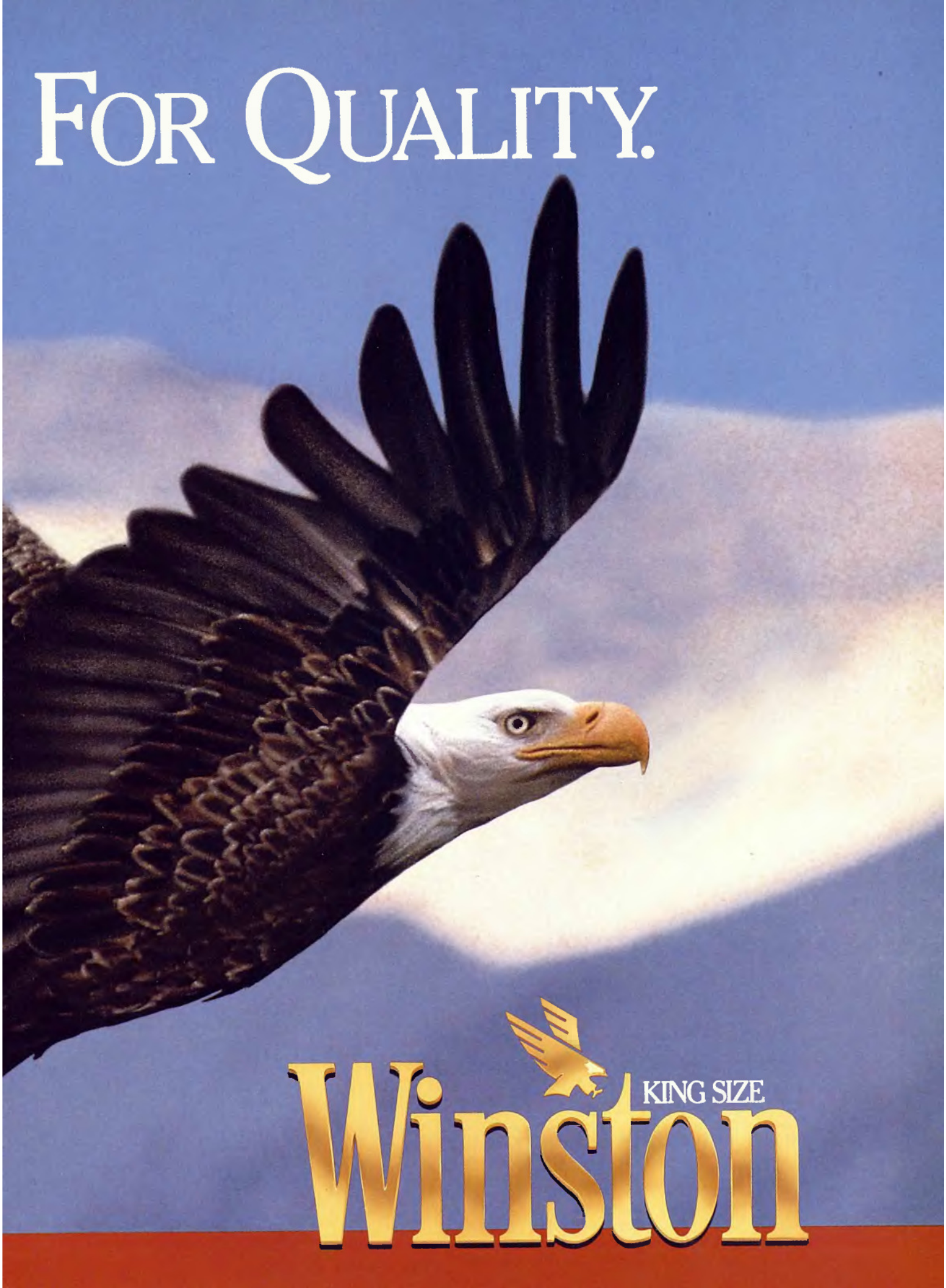
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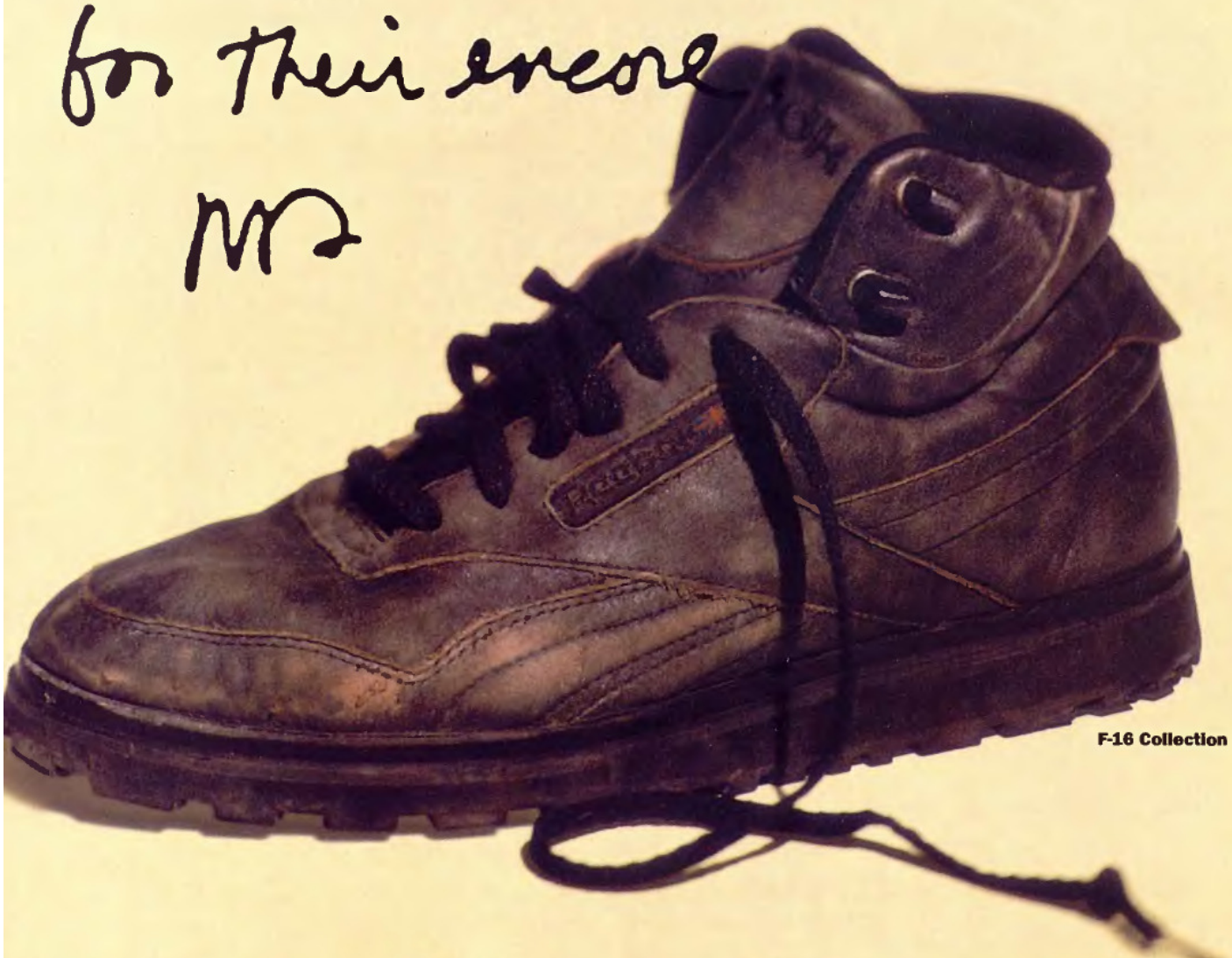

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MAC NEIL/LEHRER

I would like to react to a comment made by Robin MacNeil in the MacNeil/Lehrer *Playboy Interview* (June). MacNeil says, "Not long ago, the president of NBC News gave a very sensible speech and commented that there's a lot of very intense and very expensive competition among the networks that the viewers aren't the least bit aware of. . . . There's an awful lot of money being spent on useless forms of contrived competition." Wrong! For all of their faults, I believe most Americans would agree that the American media are among the best, if not *the* best, in the world. Why? In large part because of the "very intense and very expensive competition" that MacNeil bemoans. Why is CNN quickly becoming the favorite television news network in other countries? What favors CNN over a news source from another country? The fact that the media in other countries do not face competition as intense as the American media do. This is the case in any industry throughout the world: The greater the competition in an industry, the better those firms can compete globally.

John J. Dunn
Scottsdale, Arizona

NEIL BUSH

Steven Wilmsen's article about Neil Bush (*The Corruption of Neil Bush*, *Playboy*, June) does not contain any information about the other members of the board of directors of Silverado. How many were there? How did they vote? Would the questionable loans have been approved without Neil Bush's vote? In other words, did it matter how he voted?

Wilmsen fails to point out that the board of directors of most financial institutions rubber-stamps the decisions made by the operating management of the company. This is especially true of companies with a strong, centralized and authoritative management team.

Nor does Wilmsen mention that the financial crisis involves 500 billion dollars and that Silverado's portion of that mess is less than one percent of the total.

The impression with which I was left after reading this article was that Neil Bush was involved in the management of Silverado and personally made the decisions to approve the questionable loans.

Could it be that this article is a cheap political shot at George Bush?

Jerold Werner
Fullerton, California

Your implication that Neil Bush was an innocent and ignorant member of the Silverado board doesn't hold up under scrutiny: His blatant conflicts of interest, including approving huge loans to men who were rescuing his failing businesses with large transfusions of cash, put him well beyond the range of blameless rubber-stamp directors.

OPERATION PLAYMATE

Kudos to *Playboy* for Operation Playmate (June).

My nephew served as a tank sergeant in the Persian Gulf. I won't give his name or unit, because I don't want him to get into trouble ex post facto. But while he was over there, I sent him many letters and packages. In one of the early packages, I enclosed the December and January issues of *Playboy*. I did that innocently; they were lying around the house and it occurred to me that the guys would really appreciate them. I even declared them on the Customs form that is stuck to the outside of the package. Only later did I learn that that was a politically and culturally insensitive thing to do.

Somehow, the magazines did get through—I presume because the package arrived during the Christmas crunch. I continued to send the magazines but no longer declared them.

I'd like to share some of my nephew's comments to me:

- Letter dated December 18, 1990: "On behalf of the entire platoon, thank you. It was so nice to see beautiful, naked women again. God bless you. Mrs. Ohio,

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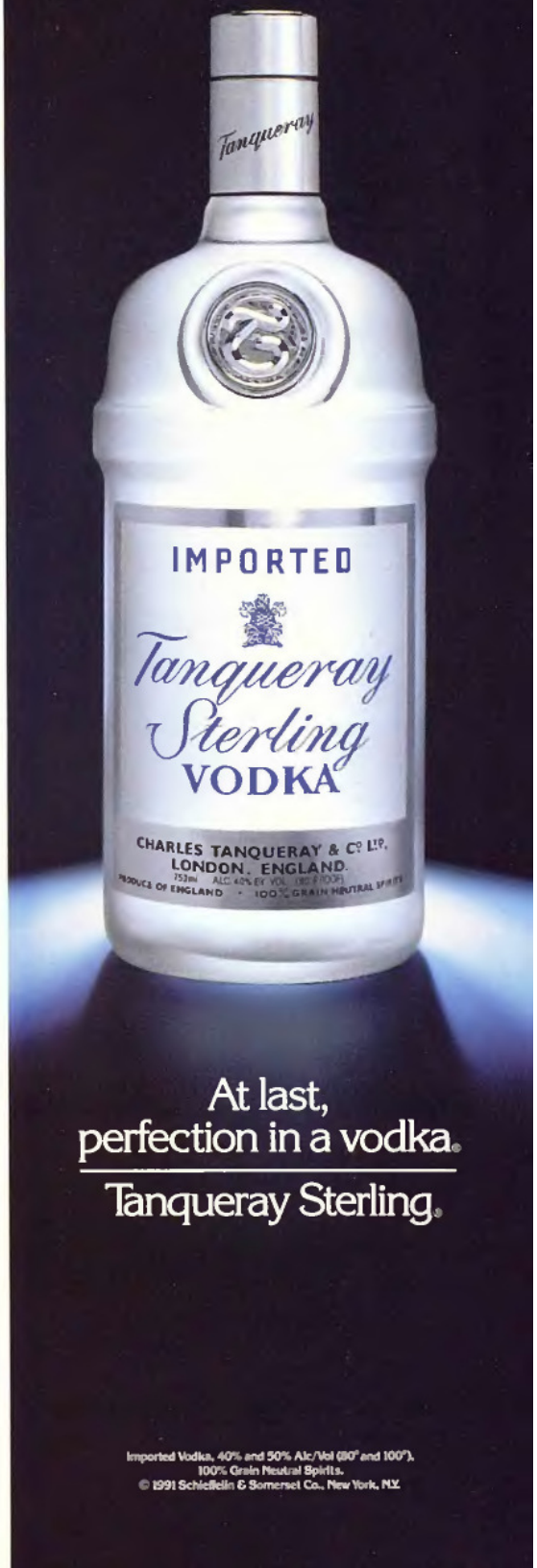

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Shown actual size

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Shown actual size

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457IPY1

a.k.a. Miss January, was a tremendous morale booster."

• Letter dated January 12, 1991: "Thank you so much for the *Playboy*. God bless you. My whole crew is incredibly grateful for the *Playboys*. You can't imagine. We even read the articles over here."

• Letter dated February 10, 1991: "Say, that March issue of *Playboy* ought to be out real soon, eh?"

Our troops in the Persian Gulf deserved love and support from home. Part of that support came from *Playboy* and the letters from Playmates.

Leslie B. Crellin
Daly City, California

BLUE TRUTH

Having just completed Cherokee Paul McDonald's riveting memoir, *Blue Truth* (*Playboy*, June), I must compliment you for publishing this graphic account of street life for a police patrolman—a courageous decision in view of the fact that it is now in vogue to bash the blue.

McDonald has my respect and admiration for baring his heart and soul in a way that allows his readers to experience the shredding of his psyche.

His ending soliloquy is pure poetry and power in motion. It should be required reading for all citizens who forget that the police forces of America deserve at least as much recognition and applause as the Desert Storm soldiers.

Jim Minehan
Phoenix, Arizona

Every city cop in the country can identify with Cherokee Paul McDonald's *Blue Truth*. It is clearly written by someone who has been there. As a retired cop, I recall the dirt and the grime of the streets of our cities and the unbelievable violence that takes place there daily. Cops know the feeling. They share the frustrations. And, after a time, it all becomes humorous. It is also unfortunate that those who are so eager to criticize the actions of police cannot experience what it's like. It is unlike any other job there is, an impossible job. But cops do it every day—and all over again the next.

Jerry Fusani
Depew, New York

Officer McDonald's shrink is accurate in his assessment: McDonald is a better writer than a policeman.

Don Valenziano
Bellmore, New York

Blue Truth is an outstanding, in-your-face assault on the values we all hold—and on the bottom line. What would I do if someone stole my child and raped my wife, and I caught him? You couldn't print it. Then the hyperinflated interpretations of law in the Nineties would hang me and call it justice. I applaud the conviction that drives a policeman to truly "serve and protect" the public. If he is subsequently viewed as brutal, then it is probably by the A.C.L.U. and its flaccid licensed liars who have gone corporate and are no longer in touch with what America's streets have become. The final vignette of Officer McDonald's public rebuttal shows me a man of strength, purpose and commitment.

John Snyder
Merced, California

LISA MATTHEWS

I just received my June *Playboy* and was overwhelmingly pleased to see Lisa Matthews as the Playmate of the Year. This decade has gotten off to a tremendous start!

Gary Haynes
Garden Grove, California

Either women are getting more beautiful or my eyesight's improving (and I'll bet it's the former), but your spread on Playmate of the Year Lisa Matthews is absolutely incredible. I literally cannot take my eyes off her. Congratulations to Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, the lucky stiff—and to Lisa's parents, for creating the most gorgeous woman on the planet today. Thank you, *Playboy*, and

thank you, Lisa, for re-creating the American Dream.

Ray George
Santa Cruz, California

I hope you realize from the mountainous mail you're surely receiving about Lisa Matthews' Playmate of the Year layout that that's the way to do them. *Playboy*'s pages are always fantastic, but many of us would like to see more pictorials with this sort of simple, unfettered beauty: nearly unnoticeable make-up, few props, simple clothing that doesn't distract from nature's loveliest form. More of this, please.

Greg Webber
Columbia, Missouri

BOBS

I loved Contributing Editor David Rensin and Bill Zehme's *Notes from the Bob Book* (*Playboy*, June). One needs to be reminded that to get to a brief, easygoing name like Bob means that you have to boil off a lot of extra letters from the old birth certificate. But that's the beauty of being a Bob. No delusions of grandeur or pretension. We start simply and forge ahead in our own fields of dreams.

Bob Franke, Jr.
Texarkana, Texas

How could David Rensin and Bill Zehme attempt an explanation of Bobism without any reference to J. R. "Bob" Dobbs? That is incomprehensible.

George Davis
Coos Bay, Oregon

Notes from the Bob Book is very amusing but lacks one essential Bob. I speak of none other than the Saint of Sales, the Slackmaster, the High Epopt of the Church of the SubGenius—J. R. "Bob" Dobbs. Dobbs turned a get-rich-quick scheme into an abnormality-worshipin', fun-havin', anticonspiracy "religion."

I mention the oversight only because all paid-up SubGenii were "passin' stones the size of Venus" when they noticed their Bob wasn't mentioned.

Saint George Wilson
Boston, Massachusetts

DAD'S DAY

As a longtime subscriber to *Playboy* and the father of two daughters, I was touched by Asa Baber's *Men* column, "This Day's for You, Dad," in the June issue. It brought back many fond memories and also some laughs. Baber must have lived through some of those moments in his own personal way.

I intend to send copies of the column to my daughters. Thanks for a most appropriate message for all of us fathers.

Robert C. Wolf
Fort Myers, Florida

FUNNY GIRLS

Eureka! Just when I was going to write to ask you whatever became of September 1978 Playmate Rosanne Katon, you feature her in the *Funny Girls* pictorial (*Playboy*, June). How can I thank you? Obviously, this talented young beauty is doing just fine and looking better than ever! Thanks a zillion!

Larry Springer
Evansville, Indiana

That Old Black Magic.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

FAX OF LIFE

Ever wonder what your girlfriend talks about at slumber parties? Correct answer: men—*other* men. But here's the really bad news: Now your lover may be conspiring with her sisters on the fax circuit. Take a look at this chain-letter fax, which was zapped to us by a spy from the other side:

"Just send a copy of this letter to five of your friends who are equally tired and discontent. Then bundle up your husband or boyfriend and send him to the woman whose name appears at the top of the list. When your name comes to the top of the list, you will receive 16,377 men. . . . A friend of mine had already received 184 men by the time they buried her yesterday. It took three undertakers 36 hours to get the smile off her face and two days to get her legs together so that they could close the coffin."

ROAD WARRIORS

Writers Marc Mowrey and Tim Redmond thought they had scammed the ultimate joy ride. Orion Pictures had hired them to drive the Robocruiser (the one used by RoboCop in his hit flicks) from L.A. to the set of "RoboCop 3" in Atlanta. In their newly acquired studmobile, the boys hit the open road. Their report:

"Day one: The Robocruiser sits in an L.A. parking lot. It's filthy. The studio liaison says it's 'road dirt' from scenes in *RC 2*, but the lot attendant says it was delivered spotless—the caked-on brown stuff fell from the *sky*. We do a slow pass down the Strip, but the Jaguar in front of us gets more attention than Robo's proud chariot. Forget L.A. We head east. Our prime directive: babes.

"Day two: *Viva* Las Vegas! After a crummy (and expensive!) car wash, the tube-topped cashier lends us a rag to wipe the crud turned mud off the windshield. We tell her she's lookin' at the *RoboCop* car (wink, wink). 'Where are the red lights on the roof?' she asks. We explain that lights are used only during filming. 'Huh?' she says, and walks off.

"On the way out of town, the front bumper falls off. We buy red wire and duct tape and lash it back together.

"Day three: We stop in Santa Fe at a bar with a Spanish name that serves pricey Italian food on tiny plates. Our waitress is beautiful, kinda likes us, so we swagger outside to show off the 'cruiser. 'That's just an old Ford Taurus,' she says. 'And it's really dirty.'

"Day five: As we descend a mountain pass, the brakes catch fire. We stop and wait for the smoke to blow off.

"Day six: Right outside Fort Worth, the radiator burps up three quarts of coolant. It's four P.M. on a Friday and the gas station we've rolled into looks mighty busy. Finally, a mechanic comes running over. 'Is that there the car from . . . *RoboCop*?' Why, yes, and it has a teeny problem. 'I'd be proud to fix it,' he says, 'I could tell my grandchildren about it.'

"Day eight: Atlanta at last. We try to chat up the accountant from Orion. He demands we give him the keys. Sure, no problem. 'Yes, it *is*,' he says over his shoulder. 'I've been waiting for weeks. My golf clubs are in the trunk.'"

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

OFFENSIVE FOUL

Has Al Goldstein wrested control of *The New York Times* from publisher Arthur Sulzberger? At the peak of a much-touted campaign publicizing its revamped, livelier sports section, the *Times*' ink took a decidedly blue hue. This morsel comes from an article about a basketball clinic: "Some 2000 boys . . . dribbled and passed and shot their wads for a piece of the action. . . . Hard little bodies whizzed in liquid motion toward the baskets, before the watchful eyes of the founder and his staff."

TEEING OFF

An inspired friend has invented the following guidelines for a new game he calls Bedroom Golf.

Rule number one: Players provide their own equipment—the rounder the club, the better. Course owners are allowed to check shaft stiffness before play begins.

Rule number two: The object of the game is to take as many strokes as necessary until course owner is satisfied the game is complete. Failure to do so may result in being denied permission to play the course again.

Rule number three: It's a sign of amateurism to begin playing the hole at the start of the game. Players should admire well-formed bunkers, avoid the rough and start stroking on the smooth fairway.

Rule number four: Players are advised *not* to mention other courses they have played to the course owner. Disgruntled owners have been known to damage equipment they know has been used elsewhere.

Rule number five: Players *must* ask owner's permission to play the back nine.

Rule number six: Slow play is encouraged, but course owners will expect different and faster strokes at their command.

Rule number seven: It's a sign of an outstanding golfer to play the same hole several times in one match.

Rule number eight: The course owner

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"It's the only way I can decrease my libido. Otherwise, I would be sexually intolerable."—JEREMY IRONS TO TALK-SHOW HOST LARRY KING, ON SMOKING CIGARETTES

SPORTING TIMES

According to a survey by American Sports Data, Inc., the number of Americans who worked out on stair-climbing machines increased by 74 percent from 1989 to 1990. Increases in the same period on cross-country-ski machines, 28; treadmills, 24; stationary bicycles, 12.

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Percentage of increase from 1989 to 1990 in the number of Americans who roller-blade, 40; mountain-bike, 28; snow-board, 16; play beach volleyball, 12; golf, 10; train with free weights, 8; exercise by walking, 8.

•

Number of Americans who exercise with free weights (the only activity increasing in popularity among younger men): 29,052,000.

HIS CHEATING HEART

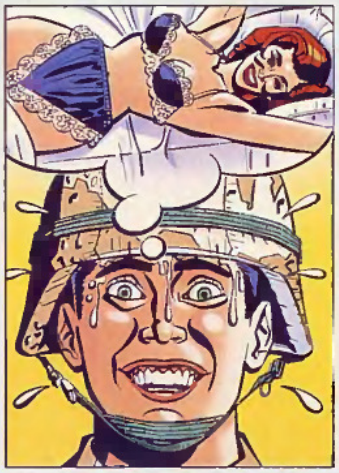
In a recent survey by The Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction, the percentage of men who believe that 30 to 60 percent of married men have cheated on their wives, 58.4; percentage of women who believe this, 50.1.

•

Percentage of men who say that more than 70 percent of married men have cheated, 16.9; percentage of women who say this, 24.8.

MINT AXES

Price paid for a 1968 Fender Stratocaster used at Woodstock by Jimi Hendrix, $334,000; price paid by actor Gary Busey for a 1945 Gibson J-45 acoustic once owned by Buddy Holly, $242,000; price paid by unidentified buyer for a piece of a guitar smashed by Pete Townshend, $1300.



FACT OF THE MONTH

A week after President Bush announced that troops would return from the Gulf, sales at the Frederick's of Hollywood outlet nearest Fort Campbell, Kentucky, shot up 300 percent.

POPULAR PLASTICS

Number of liposuction surgeries performed on women in 1988 by members of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, 87,460; breast enlargements, 71,720; eyelid tucks, 60,540; face lifts, 42,610.

•

Number of nose jobs performed on men in 1988 by members of A.S.P.R.S., 20,720; eyelid tucks, 17,950; liposuction surgeries, 13,530; face lifts, 5870.

LIFE IN THE CRUISE-CONTROL LANE

Number of manufacturers of luxury cars available to Americans in 1980, 16; in 1990, 22.

•

Number of households in 1980 with an income of $75,000 or more (the typical range for luxury-car buyers), 1,000,000; in 1990, 8,000,000.

TRUTH BE TOLD

According to a new book of surveys and stats, *The Day America Told the Truth*, percentage of Americans who confessed that they lie regularly to their parents, 86; to friends, 75; to siblings, 73; to spouses, 69.

•

In the same survey, percentage of Americans who said they lie about their feelings, 81; their income, 43; sex, 40.

—BETTY SCHAAL

is the sole judge of the game's outcome.

Rule number nine: Full membership at any given course is serious business. Players should choose carefully. Many experienced players prefer to pay day rates at several courses.

SCENTAL CRUELTY

Manhattan fun couple Laurens and Barbara Schwartz have not been sitting idly in the apartment they continue to share while their divorce is pending. Laurens is suing his wife for wearing Royal Secret bath perfume, to which he says he is severely allergic. "Frivolous and absurd," counters Barbara's lawyer. "She's been wearing the perfume for nine years. Now he says it made him cough so much he threw his neck out." Apparently, the judge sees some merit in the husband's claim and has issued an order of protection barring Mrs. Schwartz from wearing perfume in the home.

PULPOURRI

This summer's most lurid reading isn't a Stephen King novel but a mail-order book catalog. *The Amok Fourth Dispatch: Sourcebook of the Extremes of Information in Print* bears a blurb from John Waters on the back flap that nicely sums up the contents: "A reading list from hell that is a must for any serious oddball bibliophile." Inside are illustrations—Forties pinups, medieval woodcuts, gruesome forensic pics—from a variety of the 4000 titles offered. And *what* titles! Our faves include *Secrets of Voodoo*, *Foreskin Restoration (Uncircumcision)*, *ABC of Anarchism*, *The Lesbian S/M Safety Manual*, *Anxious Pleasures—The Sexual Lives of an Amazonian People*, *Physical Interrogation Techniques*, *Absolutely Mad Inventions*, *The Betty Page 3-D Picture Book*, *We Never Went to the Moon*, *Girls Who Do Stag Movies*, *Wiretapping and Electronic Surveillance* and *The Marxist Minstrels—A Communist Subversion of Music* ("The Beatles and their demonic druid beat. Were they the pied pipers of Red sex/drug youth subversion?").

Brian King and Stuart Swezey, who publish the catalog, say *Amok* outsells books listed within it by a ratio of ten to one. (It's available for $8.95, from P.O. Box 861867, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 90086-1867.) Among the better-known authors whose works are mentioned are linguist Noam Chomsky, explorer Sir Richard Burton, diabolist Aleister Crowley, acid guru Timothy Leary, poet Ezra Pound, pulp writer Jim Thompson and J. G. (*Empire of the Sun*) Ballard.

Not all controversial lit makes the grade. According to Swezey, "*American Psycho* has all the possible makings of an *Amok* book, right? But it's offensive to us because we think Bret Easton Ellis is a bad writer. So forget it."

THE PLANE THAT CONQUERED THE SKIES.

Precision-engineered model of Shoo Shoo Baby is shown smaller than actual size of 9⅜" (23.81cm) in length. Wingspan of 12⅞" (32.70 cm). Scale 1:96.

SHOO SHOO BABY

B-17G "FLYING FORTRESS"

On the 50th Anniversary of World War II, the Air Force Museum Foundation Presents Its First Official Die-Cast Re-creation of the B-17G "Flying Fortress."

The B-17 "Flying Fortress." It was the very backbone of the Allied aerial offensive during World War II. Now, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of World War II, the Air Force Museum Foundation authorizes the authentic re-creation of a rare surviving B-17G that actually saw combat. It's called Shoo Shoo Baby, now on permanent display at the U.S. Air Force Museum.

Here is a remarkable die-cast model of the original, precision engineered of 111 components with a vast array of operating features. The propellers actually spin. The landing gear is retractable. The bomb bay doors open and close.

Shoo Shoo Baby also has astonishing detail. With a removable canopy that reveals the interior of the plane. Even the nose art re-creates the original's.

The price, just $195. A custom-designed display stand is included at no additional charge. Available only from Franklin Mint Precision Models.

Even the nose art captures the authentic look of the original.

Shoo Shoo Baby can be removed from its handsome display stand.

This aircraft was designed and engineered from the actual B-17G "Flying Fortress," nicknamed Shoo Shoo Baby. It has not been authorized or endorsed by any branch of the United States Military or its manufacturer.

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MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

ZIGGY MARLEY has been looking back at his old man since his first album in 1985, even recording with a genuine Ethiopian band in Babylon Central, a.k.a. New York City. His latest album with the Melody Makers, ***Jahmekya*** (Virgin), is a Jamaican affair, cut in Kingston with a band featuring two ex-Wailers and increased input from his numerous siblings. But never before has Ziggy—or many other Jamaicans, including Dad, who tried—been such a convincing rhythmic citizen of the world. Because Ziggy's politics suffer from the idealism of fighting poverty at a distance, his lyrics will never equal Bob's, but the beat that powers them, a funk-*reggae* hybrid with Babylonian horns, is his own.

Lyrics have never been Linton Kwesi Johnson's problem—this Brixton poet-activist-professor is as learned as pop musicians get. His ***Tings an' Times*** (Shanachie) is a weary, witty meditation on political endurance, and if you take the trouble to penetrate his patois, you'll be glad you did. Over the years, L.K.J. and his bandleader, Dennis Bovell, have learned to embody black-power humanism in jazzy skank, and here the violin and the squeeze box make clear that there's more to world beat than the African Diaspora.

NELSON GEORGE

Nat King Cole was one of the most beloved singers of the Fifties. His velvet tone and supple phrasing drew upon his background as a jazz pianist while charming a generation of listeners with a romanticism matched only by Frank Sinatra. His embrace of middle-of-the-road material, along with the rise of soul music in the Sixties, alienated him from the cutting edge of African-American music and has, over time, obscured his greatness. A CD collection of his best work on Capitol last year generated none of the critical attention of this year's James Brown and Stax packages.

So one hopes that Natalie Cole's ***Unforgettable*** (Elektra), a 22-song tribute to her father, will help rekindle interest in Nat Cole. Natalie has always been a versatile vocalist, so it's no surprise that she possesses the intelligence and the chops to perform this material convincingly. In the manner of Linda Ronstadt and Harry Connick, Jr., Cole has gone back to musical basics, using real strings, horns and human rhythm sections to interpret such standards as *Mona Lisa*, *Paper Moon*, *Nature Boy* and *Straighten Up and Fly Right*. Shrewdly, she doesn't attempt to mimic her namesake, yet manages to approximate his smooth emotionality; a duet of *Unforgettable* that features Nat Cole's original vocal blended with a new one by his daughter is both fascinating and a little disorienting. This is a long overdue and lovingly executed project.

Funk-*reggae* from Ziggy.

Ziggy's Jamaican affair,
Huey's antidote to angst
and Bonnie's *Luck of the Draw*.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Huey Lewis and the News have created some of the finest pop-rock of the past ten years. Filled with monster hooks and gently humorous lyrics that were just clever enough to engage, their hits were the precise prescription when you needed a dash of fun with no bitter subtext as an antidote to late 20th Century angst. Remember *I Want a New Drug*? Well, I did want a new drug. After a layoff of three years, Lewis has returned with ***Hard at Play*** (EMI), which includes some of his catchiest work since his breakthrough albums *Picture This* and *Sports*. I like the News best when they're playing rock and roll informed by pop, rather than the other way around. So I have unalloyed love for the two hardest-rocking songs, *Build Me Up* and *All I Need Is a Couple Days Off*, and the rest I take in the affable spirit that Lewis offers them.

The eponymously titled ***Tribe After Tribe*** (Megaforce/Atlantic) knocks me out. Somehow managing to sound nothing like Led Zeppelin while reminding me of all the reasons I loved Led Zeppelin, this power trio plays monster riffs loud and soft, fast and slow, all in the service of atmospherics that will make your stereo a pagan ritual. I don't know any other hard-rock bands that hook you with Zulu chants. My only complaint in nearly 56 minutes of music is that "*Nifunani belungu Banixohile na?*" should have been translated.

DAVE MARSH

Paul McCartney hasn't made a really good record in years. But ***Unplugged: The Official Bootleg*** (Capitol) is ten times better than the perfunctory live album from his last tour. It exploits both his backlog

GUEST SHOT

Wayne Toups's *two nicknames, "the Bayou Bruce Springsteen" and "Le Boss," say a lot about his power as a performer. With his band, Zydecajun, Toups steam-cooks a mix of Cajun, zydeco, Southern rock and barroom R&B. And his most recent LP, "Fish Out of Water," runs about as raw as a studio recording can get. Toups loves rawness in almost any band. His current favorite is the self-titled album by the new quartet Blues Traveler.*

"My band and I got *Blues Traveler* by accident and we've been playing it on the tour bus nonstop. In fact, I keep it in my CD player and play it for everyone I run into. Blues Traveler plays a kind of Southern funk sound blended with R&B and even a few zydeco licks. It's a breathing, sweaty sound, and if you want your party to scream, this is the CD you should get. Each Blues Traveler member is a terrific musician, especially John Popper, the harmonica player and lead singer. Unbelievable wind. As for specific cuts, check out *But Anyway*. It shows you the joy that flows through the whole album. You know the old saying about everything old's becoming new again? I'll bet that real music played by real players is coming back again. And that's damn good news for Blues Traveler."

of original (mainly Beatles) material and his extensive, loving knowledge of rock and R&B hits. McCartney sings well and chats affably. What more could you ask?

Well, some depth. Crowded House leader Neil Finn, one of McCartney's most adept pupils, aims to dive deep throughout **Woodface** (Capitol). But because he is at least as lyrically obtuse as McCartney, what results (for all its lush melodicism) is ambitious mood music. Finn's songs lack nothing in cleverness, and the performances, especially the vocals, are first rate. (If Elvis Costello were the singer he imagines himself to be, he'd only just catch up to Finn.) But there's no weight to any of Finn's songs. He's so busy avoiding the obvious that he leaves us with no reason to suspect that any of his new songs will resonate for a couple of decades, like McCartney's *We Can Work It Out* or, for that matter, his rendition of *Hi-Heel Sneakers*—not to mention *Don't Dream It's Over*, the great hit with which Crowded House kicked off its career. When he's done being clever, maybe Finn will apply himself again to crafting something that cutting. Till then, Crowded House remains a cult taste, which is less than its fans have a right to expect.

VIC GARBARINI

For a frustrated Bonnie Raitt, the long-overdue recognition conferred by 1989's quadruple Grammy whammy came, as the album title suggested, just in the nick of time. ***Luck of the Draw*** (Capitol), her long-awaited follow-up, proves that success hasn't gone to her head—only deepened her understanding of the mysteries of the human heart. In both a musical and a lyrical sense, this album is an even more subdued and intimate series of reflections than *Nick of Time*. "Gonna get into it, baby, down where it's tangled and dark," she sings. "No use in runnin', it's always the same." And Raitt proceeds to untangle the ancient knots of her relationships with grace, wit and wisdom. Longtime Raitt fans should be warned that *Luck of the Draw* is even more musically subdued than her last effort. Sparse arrangements and understated vocals mean Bonnie rarely gets out of second or third gear, even on mid-tempo funk like *Something to Talk About*. There are no kickers like *Thing Called Love*, and none of her usually scorching slide work. But jump on in, anyway. Repeated listenings keep uncovering more emotional richness and melodic grace, particularly on *One Part Be My Lover*, co-written with her new husband, Michael O'Keefe, and the astonishing *All at Once*, where the gently swelling chorus movingly lifts her up. For Bonnie Raitt, a little luck doesn't hurt, but character and talent have always been her best cards.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Natalie Cole *Unforgettable*	2	6	8	4	7
Crowded House *Woodface*	6	5	6	7	7
Huey Lewis and the News *Hard at Play*	4	5	5	3	7
Ziggy Marley *Jahmekya*	8	6	6	6	7
Bonnie Raitt *Luck of the Draw*	9	8	7	8	7

QUOTE OF THE MONTH DEPARTMENT: Record mogul **David Geffen** calls publicity an unpleasant aspect of fame. He says, "They'd really be happy if I weighed four hundred pounds and had a one-inch dick. Then they could say, 'He's very successful, but he weighs four hundred pounds and has a one-inch dick.' But they can't say that about me, so I have to live with all this other shit."

REELING AND ROCKING: **Ice-T** will have a role in *Ricochet*, starring **Denzel Washington.** . . . **Whitney Houston** will play a high-profile singer/actress being stalked by an obsessive fan in *The Bodyguard*, starring **Kevin Costner.** . . . **Herbie Hancock** is composing and performing the score for the movie *Livin' Large*. . . . *Hit Men*, the tough exposé of the music industry, is headed for the big screen. Its author, **Fredric Dannen,** is about to choose between two offers for a film adaptation. . . . **David Permut,** producer of *The Marrying Man*, has a movie bio of **Janis Joplin** in the works. . . . **Madonna** will first appear as a circus performer in the next **Woody Allen** movie and will then star in *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. . . . Actor **John Ritter** has optioned a book about early Fifties rocker **Bill Haley** for another film bio.

NEWSBREAKS: *The Recording Industry Sourcebook* is available in book form (or on floppy disk). The book, which retails for $49.95, tells you everything you ever wanted to know about music-industry contacts in New York, L.A. and Nashville. For more information, call 800-472-7472. . . . The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival will finally be available as both a TV special and a video to those of us who couldn't make it to the Crescent City. Musicians who performed this year include **Los Lobos, Robert Cray, NRBQ, B. B. King,** the **Neville Brothers** and **Miles Davis.** . . . **Tom Petty** has formed his own record label, Gone Gator, and the first two releases will be old Tom Petty and the **Heartbreakers** albums from the mid-Seventies. . . . We heard that **M. C. Hammer** called the States every day from his European tour stops to check on how the Oakland A's were doing. . . . **Huey Lewis** says that his new single *All I Need Is a Couple Days Off* is not about White House Chief of Staff **John Sununu,** but he's pretty amused that people think it is. . . . **James Brown** update: a solo album that will get back to the basics and a Gospel album with controversial Reverend **Al Sharpton.** . . . **C + C Music Factory** is now cutting up the dance floor for Coca-Cola . . . . **Keith Richards** went from working on **John Lee Hooker's** next album to working on new songs for his next solo outing with **Tom Waits.** . . . **Prince** plans to release *Diamonds and Pearls* any minute and then take to the road, where you, too, may see him. . . . Rhino Home Video has a new collection culled from the old *Shindig* TV shows. Look for everything from *Frat Party* (with the **Sir Douglas Quintet,** the **Kingsmen** and the **McCoys**) to *Jackie Wilson* (a collection that includes a duet with **Jerry Lee Lewis**). . . . Finally, **Janet Jackson's** lawyer **Donald Passman** has just published *All You Need to Know About the Music Business*. Passman says he wrote the book for young musicians to "protect them from being taken advantage of . . . by sleazeballs who take naïve young people and sign them to long-term agreements where they are guaranteed virtually nothing." Sleazeballs in the music business? We never knew.—BARBARA NELLIS

MEDIA

By STEPHEN RANDALL

PERHAPS it happened this way: Sometime during his youth, Lou Cannon made a pact with the Devil. "I want to be a great journalist," he begged. "I want to be present when history is made. I want to turn it all into a major book, about a President—*my* President, one I'll know better than any other reporter."

"No problem," said Satan, chuckling. "Of course, there'll be a catch. . . ."

Cannon was unfazed. "Take your best shot," he replied.

As it turned out, Satan had a couple of catches in mind. Cannon did, indeed, become the reigning expert on a President; unfortunately, the President was Ronald Reagan. Instead of devoting his life to a great statesman, Cannon spent 25 years—from Reagan's early days in California politics through his Presidency—listening to Walter Pidgeon anecdotes.

Still, a President is a President, and when Reagan moved back to California to rake in the big bucks, Cannon sat down to write his big book. That's when the Devil took his second shot: He unleashed the tawdry, gossipy Kitty Kelley.

Within journalism circles, Cannon quickly became known as Kelley's *other* victim. His highly regarded book, *President Reagan: The Role of a Lifetime*, was released at the same time as Kelley's *Nancy Reagan*. Guess which one was greeted with a front-page story in *The New York Times*. Made the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Debuted as number one on the best-seller lists.

Lou Cannon had done what the rest of us are doing; he entered the Kitty Kelley zone, the media's version of the twilight zone, where bad journalism inexplicably shoves good journalism into the background, where otherwise upstanding newspapers and news shows suddenly develop yellow-journalism fever, where private lives are no longer private and public lives are no longer enough.

To be fair, it's not really Kitty Kelley's fault. She's merely the beneficiary of some bold tabloid types who blazed the trail before her. *People* magazine was the pioneer in taking tabloid journalism out of the trailer parks and making it safe for the suburbs. When it became a success, *People*like stories started appearing everywhere. The next big step came with the rebirth of *Vanity Fair* as the *National Enquirer* for people who use cloth napkins. It managed to imbue every political article, murder story and profile with just enough salacious gossip to make Maury Povich blush, and promptly became the Eighties' most-talked-about magazine.

Then Gary Hart met Donna Rice, and all the media began peeking through windows in earnest. Leading the charge was a series of tabloid TV shows—*A Current Affair*, *Hard Copy*, *Inside Edition*, among others—that transferred the sensationalism of print tabloids to the small screen, trumpeting minor celebrity scandals and finding lurid details in even the most commonplace crimes.

How bad reporting steam-rolls good.

Has the press caught yellow-journalism fever?

Like street mimes and evangelical Christians, tabloid journalism is OK—in its proper place. But it oozed out of the *Enquirer* and *Hard Copy* and started showing up in the most unlikely places, such as *The New York Times*. Not only did the *Times* reveal the name of the woman in the William Kennedy Smith rape case but a reporter ghoulishly peeped through the windows of her two-year-old daughter's bedroom—"There, on a shelf, are children's books, including a copy of *Babar's Anniversary Album* and *Two Minute Bible Stories*"—and detailed "a little wild streak" the woman had had 14 years ago in high school, which included, and seems limited to, driving fast cars, going to parties and skipping classes.

NBC is doing it, too. Ask Charles Robb, the Senator from Virginia. According to NBC's newsmagazine show *Exposé*, Robb had an extramarital affair with a former Miss Virginia/USA *and* was present at parties where cocaine was used. In Virginia, these charges were very old news—they had been reported years ago—but host Tom Brokaw beamed as if he had the scoop of the decade. "It isn't easy being a public figure these days," he lectured at the beginning of the program. "The line between public and private lives is blurred more than ever." By the show's end, that line was nonexistent.

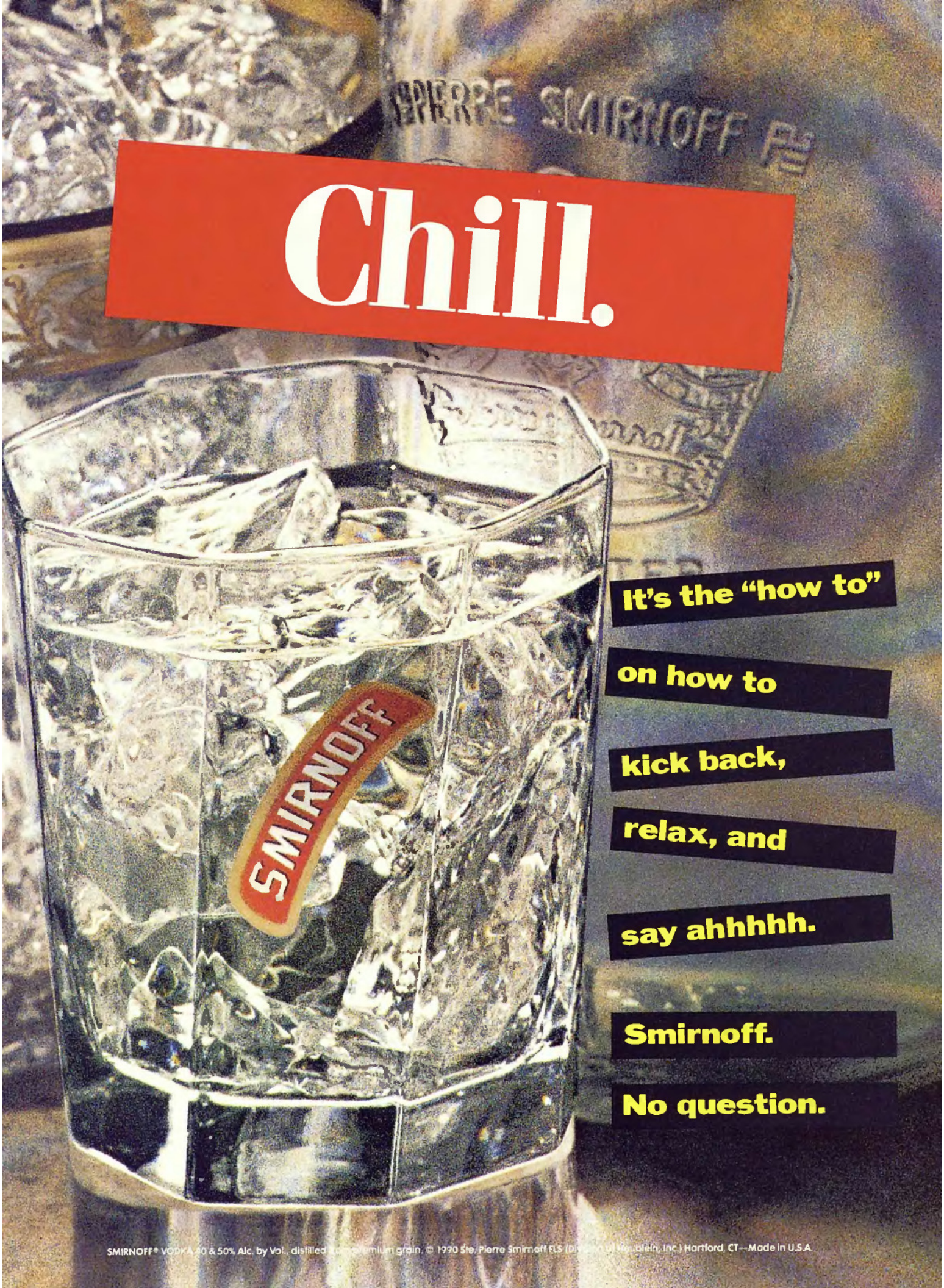
The New York Times, NBC—it seems that *everyone* is doing it. *GQ* and *Playboy* published pictures of Ted Kennedy apparently having sex on a boat. (A Kennedy having sex? That *is* news.) ABC's *20/20* grabbed some ratings with a televised exorcism. The book that Kelley displaced at the top of the charts was *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*, has-been producer Julia Phillips' vengeful attack on her former best friends Goldie Hawn (for her lax personal hygiene) and Steven Spielberg (for general egomania and overachievement). She dishes dirt on virtually everyone she ever met, making her one of the few people to step on as many people on her way down as she did on her way up. The most—and perhaps only—talked-about story *Premiere* magazine has ever published was a vivid account of Kim Basinger and Alec Baldwin's misbehavior, sexual and otherwise, on the set of *The Marrying Man*, a movie so bad it jumped from theaters to video stores before most patrons had finished their popcorn.

Rampant Kitty Kelleyism isn't merely bad news for Lou Cannon; it's bad news, period. Certainly the next woman who has the misfortune to be raped by a celebrity will think twice before she reports it to the police. Whatever Charles Robb did—or didn't do—eight years ago not only came back to haunt him on NBC but, thanks to the broadcast, may become the subject of a police inquiry as well. Apparently, officials in Virginia are more interested in misconduct when they see it on TV than they are when the misconduct supposedly takes place.

The victims of tabloid journalism aren't the only ones who hate it. Disgruntled *New York Times* staffers nearly mutinied over the Kennedy-rape article and other *Times* transgressions. TV critics shoveled scorn on NBC's *Exposé*, lumping it with *A Current Affair* and the other tabloid shows—hardly a good career omen for the boyishly earnest Brokaw. And Cannon is fighting back: He hired a lawyer to make sure his publisher, Simon & Schuster—which also published Kelley's book—promotes his book as vigorously as it did *Nancy Reagan*.

Of course, once readers have seen Ted Kennedy poised for some offshore drilling, they tend to get spoiled. Perhaps smarter, cooler heads will prevail and slow the tabloid tide; but even if they do, it's undoubtedly too late to regain the ground already lost.

We have seen the journalism of the future. While it may not be bright yellow, it's a hearty shade of French vanilla.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STYLE

PATCHWORK MANIA

The look may be borrowed from the Sixties, but the Nineties version is a cleaned-up, hip mix of fabric, pattern, texture and color. As one of the fall's hottest trends, patchwork is available in shirts, vests and even ties. International News and Tom Tailor Sportswear patch together a group of flannel shirts (between $40 and $70) that would knock the socks off any lumberjack. B. Free by M. Julian sews together shirts with viscose, flannel and velvet panels ($85). Vests, such as the one by Roger Forsythe for Perry Ellis Signature shown here ($430), can liven up a pair of jeans or any solid-color sports coat; while Paul Smith's burlap vest ($115) has that vintage used-and-repaired look. If you prefer to keep your patchwork to a minimum, go with subtle madras ties by Steve Scheiner (about $25). Or, if you're not quite ready to go public with this new trend, grab a pair of patched flannel boxer shorts from Tango by Max Raab ($15).

HOT SHOPPING: BOSTON

The land of the Pilgrims' pride has an international flair of late, particularly on the Back Bay's chic shopping strip. Joseph Abboud (37 Newbury Street): In his first U.S. store, Abboud brings a Milanese flair to both his clothes and the decor. • Adesso (200 Boylston Street): Trend-setting home styles for the *Jetson* set. • Riccardi (128 Newbury Street): Euro clothing from the forefront of the avant-garde. • Louis, Boston (234 Berkeley Street): The first local shop to offer Italian-style tailoring, this longtime fashion leader has started looking *veddy* British. • Freedberg of Boston (112 Shawmut Avenue): This shop offers classic American men's suits at bargain prices—but only on Saturdays from eight A.M. to noon.

VIEWPOINT

New York Mets' star pitcher **Ron Darling** may wear a uniform to work, but off the mound, he's a major-league fashion player. "I like jackets by Boss, Matsuda, Montana, Byblos and Kaiserman," says Darling, who adds that his favorite outfit for an evening on the town is "a blue Gaultier suit I've owned for five years." Darling admits that he prefers suits in conservative colors, but he puts his own spin on the look by pairing them with sandals and wild ties. On a more casual note, he favors "faded jeans and white T-shirts. And I don't go anywhere without my M. Julian vintage black-leather jacket."

CUFF LUCK

Cuff links too staid? Take another look. These days, they're less formal, more fun and even downright eccentric. For example, L'Aiglon offers enamel watermelons and apples complete with worms that give your shirt sleeves fruit for thought ($50 each). Literary types will appreciate typewriter-key cuff links (about $115) from Paul Smith in New York and Ralph Davies in San Francisco, while philatelists may take a licking to links created from vintage postage stamps ($30) by RHC for mails. Charivari, New York satisfies art lovers' cravings with Calder-bright enamels ($225) and also offers tiny Stetson hats ($110) for urban cowboys. Other off-the-cuff sports: Cuffton's card links deal a winning hand (about $30), while Gieves & Hawkes makes its pitch with sterling-silver croquet mallets and cricket bats (about $135). And if you're interested in making a truly swinging statement, Abba's miniature golf balls and tees (about $110) may just be the ultimate links for the links.

CLOSE SHAVES

The water shortage in the Western states may have clean-shaven residents in a lather, but it has been great for the electric-shaver business. Here's a sampling of some of the newest models: Remington's $70 Micro Screen Elite works with or without a cord and features two ultrathin screens for a smooth and comfortable shave. . . . Sanyo's $110 SVM641 promises high-speed action and a 30-minute quick recharge. . . . Braun's $30 PSB-DT Deluxe Traveler battery-powered shaver is no larger than a wallet. . . . And Porsche Design's $275 silver-coated shaver will impress even the most jaded Hollywood agent.

STYLE METER

RAINCOATS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Loose fit, shorter lengths, soft shoulders and rounded collars; balmacaons, trench coats and belted double-breasteds	Rigid or tight-fitting designs, stiff collars, neckband latches, shoulder pads ond excessive detailing
FABRICS AND FINISHES	Microfibers, quilted linings, oilcloth, brushed-cotton sateen ond wax or synthetic finishes	Cheap plastic or vinyl, rubberized fobrics and printed or embossed finishes
COLORS	Khaki, mustard, slate, olive or deep navy	White, red, yellow or light blue

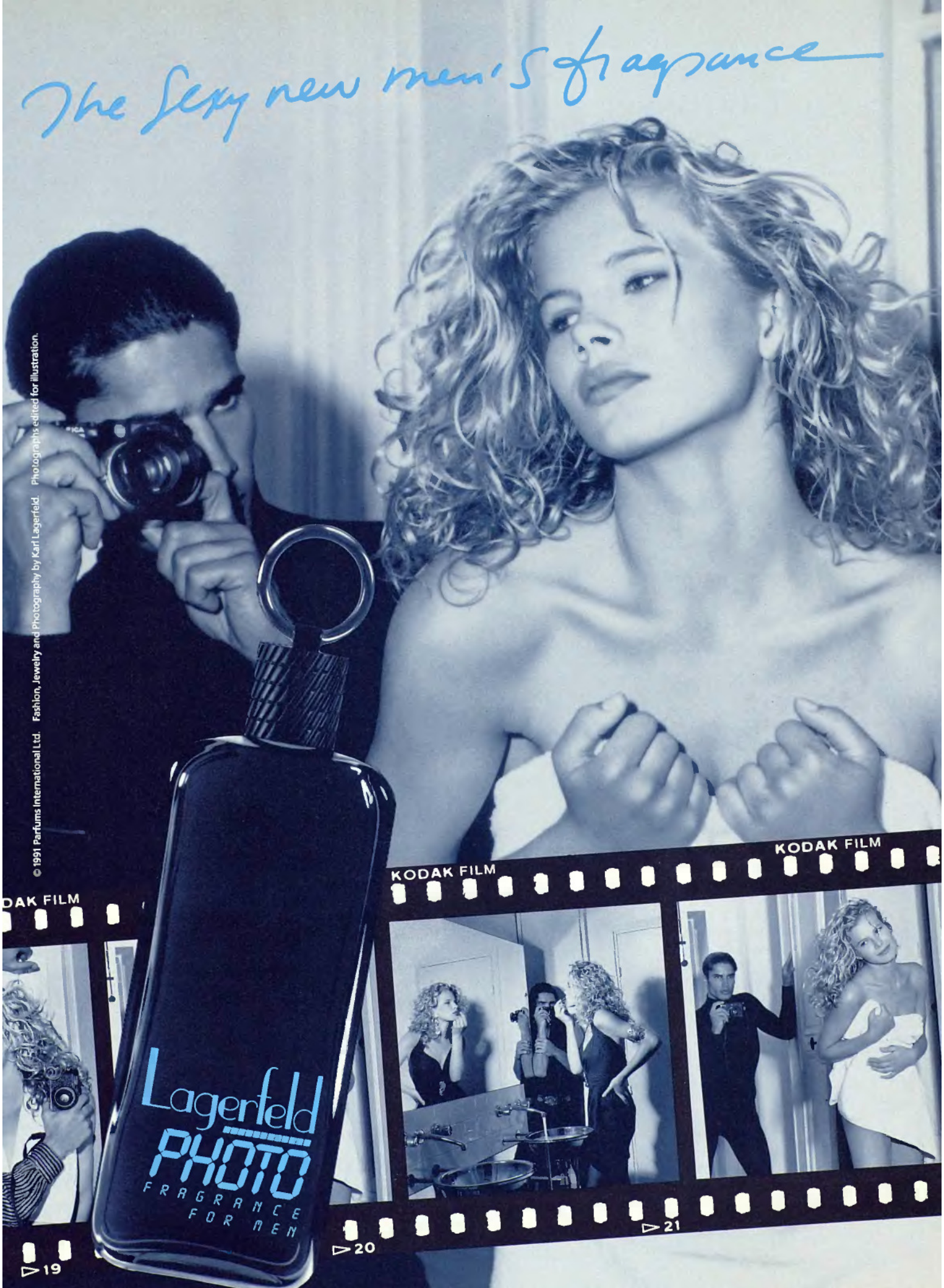
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PHOTO
FRAGRANCE
FOR MEN
19
20
21

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

YOUTH, MUSIC and the extraordinary influence of one on the other in recent generations give an enormous charge of energy to ***The Commitments*** (Fox). Director Alan Parker, who made the musical *Fame* more than a decade ago, comes up with another winner in a trenchant adaptation of the novel by Roddy Doyle—all about some Irish slum kids forming a "soul" band in Dublin. Thick brogues may make the dialog rough going for American ears, but everything else about the movie is ringingly clear. Among the young performers, unknown over here, who sing and play their guts out from beginning to end is an amazingly mature 16-year-old, Andrew Strong, phenomenal as the lead singer. Beautiful Angeline Ball heads a bawdy trio of backup girls. Soul music, says band manager Jimmy Rabbitte (played in overdrive by Robert Arkins), is "about sex and struggle," and Dublin soul projects "riding, fuckin', tongues—the works." Maybe they're too *white* to do soul, one band member muses at rehearsal. "The Irish are the blacks of Europe," Rabbitte retorts. Sex, bad tempers and ego trips spell *fini* for the band known as the Commitments, but Parker's movie is not about success. As stated, it's about music's power "to raise the expectations" of kids from Dublin to Dubuque. This tuneful slice of life belts out that message with gusto. ¥¥¥¥

•

Logic flew out the window when ***Defenseless*** (New Visions) was written. Fortunately, some assured performers play it with such zing that you may suspend disbelief when attorney Barbara Hershey discovers that her client and lover is married to a former college chum (Mary Beth Hurt). In fact, the busy fellow (played by J. T. Walsh, a popular actor with a corner on projecting sleaze) has many dark secrets and gets murdered because of them, but that's early on and doesn't give too much away. Hershey and Hurt have some memorable head-on collisions over their involvement in the crime, with Sam Shepard appearing regularly as a suspicious investigator from homicide. The evolving mysteries concern incest and pornography as well as infidelity, but director Martin Campbell and his cast confidently stretch the laws of coincidence right up to the snapping point—just where they should be in a provocative pop thriller. ¥¥¥

•

A sensation at the Cannes Film Festival in May, Spike Lee's ***Jungle Fever*** (Universal) is a magnetic and haunting hit from a man with ideas to burn and the skill to make them sizzle. His catalyst here is an extramarital affair between Wesley Snipes, playing a happily married black architect on the rise in an all-white firm, and Annabella Sciorra as the Italian girl sent to be his temp secretary. Their relationship raises hell on both sides, from Harlem to her home in Bensonhurst.

Arkins commits to soul in Dublin.

Soul in Dublin's slums,
guns in L.A.'s
and *Fever* in Harlem.

It's meaningful that Lee dedicates *Jungle Fever* to Yusef Hawkins, the black youth murdered a couple of years ago for daring to venture into Bensonhurst, but he has more on his mind than paying homage to one victim. All the characters here—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee, the straying architect's parents; Samuel L. Jackson as their other son, a hopeless crack addict; John Turturro as an appealing nerd who worships Sciorra's Angie; and Lee himself as the hero's best friend—are victims of a society consumed by hate and misunderstanding. The lead players are marvelous, aided by an especially pungent contribution by Lonette McKee as the betrayed wife, a Bloomingdale's buyer who sets the tone of the entire movie in a vibrant, corrosive encounter with a support group of young black women. In their view, a black male's proof that he has made it is to "have a white woman on his arm."

The sometimes elemental dramaturgy pays off in scene after scene, with a resonant sound track that makes Lee seem as much an urban poet as Woody Allen, though far angrier. While his grim pastiche of love in the city crumbles, Lee pipes in original tunes by Stevie Wonder or Frank Sinatra doing *Hello, Young Lovers* and *It Was a Very Good Year*. The irony is compelling. So is the movie. ¥¥¥¥

•

He doesn't have the command of the medium or the gift for nuance that make Spike Lee movies so entertaining, but 22-year-old writer-director John Singleton emerges as another black cineast with a future in ***Boyz n the Hood*** (Columbia). The Hood of the title is south central L.A., where three African-American boys (Cuba Gooding, Jr., Morris Chestnut and rap singer Ice Cube) grow up as best they can. "Fuck this shit," proclaims a voice-over as the picture begins, describing a world where teenagers take sex, drugs and drive-by shootings for granted—while the incessant drone of police helicopters overhead reminds them that they're living in a war zone. ¥¥½

•

More than two dozen characters show up in ***The Story of Boys and Girls*** (Aries), writer-director Pupi Avati's ribald comedy about an engagement party in prewar fascist Italy. The families of a boy named Angelo, a well-bred nobody from Bologna, and his betrothed, a country girl named Silvia, meet in a hillside farmhouse where the girl's relatives have planned a gigantic 20-course *festa*. Before it ends, simmering feuds boil over, a housemaid is raped, the bride-to-be's father gets tearful over his faithless mistress, his wife is nicked by a stray bullet and everyone's sex drive appears to rise to the occasion. Avati brings everything to life so vividly that *all* the characters become familiar, somewhat comic and full of human frailty. Seeing this movie is like being ushered through a side door into a big Italian celebration where you can't help enjoying yourself. ¥¥¥½

•

One of the 11 oddballs portrayed by monologuist Eric Bogosian in ***Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll*** (Avenue) is a sexual braggart who boasts of his prowess with women and his "long, thick, well-shaped prick." Some other specimens in this film version of Bogosian's brilliant one-man stage show include an affected English rock star, a drugged subway panhandler and an obnoxious business tycoon. With minimal sets and no special make-up, the actor wings through a rogues' gallery of impressions, enlisting some first-rate aid from Ernest Dickerson (Spike Lee's cinematographer) and director John McNaughton, best known for his chilling *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*. McNaughton heats things up again with Bogosian, who's a killer in the best sense of the word. ¥¥¥¥

•

The sudsy milieu of daytime television is played for laughs—and keeps them coming much of the time—in ***Soapdish***

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Lee: chip off the old board breaker.

OFF CAMERA

About to charge out of his famous father's footsteps into a niche of his own, **Brandon Lee** is poised for a debut in his first American-made movie, *Showdown in Little Tokyo*. "Nobody here saw my first film, *Legacy of Rage*, because it's in Cantonese, which is actually my cradle language," says Lee. "In *Showdown*, Dolph Lundgren and I play cops in L.A., trying to stop the Yakuza from bringing in drugs." The 26-year-old son of the late martial-arts superhero Bruce Lee will star in *Moving Target*, which began shooting in June. "I'm playing a young Eurasian American who's in Tiananmen Square, then later gets involved testifying against a Mafia don in Chicago."

Brandon was born in Oakland but raised in Hong Kong. At the age of eight, after his father's death, he returned to the U.S. with his mother, an American of Swedish descent. "When my father was alive, we used to go on talk shows in Hong Kong and break boards together—I was only about six at the time. But I had a little psychological problem after my father's death. So I didn't work out, and took about five years off." Nowadays, he trains regularly with Danny Inosanto, who was a Bruce Lee protégé, and has a three-picture deal with Twentieth Century Fox, as well as another commitment with Carolco Films. The younger Lee has high hopes of doing more than his illustrious father, who died at the age of 32. "I like action-adventure, which produces roller-coaster rides you can sometimes even give a shit about. But I'd like to do more serious things, as my father *might* have done. I want to branch out into a drama that doesn't involve going to the hospital every day with three stitches in my head."

(Paramount). Try to resist Sally Field as a bitchy, insecure soap-opera star of a show called *The Sun Also Sets*. Asked to go on the air wearing a turban, Field rages, "I look like Gloria fucking Swanson!" Sally needed this change of pace from sweetness to chic savagery. In another sharp comic turn, Cathy Moriarty plays a rival who calls Field "a menopausal hag" and tries to bribe TV exec Robert Downey, Jr., with sexual favors: "Get rid of her, and Mr. Fuzzy is *yours*." Whoopi Goldberg, as the show's head writer, maintains the pace—with Kevin Kline, Teri Hatcher and Elisabeth Shue helping prove life backstage far madder than fiction. ¥¥¥

•

The Canadian-made ***A Paper Wedding*** (Capitol Entertainment) has roughly the same plot as *Green Card* but is handled with much more credible seriousness. Being an honest and not at all imitative effort by director Michel Brault does not, somehow, always work in the movie's favor. Genevieve Bujold very effectively plays a single teacher, having grave doubts about her sex life with a married man when her sister talks her into a temporary marriage of convenience with a Chilean political refugee named Pablo (Manuel Aranguiz). His visa expired, Pablo faces deportation unless he quickly acquires a Canadian wife and a work permit. Forced to move in together, the odd couple faces an investigation of the relationship. It's all predictable, convincingly real, done with impeccable good taste and delicacy. Still, *Green Card*'s duo (Andie MacDowell and Gérard Depardieu) *do* seem to have a lot more fun. ¥¥

•

One wonders, occasionally, whether some film makers should be allowed at large with such a potent weapon as a movie camera. Richard Linklater wrote, produced and directed ***Slacker*** (Orion Classics). He also plays a small role in it as one of many characters—few of them played by real actors—at very loose ends in and around Austin, Texas. Mostly young people without regular jobs, they speak for a neo-beatnik breed of Americans. There's a J.F.K. assassination buff, an antisocial activist hawking T-shirts, a woman-hater, a musician and a young zany peddling a vial she believes contains Madonna's Pap smear. There's nothing around like *Slacker*, but *should* there be? Well, yes. If only to see what, if anything, Linklater does for an encore. ¥¥

•

Atmosphere and eccentricity fill the air of an Irish seaside resort in ***The Miracle*** (Miramax). Central to writer-director Neil Jordan's story is an American actress (Beverly D'Angelo) who's performing nearby in an awful musical production of *Destry Rides Again*. To amuse themselves, two local youngsters (Donal McCann and Lorraine Pilkington) start making up stories about her, with surprising results. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Backdraft (Reviewed 8/91) Fire-fighting siblings at risk in Chicago. ¥¥¥

Boyz n the Hood (See review) Coming of age on the wrong side of L.A. ¥¥½

City Slickers (8/91) Billy Crystal and urban misfit pals go West. ¥¥¥½

The Commitments (See review) Making soul music in Dublin. ¥¥¥¥

Defenseless (See review) Ex-chums meet on a messy murder case. ¥¥¥

Delusion (8/91) Hitting the road with a hit man and sexy Jennifer Rubin. ¥¥½

Eating (8/91) Director Henry Jaglom's essay on women, love and food. ¥¥½

Hangin' with the Homeboys (6/91) Four bruisers cruising the Bronx. ¥¥¥

Hudson Hawk (Listed only) Wrong bird. This one's a turkey. ¥

Jungle Fever (See review) Spike Lee's hot new take on relationships. ¥¥¥¥

The Miracle (See review) Another trip to Ireland. ¥¥

My Father's Glory (8/91) Warm memories of a boyhood in Provence. ¥¥½

My Mother's Castle (8/91) More of the same reminiscences from Pagnol. ¥¥¥

A Paper Wedding (See review) Another marriage of convenience. ¥¥

Poison (8/91) Based on stories by Jean Genet, and causing quite a stir. ¥¥

Prisoners of the Sun (Reviewed 7/91 as *Blood Oath*) Japanese war crimes aired by Bryan Brown. ¥¥¥

The Reflecting Skin (Listed only) Who done it? Who cares? ¥

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll (See review) Eric Bogosian does it all. ¥¥¥¥

Slacker (See review) Talking to wild things deep in the heart of Texas. ¥¥

Soapdish (See review) Here's suds in your eye, courtesy of Sally Field. ¥¥¥

The Story of Boys and Girls (See review) Droll party in Italy. ¥¥¥½

Straight Out of Brooklyn (7/91) Bad news from another 'hood. ¥¥

Strangers in Good Company (6/91) Seven marooned elderly women reminisce. Marvelous—and upgraded. ¥¥¥¥

A Tale of Springtime (8/91) In his very French manner, Eric Rohmer checks out a matchmaking daughter. ¥¥½

Thelma & Louise (5/91) Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis on a one-way journey of women's liberation. ¥¥¥¥

Trust (8/91) Boy with hand grenade meets pregnant teenager. ¥¥¥

Truth or Dare (7/91) Now you know what Blond Ambition means. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

"I'd never tell anybody this," says the inimitable **Garry Shandling**, "but I have *Woodstock* on tape—just for the clichéed language. Like Arlo Guthrie saying, 'Can you dig it, man?' It's a riot." Shandling's home-vid tastes are predictably waggish: He owns the complete Woody Allen ("I love *Manhattan*, especially"), and although he says it's "painful" watching himself on tape, he owns other stand-ups' stand-up, including *Eddie Murphy Raw* and *Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip* ("the best performance ever"). Shandling can also be sentimental; he savors *Hoosiers*' "small-town feel," cried after watching *Ghost* and is hooked on Albert Brooks's *Modern Romance*. What won't the lonely guy watch on video? "Porno. I can't even walk into the porn section of a video store without blushing. I'll stay there for *hours*, but I'll be blushing."

—MARK HEALY

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Reading subtitles on TV may be a chore, but it would be a shame to skip foreign movies altogether—particularly those brimful of erotica. Here's a hot list for twosome viewing:

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands: The 1978 Brazilian comedy that exposed Sonia Braga as an international star, playing a sexpot making whoopee with her deceased mate.

The Fable of the Beautiful Pigeon Fancier: Based on a book by Gabriel García Márquez, with Claudia Ohana as the passionate beauty who pays for breaking her marriage vows.

Rouge Baiser (Red Kiss): Sexual politics beguile a French teenager (Charlotte Valandrey) who's hooked on a hot photographer.

36 Fillette: Another teenaged French tease (Delphine Zentout) at large on the Riviera, where she inflames a 40ish businessman and makes the screen sizzle.

Two Women: Vivid 1961 Italian classic about a wartime mother and daughter who are raped. Sophia Loren won an Oscar playing the mom.—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO BOOM!

From cannon balls to grenades to Patriots, every war is different, every war's the same. And they all make for riveting VCR viewing.

The Civil War: Ken Burns's celebrated series is a peerless model of how to make still photos spring to life. Best bits: the psychological profiles of key players (McClellan was a wimp) and diary excerpts (Time/Life).

The Great War: 1918: The final act of the "war to end all wars" is told through the letters and diaries of the doughboys themselves—including Sergeant York, General Pershing and Captain Harry S. Truman (PBS).

The World at War: Laurence Olivier narrates this intelligent, compelling 26-volume classic on World War Two (Thames/HBO Video).

Victory at Sea: More World War Two, superbly scored by Richard Rodgers. Global mayhem never sounded better (Nelson).

Korea: The Forgotten War: No *M*A*S*H* rehash, but 92 minutes of rare archival footage, the final word on Asia's shattered Seoul. Narrated by Robert Stack (Media Home Entertainment).

Vietnam: A Television History: This seven-tape set (all 13 segments from the Emmy-winning series) is brutal and exhaustively compiled, with an ambivalence that walks the brink of despair (Sony).

Schwarzkopf: How the War Was Won: The postgame briefing that kicked off Stormin' Norman's canonization. A cross between Bill Moyers and John Goodman, the general divulges Operation Desert Storm's top top secrets. Tape has already gone platinum (MPI).

Most tapes are available from Time/Life Video, 800-621-7026. —DAVID LEFKOWITZ

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Dick: Fifteen-minute vid homage to the penis—with 1000 "mug shots," commentary by 100 women and music (*The Waltz of the Dicks*) by ex–Velvet Undergrounder John Cale. Destined for cult greatness (Bananas Video, 800-866-7866).

John Bradshaw on "Surviving Divorce": With the aid of a live audience and a captivating delivery, therapist/theologian/feel-better guru Bradshaw takes on the passion and the pain of divorce—and wins. Outstanding (Sagebrush Productions/Health Communications, 800-441-5569).

The Mind's Eye: A sight-and-sound "odyssey through time" blending spectacular imagery by leading computer animators with an original-music sound track (Miramar).

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING COASTAL	***L.A. Story*** (weather guy Steve Martin mocks T-town pretense and falls far a Brit); ***Metropolitan*** (Manhattan postpreppies trade wry barbs; a white-linen *Breakfast Club*); ***Green Card*** (P.C. New Yarker Andie MacDowell and French lout Gérard Depardieu do the marriage scam; prosaic but sweet).
FEELING FUNNY	***Alice*** (the Woodman's woodwoman—Mia Farrow—drinks love potion and falls in lust); ***Home Alone*** (Macaulay Culkin takes on the world in the b.o. megasmash); ***The Best of America's Funniest Home Videos*** (cute kittens, dropped pants and Grandpa's teeth in the ultimate home-vid home vid).
FEELING FAMILIAL	***Not Without My Daughter*** (Sally Field's reply when her Iranian in-laws say, "Yankee, go home—*alone*"); ***Once Around*** (Holly Hunter raises family hackles when she marries overbearing salesman Richard Dreyfuss); ***Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*** (Joanne Woodward wrings emotion from stiff hubby Paul).
FEELING EUPHONIOUS	***Listen Up! The Lives of Quincy Jones*** (documents the pop/jazz/classical career of the living legend); ***Lady Day: The Many Faces of Billie Holiday*** (all that jazz—and more); ***Les Paul & Friends: He Changed the Music*** (the renowned guitarist in one of his final gigs; a collector's must).

SHORT TAKES

Hannibal Lecter Video of the Month: *Degrassi Junior High: Food for Thought*; **Kinkiest Sounding Video:** *The Economics of Vertical Restraints*; **Best John Gotti Dream Tape:** *How to Pick a Jury*; **Most Ambitious Video Matchmaker:** *Should Oceans Meet?*; **Best Audience-Participation Video:** *Men on Women, Women on Men*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Soil: An Introduction*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Judging Market Swine*.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

TOM CLANCY touched all the right nerves in his earlier works such as *The Hunt for Red October*, *Red Storm Rising* and *Clear and Present Danger*. The master of the techno-thriller gave us detailed inside information about real American military gadgetry such as nuclear submarines, radarproof airplanes (the Stealth bomber was still a classified military secret when he wrote about it) and the S.D.I. "Star Wars" system. He wrapped his books in the flag and created Jack Ryan, a hero whose courage and intelligence are exceeded only by his patriotism. His books made us feel like the unambiguous "good guys" in an ambiguous world of post-Vietnam realities.

The Sum of All Fears (Putnam), Clancy's sixth novel, arrives in the afterglow of a war that made many of his fictions reality. We are in a mood to celebrate our military technology. More important, we feel more confidence in America's role as peace keeper for a free world. Hence, more than 1,000,000 copies of this new novel are being shipped in the anticipation that Clancy's themes will strike an especially timely chord.

Clancy delivers with deadly accuracy and power. This new book opens sometime in the near future as Ryan—now deputy director of the CIA—envisions a bold initiative to establish peace in the Middle East. Almost simultaneously, the FBI Hostage Rescue Team takes out a member of the radical Native American group called the Warrior Society; an Oregon logger chops down a tree destined to replace the beams in a 1200-year-old Japanese temple; an Israeli police captain shoots a defenseless Arab protester at the Temple Mount; a former unit leader of the Baader-Meinhof Gang, hiding in Bulgaria, plots revenge against a unified Germany; the President's National Security Advisor dies at his desk of a massive heart attack; a Palestinian terrorist in Beirut discovers he is dying of cancer; a new skipper is assigned to the Ohio-class missile submarine Maine; and a Druse farmer finds an old bomb buried in his garden. Six chapters later, the Pope in the Vatican and the President at the United Nations are both espousing Ryan's Middle East peace ideas to almost unanimous international acclaim, and the other disparate threads of Clancy's story are beginning to connect.

The Sum of All Fears builds less rapidly than Clancy's previous books but reaches a spectacularly violent climax that brings the world to the brink of nuclear war. The initial slower pace derives from his thoughtful probing into the politics and personalities of contemporary world power balances after the breakup of the Eastern Bloc. It is as though Clancy needs to remind himself (and his readers) that Ryan is playing a new game that has more dangers from within than from without. Until he gets moving into the plot, you could mistake this thriller for a political novel. But in the end, Clancy fulfills his implicit promises of suspense, intrigue and violent action. Perhaps it is fitting that, at the end of this book, Jack Ryan announces his retirement from Government service.

Tom Clancy's *The Sum of All Fears*.

This techno-thriller brings the world to the brink of nuclear war.

Another sort of warfare is described in Léon Bing's ***Do or Die*** (Harper-Collins). This shocking nonfiction study of the Crips and the Bloods in south central Los Angeles is the most vivid and insightful investigation any reporter has made into gang life. Bing talked with these kids on the streets, in the probation camps and in Soledad Prison. This is the human face behind tragic headlines, a sad, honestly reported story of kids at war with themselves.

Somewhere in that big literary acreage staked out by Thoreau, Hemingway and Hunter Thompson is a chunk of space for Jim Harrison. And his chunk is growing larger every year. His collection of nonfiction, ***Just Before Dark*** (Clark City), doesn't claim as large a piece as some of his novels—such as *A Good Day to Die*, *Sundog* or *The Woman Lit by Fireflies*—or his sensuous poetry. But these essays about ice fishing, driving through the Midwest, bird hunting in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, fishing in the Florida Keys and "eating vividly" are evocative, exuberant spiritual journeys that explore life close to the land. And his fractured comic conversation with novelist Tom McGuane is itself worth the price.

Finally, four new mystery/detective novels stand out in a crowded field: ***Pastime*** (Putnam), by Robert B. Parker, takes Spenser down memory lane to confront his own youth as he helps a young man in a moving, nostalgic sequel to *Early Autumn*. Another master of the detective form, Elmore Leonard, finds more material among the colorful low-life characters in Palm Beach County for ***Maximum Bob*** (Delacorte), a droll story about the long list of suspects who may be trying to kill a redneck judge. In D. Keith Mano's weird and wildly funny novel ***Topless*** (Random House), Episcopal priest Father Michael Wilson tries to manage his brother's topless bar in Queens with amusing results until one of the seminaked ladies ends up dead and the game turns nasty. Wayne Warga takes us on a fast-moving romp through the black markets of Singapore in search of a murderer who likes antique jade in ***Singapore Transfer*** (Viking).

BOOK BAG

I Shudder at Your Touch (ROC/Penguin), edited by Michele Slung: A home-alone, lock-the-doors, turn-on-all-the-lights collection of 22 deliciously perverse tales that combine sex and horror by Stephen King, Clive Barker and others.

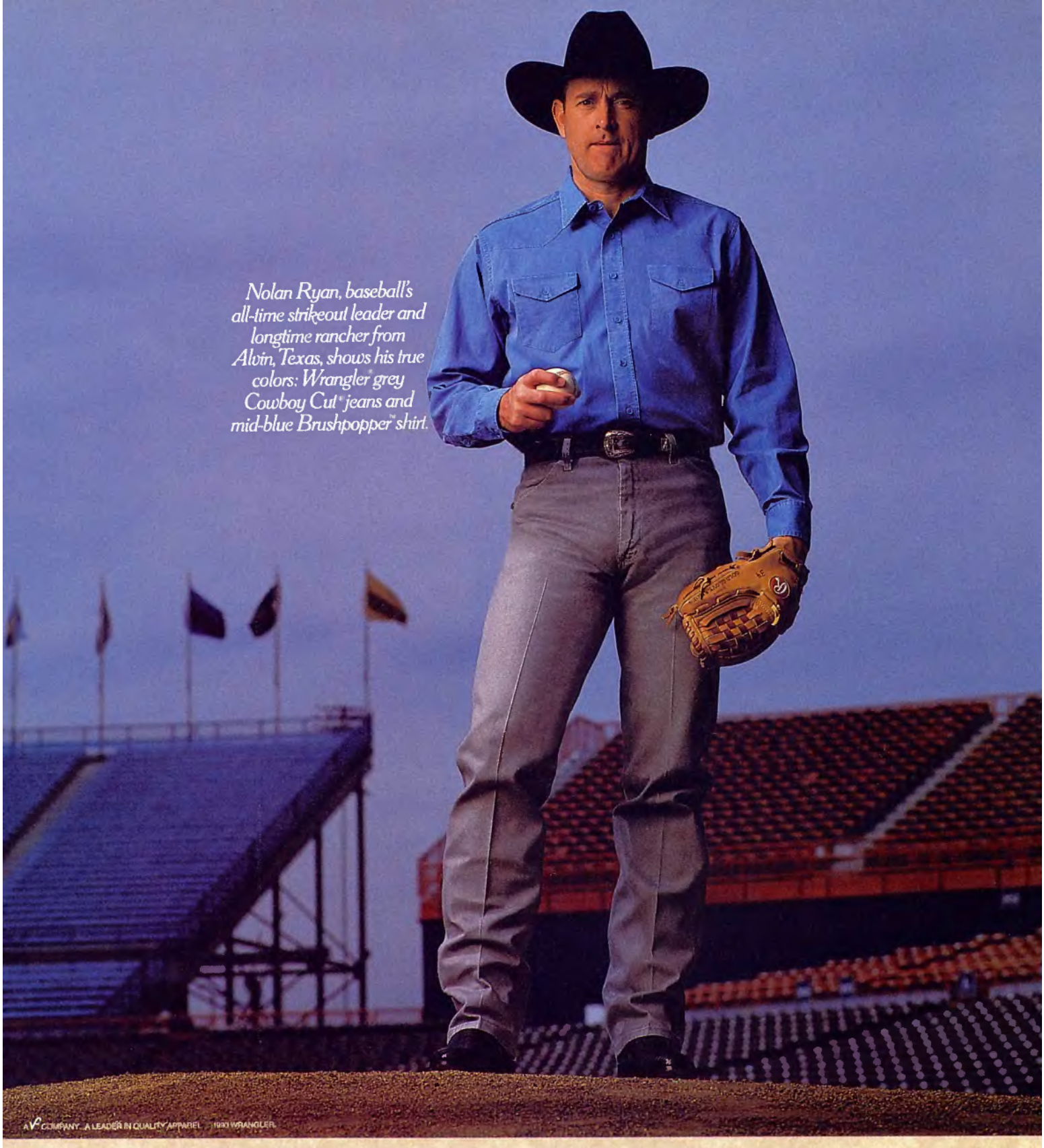
Sacrifice (Knopf), by Andrew Vachss: In the sixth novel of this extraordinary series, P.I. Burke returns to New York to follow a child-abuse case into the dark world of Satanic ritual.

The Great American Gripe Book (Information USA), by Matthew Lesko: Here are more than 1000 Government offices you can contact to settle a complaint; your passport to a consumer's paradise.

If I Stop I'll Die: The Comedy and Tragedy of Richard Pryor (Thunder's Mouth), by John A. and Dennis A. Williams: The brilliant but troubled life and career of the outrageous comic whose humor has marked him as a major performer of our times.

A Whole Different Ball Game: The Sport and Business of Baseball (Carol), by Marvin Miller: The first director of the Major League Baseball Players Association takes us into the conference room where headline-making deals were hammered out and multimillion-dollar contracts ushered in.

To Serve and Collect (Praeger), by Richard C. Lindberg: A grimly amusing case history of big-city police and political corruption, which has achieved its purest form in Chicago.


Nolan Ryan, baseball's all-time strikeout leader and longtime rancher from Alvin, Texas, shows his true colors: Wrangler® grey Cowboy Cut® jeans and mid-blue Brushpopper™ shirt.
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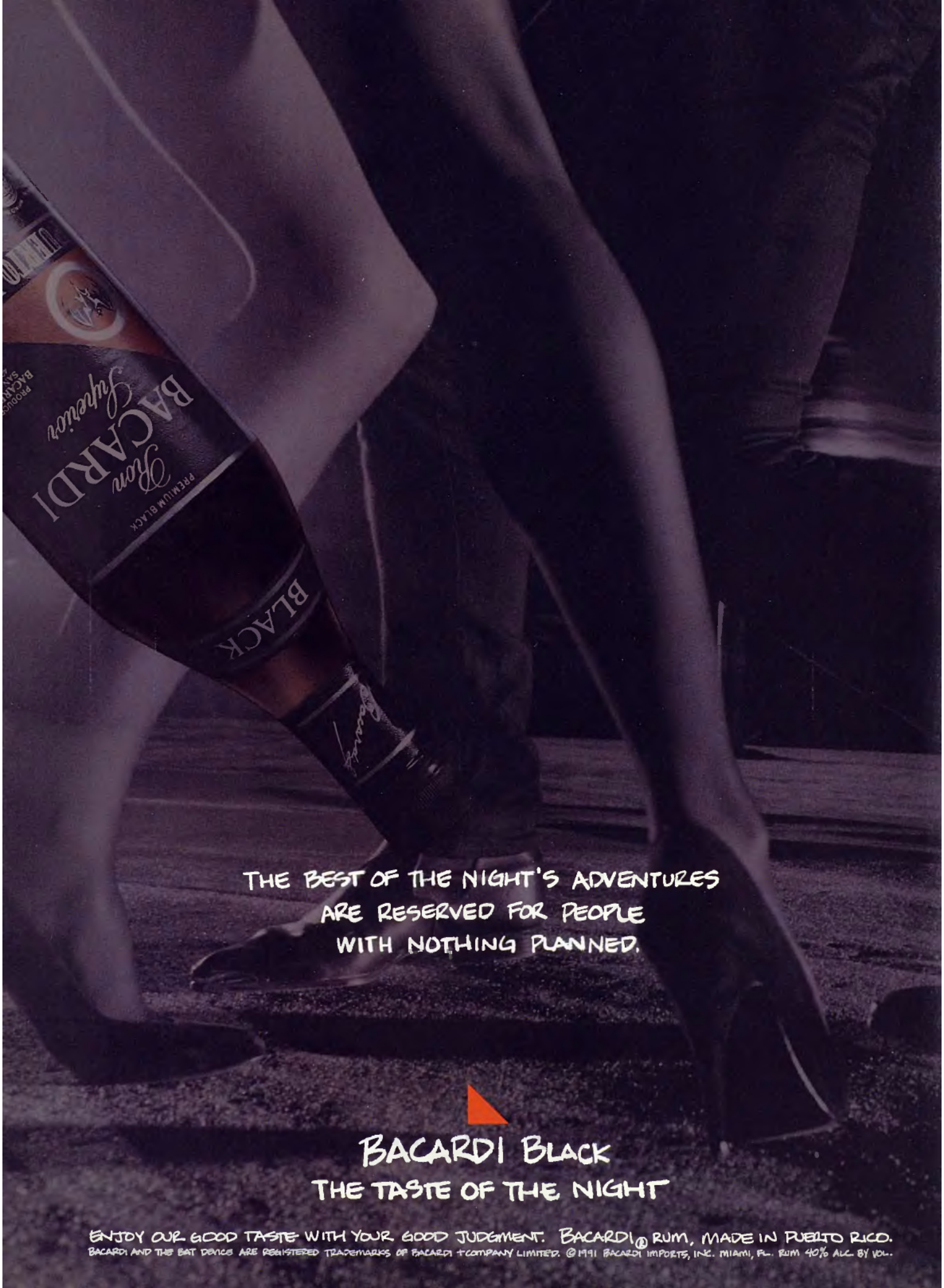

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MEN

By ASA BABER

This column is dedicated to William Kennedy Smith, whatever happens to his indictment for rape in Palm Beach, Florida. It is early June, and the safe thing would be for me to wait until all the facts are in before I write about Senator Ted Kennedy's nephew. But I believe we should talk about this predicament right now.

As I see it, Smith is already as much a victim in this case as his accuser claims to be. What has happened so far to Smith is nothing short of a cultural lynching. In the media, in the gossip of the day, in the public statements of people who claim to be experts, Smith has been named, accused, pictured (and what a photograph at first!), analyzed, charged, convicted, jailed—and hanged by a lynch mob from the highest tree.

Smith's guilt has been assumed in most of the talk so far. Rarely has he been referred to as an *alleged* rapist; he is simply *the* rapist. And now there is something worse: NBC's *Hard Copy* has done a show that, while consistently referring to the *alleged* rape, gave me the impression that Connecticut police are interested in evidence gathered at the Palm Beach scene in regard to the sex murder of a 15-year-old girl in 1975. That half hour of air time has silenced all but the hardiest of his defenders.

The treatment that Smith has received by the public should be chilling to us all. What has happened to him from the beginning of the investigation has very ominous implications for every man in America. Whatever the technical charge, I see this as an instance of possible date rape, and it therefore touches us all. Think about it for a minute: *It could happen to you.*

Remember this, good reader, and conduct yourself accordingly: All it takes to lynch a man these days is the *accusation* of rape. At that moment, the male so accused is considered guilty in the court of public opinion. At that moment, before any indictment, before any fair or reasonable investigation or trial, a man's reputation is shattered and his future is at risk.

Once accused, the male in America becomes fair game for all those people who think deeply about the rights of women but who couldn't care less about the rights of men. (Indeed, in many circles, a mention of "the rights of men" invokes a cynical chuckle.)

A CULTURAL LYNCHING

What is even more threatening to men today is this: Project a trend line of popular attitudes about men accused of date rape into the 21st Century, and it appears that every American male who wants to have a social life will live with the possibility of sexual blackmail.

Here is the scenario: Whimsically, angrily, unjustifiably or not, any anonymous woman can destroy a man's good standing in his community by pointing her finger and naming him as a date rapist. In Smith's case, his accuser remained anonymous to the American public for two weeks and no purpose would be served by naming her here. When she was finally named, long after Smith's face and name had been smeared across the newspapers and TV screens and magazines of this country, there were great debates about her rights to privacy. There were few, if any, about Smith's rights to privacy. Indeed, the cultural assumption is that a man accused of date rape has no rights to privacy.

The trend in this complicated arena of sexual politics is definitely against us, gentlemen. A lynch mob could be just outside your door. In William Kennedy Smith's case, a lynch mob has already placed the rope around his neck.

Let's face the facts: As men, we are a political and demographic minority—and not a very popular or respected one in certain sections of our culture. The image of the male as inherently evil has been pounded into the American psyche for decades. Hannibal Lecter lives. So we had better take note of this cultural dynamic and do something about it. A few suggestions:

1. The stigma attached to a male who is accused of date rape is just as severe as the stigma attached to the accuser who has charged the man with sexual assault—if not more so. It is extremely harmful to be called an oppressor and an attacker and a rapist. Could we have recognition of that fact in the media?

2. Neither the name of the accuser nor the name of the accused should be published when the accusation is made. If an indictment is handed down, then both names can be made public.

3. The charge of date rape is, by definition, more complex than that of brutal rape by an unknown assailant. Until an investigation has been made, and until both the accused and the accuser have had a chance to face each other in court, date rape should be the phrase used in describing the accusations.

4. More than ever before, men need to educate themselves about the law and its applications to their issues. More than ever before, the only thing that stands between men and a lynch mob in this tricky area of date rape is the law itself. We cannot count on the media and the public to treat us fairly if we are accused of date rape.

5. As risky as it may seem to you, and as unpopular as it may make you in certain circles, it is your job to argue the case for men's rights in the date-rape debate. Don't sit silently by when people suggest that only the accuser feels traumatized, only the accuser has rights. Once again, someday *it could happen to you!*

6. Finally, we live in an environment of antimale sexism and prejudice. You'd do well to remember that image of us and be careful out there.

William Kennedy Smith, if the courts of law find you guilty of rape, then you deserve appropriate legal punishment. Rape is a terrible crime. But let it also be stated on the record that you were lynched early, and lynched well, before you had a chance to defend yourself.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I'm writing this in the middle of a book tour, which means I'm on lots of radio programs where people call in and ask me questions. Here's the question that leaves all others in the dust:

"You women *say* you want a nice, sensitive man who understands you," says caller A.

"But I've noticed that what really seems to get ladies' juices flowing is men who are mean to them," says caller B.

"I have a bunch of friends who treat women like shit. These guys are *swarming* with women! I'm a nice guy; why can't I get a date?" says caller C.

So either this is a syndrome experienced only by male radio-station callers to female writers or it's an epidemic.

I think it's more than an epidemic; I think it's the biggest tragedy of the human heart. Women will follow abusive guys until they fall off the earth.

The same way men will follow abusive women. It's true. In fact, there are plenty of misguided self-help books out there that guarantee a woman a husband in a month if she will only follow this sensational three-step program:

1. Be a bitch. 2. Be a bitch. 3. Be a real bitch.

These books probably work! The mean women I know have hundreds of men clinging to their ankles. But guess what—these women are not happy until they're clinging to the ankles of some disaster in a pony tail who would rather be fondling his Porsche!

"Well, yeah," says my friend Lorna, "though guys also like really neurotic women with a lot of problems who need to be saved."

"So if we want to get laid, we have to choose one of those personas?"

"Let's try being mean," she decided. "It'll be more fun."

Used to be I was one of those women who made a habit of getting involved with real bastards and then moaned about being mistreated. But for four years, no guy had been abusive—until last month. It was fascinating to watch myself turn into a mound of jelly.

At first, when he was being nice, I felt claustrophobic; I felt frightened because he was coming on so strong. But because I'm not quite as mentally ill as I used to be, I relaxed and started to enjoy the idea that I might have a nice boyfriend.

That was the moment he chose to break a date. Then he became unavailable for the most specious of reasons. "I really want to see you," he'd say, "but I have to work on my taxes."

SICKOS "Я" US

I fell to pieces. I cried, I grew obsessive, I hid under the covers. I thought about him all the time, different scenarios running through my brain about why he had disappeared. I tried to rationalize his behavior, tried to convince myself he really liked me, he was just a little scared, he'd be back soon. I fell asleep thinking about him. I woke up thinking about him. It was intensely painful.

And it was totally inappropriate pain. Even in my insanity, I couldn't help but notice that I didn't know this guy well enough for his loss to devastate me this way. So I tried to think.

I was walking on the beach on the most gorgeous day of the year, thinking, feeling really miserable, when I finally identified how I was feeling: worthless. I felt that because this guy didn't want me, because he rejected me, I was nothing. *Nada*. Zip.

"OK," I counseled myself while sweating it out on a treadmill, hoping for an endorphin high, "this is a guy who seemed nice but not particularly wise, not madly creative, just a regular guy. How come his opinion means the world? Is this pain really about something else?"

Yes! As the endorphins kicked in, I realized it was about something else. This is how I felt as a kid when my mother turned her back and wouldn't speak to me, when my father, my beloved father, shook his head and said, "After all we've done for you." This is how I felt when I was turning myself inside out trying to get my parents to love me, something they couldn't quite manage. This guy wasn't a guy, he was a button pusher.

I have two dogs, Sally and Newton. Sally has always been treated well. Newton was abused before I got him. If you accidentally step on Sally, she yelps, glares reproachfully and stalks off. If you accidentally hurt Newton, he hangs his head, he wags his tail pleadingly, he thinks he's been bad. Then he spends all his time trying to get you to like him again. Newton and I, two sick puppies.

Sigmund Freud, Groucho Marx and Woody Allen all said something like, "I would never belong to a club that would have someone like me as a member." When this guy dropped me, I felt that he saw some hideous truth about me and it made him run away, screaming, and that's when I became desperate to join his club.

Abuse makes me and millions of others like me wag our tails and beg for forgiveness. Abuse taps into our deepest fears and needs. Abuse makes us feel like we deserve everything bad we get. Abuse makes us want to crouch at the feet of the abuser and lick his toes until he likes us.

We're not talking one or two deviant maniacs. We're talking a significant portion of humanity. Many of us, maybe even most of us, need serious rewiring. And I think it's because what is perceived as normal—the way parents were taught to treat children, the way our educational systems operate—breaks a child's spirit and makes him a damaged adult.

We must learn to be better, we must learn to treat our children with respect. We must learn to imbue them with inalienable feelings of self-worth.

Meanwhile, I'm trying to pull myself up by my bootstraps. Here's what I've done: Instead of slinking away and licking my wounds the way I used to, I called the guy and demanded he tell me why he disappeared. He told me he was sorry, he really liked me, but there was this teenager he'd fallen for. I got really mad for an hour or two. Then I felt much better.

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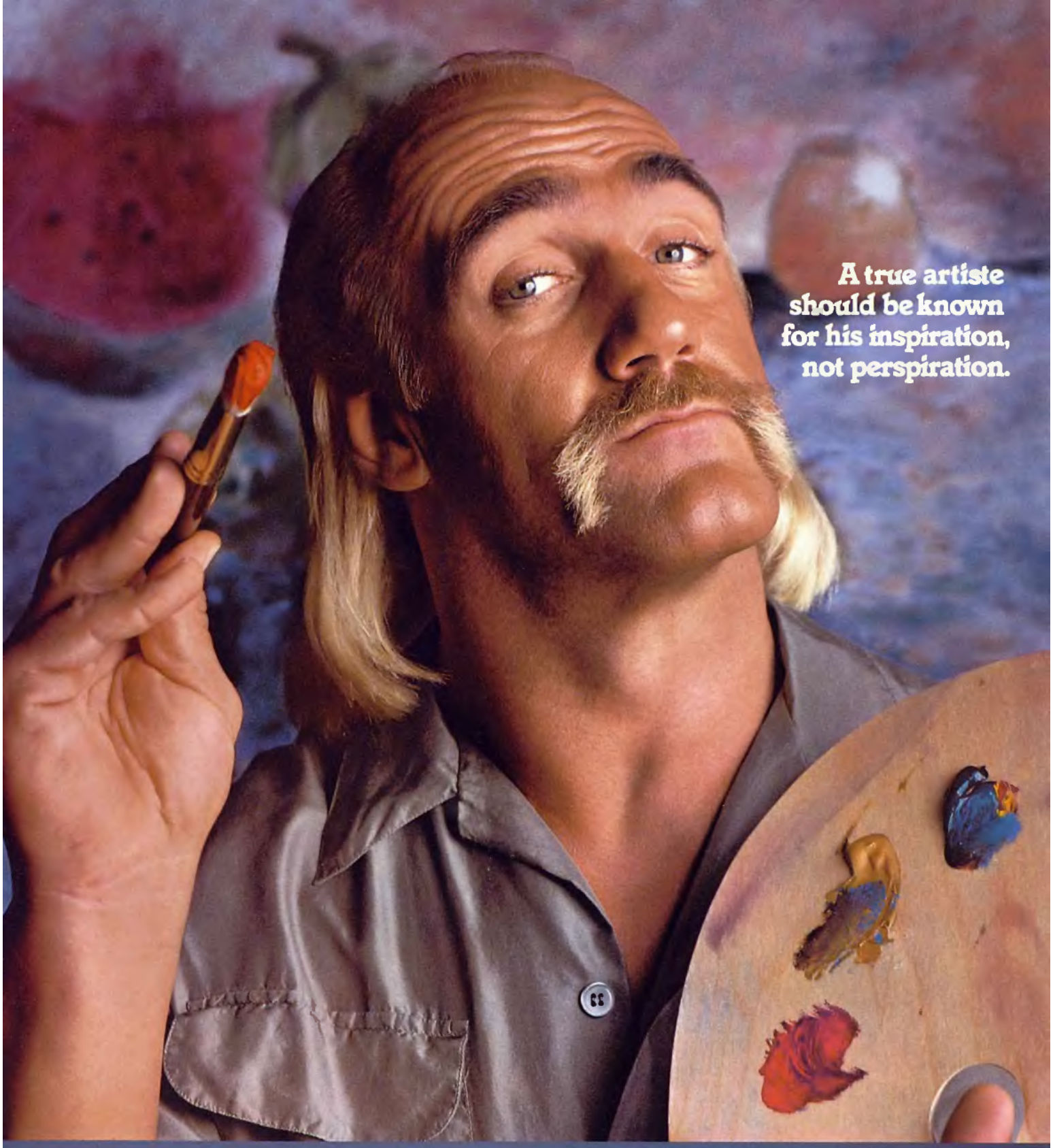

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

When my girlfriend and I make love, my thoughts often drift to other women I've bedded over the years, especially a girl with whom I had a brief but very torrid summer romance when we were both camp counselors in college ten years ago. I love my girlfriend—at least I think I do—but these intense flashbacks are getting out of hand and are starting to interfere with sex. Am I messed up or what?—J. R., Reston, Virginia.

Not at all. Recently, researchers at the University of Vermont surveyed 178 sexually active adults on the subject of erotic fantasies. Eighty-four percent said they fantasized about sex with people other than their partner. And in their fantasies, they often imagined engaging in sexual practices much kinkier than anything they actually did. Meanwhile, like you, more than one quarter of the frequent fantasizers felt guilty about their erotic daydreams. Many worried that their fantasies might harm their relationships. The researchers concluded that their study corroborated what many other sexuality authorities have said: Sexual fantasies are perfectly normal. Don't worry about their content. In fantasy, everything is permitted and nothing is wrong.

I'm in the market for a new television set and someone recently recommended a model equipped with SRS. I pretended to know what he was talking about, but, really, I don't have a clue. Can you help?—E. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

Isn't it amazing how intelligent the boob tube has become? SRS (Sound Retrieval System), one of TV's latest smart functions, was originally developed by Hughes Aircraft to improve the acoustics in its airplanes. In short, it reprocesses the television's audio signal to mimic the ways in which the human ear hears sound. Instead of the typically flat sounds generated by standard television sets, SRS offers more spatial dimension—greater depth, width, clarity and imaging—regardless of how the program was broadcast or recorded. Furthermore, sounds that may have been hidden by the recording process are revealed. And you don't have to stake out a seat right in front of the speakers to enjoy the benefits of SRS; it sends balanced sound throughout the room. So far, few companies offer SRS-equipped TVs. Sony was the first to incorporate the sophisticated technology in its high-end XBR sets in 1989. Earlier this year, Toshiba announced plans to offer its own SRS models. But, like any other technology, if it sells, you can bet there will be more of it in the future.

Ever since my wife went off the pill and got a diaphragm, the tip of my penis hurts when we have sex. I feel like I'm banging into the damn thing. She says she doesn't feel any discomfort, but this problem has taken the pleasure out of

the deep thrusting I've always enjoyed. I don't think anything is wrong with my penis, but should I see a urologist? Or could her diaphragm be the problem?—V. N., Buffalo, New York.

A doctor's consultation might be a good place to start, if only to rule out a medical problem. A prostate infection or some other genitourinary condition could conceivably cause pain at the tip of your penis. But, frankly, we doubt it. We suspect it's your wife's diaphragm, especially since you say the problem began when she switched to it from the pill. Here are a few suggestions: Your wife should visit her physician or family-planning clinic and check to see that her diaphragm is the right size. She should also make sure she's inserting it correctly. If it's the wrong size, or if she's not placing it properly, you may be banging into the rim and feeling discomfort. But if all's well with her diaphragm, you may simply have an ultrasensitive glans. In that case, you have three choices: As much as you dislike the idea, you could thrust less deeply. You could add extra lubrication—spermicidal jelly or cream, K-Y jelly or your wife's saliva—to the head of your penis. Or you and your wife could reconsider your contraception. Condoms are a possibility. So is the contraceptive sponge, which is quite soft and unlikely to irritate even the most sensitive penis.

Please explain the difference between espresso, *café au lait* and cappuccino.—D. B., Los Angeles, California.

Here's the scoop: Espresso is made by using a strong, espresso blend of coffee, preferably freshly roasted and ground. Espresso coffee is approximately three times stronger than regular, or American, coffee, though it contains less caffeine. It is often served with a thin slice of lemon. Café au lait is made with regular coffee, to which an equal amount of warm milk is added before serving. Cappuccino is made with espresso, to which steamed milk is added—and perhaps a sprinkling of cinnamon—before serving.

Three years after my wife died in an auto accident, I've fallen in love again, with a wonderful—and sexually supercharged—woman. I never had any sexual complaints about my wife, but she was rather demure in bed, and except for heavy breathing, our lovemaking was never noisy. My new love is much more vocal; in fact, she's downright boisterous, a real screamer. I find her erotic noisemaking a turn-on, and since I met her a few months ago, we've enjoyed some ecstatic, high-volume sex. But my son is coming home from college soon and, frankly, I'm feeling a little concerned. I don't want to ask my lover to pipe down during his visit—perish the thought. And I don't care that he knows we're making love. At 20, he's sexually active, and I've already told him about my new love. But it's one thing to bid my son good night and repair to a quiet horizontal interlude, and quite another to have my lover's shrieks reverberating throughout the house. What should I do?—G. D., Sunnyvale, California.

We'd advise adding a stereo to your bedroom set and cranking that sucker up high to counter your lover's shrieks. Try some Van Halen or John Philip Sousa. You might also subtly suggest to her that a little more breathing and a little less shrieking would be a recipe for a mellower holiday.

I'd like to buy an older sports car. Can you provide some tips and guidelines? Where do I look? How do I know if the asking price is fair? What about service and parts?—G. M., Montpelier, Vermont.

A vintage sports car can provide exciting transportation at less than the cost of a new car. The rules are similar to those for any used-car purchase. Look for a clean, low-mileage car with a good service history. Good sports cars can be found in your local "pennysaver" and newspaper, as well as in the AutoWeek *classifieds, in* Hemmings Motor News *(802-442-3101), a publication that lists thousands of cars and parts for sale each month (it also lists suppliers, restorers and parts sources for every make), and in* The Du Pont Registry, *a guide to high-end collectibles. Compare several asking prices for the same model to determine a fair average, or check the listings in "CPI: The Value Guide to Cars of Particular Interest" (301-779-8488). Another helpful source is individual-make "Buyer's Guides," published by Motorbooks International (800-826-6600). If you are lucky enough to find a car that you want,*

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

remember that service may be a problem. Consult enthusiastic car-owning friends, your local sports-car club and the Yellow Pages for a local garage that knows your make. Best of all, besides their head-turning value, older sports cars are cheaper to insure than current counterparts. Happy hunting!

My new girlfriend douches as a means of birth control. She says it's effective, because it washes the sperm out of her vagina. I've never really heard of this method. Should I be worried?—T. L., Denver, Colorado.

Put it this way: By the time she gets to the washroom to douche, your determined sperm may have already reached their target. If they haven't, the jet from the douche will certainly help them along. In other words, douching has one of the highest failure rates of any contraceptive technique. Unless you're eager to hear the pitter-patter of little feet, tell your girlfriend it's time to try something reliable.

The mint julep is the official drink of the Kentucky Derby. Is there a special drink associated with the Preakness, another Triple Crown event?—F. F., Tucson, Arizona.

Not to be outdone, the Preakness has an official drink, too—the Black-Eyed Susan: To the juice of 2 lemons and 1 orange, add ½ tablespoon sugar and ½ oz. bourbon. Shake, then pour over crushed ice. You're off and running.

Since my husband has never liked my family, getting him to accompany me on visits used to be hell. I never really blamed him. My parents are a drag, but they are my parents. Fortunately, my husband's in-law aversion recently changed to enthusiasm. I announced that if he stopped *kvetching* and behaved himself at my parents', I'd give him a magnificent blow job on the drive home. Nothing like a positive-incentive program to make everyone happy. He is now a dear with my folks, and we both enjoy the drive home. As soon as we hit the freeway, I start stroking the already-large bulge in his pants. Then I unzip him, and his erection pops out. I suck him into my mouth and my head bobs up and down in his lap. Meanwhile, he pulls off my top and unhooks my bra so that my breasts swing free. I love the way he gently fondles them as I continue to give him loving lip service. Our auto-eroticism lasts about 20 miles, until we approach our exit, then he comes, and I enjoy a nice warm "cocktail." Then I zip him back up again, which is why I'm writing. I worry that his zipper might pinch his tender flesh. He could zip himself up, but he really loves this little finishing touch, and I enjoy doing it for him. But I don't want to hurt him, especially *there*. Any suggestions?—Mrs. C. H., Bowling Green, Ohio.

Your incentive program has certainly struck a major blow for family harmony. As for your problem, we suggest you christen one pair of your husband's slacks his "in-law pants" and replace its zipper with Velcro. Easy open and easy close, with no risk of pinching. In addition, if at your parents' house you hear the telltale sound of Velcro coming undone, you'll know it's time to stop admiring your mom's new blender and hit the road.

I have been searching for a hip designer sports jacket for which I'm willing to spend some cash. Problem is, I can't settle on color, designer or look. I'm getting discouraged. Any pointers?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

You might consider taking a significant other along to give you an opinion that's not your own or a salesperson's. The most important thing is to find a style that fits. Then worry about those other questions: color, weight, material and the rest of your outfit. But here's a tip: Designers have distinct cuts to their clothes. Go to a department store and try on at least one jacket from every designer who interests you. If you find a coat by Joseph Abboud that fits, chances are all Abbouds will fit. Some men have Armani bodies, others have Bill Blass builds. Knowing which designers' products have fit in the past will greatly reduce the time spent on your clothes hunt.

Let the drops fall where they may.

Let them fall into spaghetti sauce. And create a sauce that would make an Italian beg for more. Let them fall into the oil to spice up a big bowl of popcorn for the late-night movie. Or into macaroni and cheese, on hamburgers, fish sticks, baked potatoes, even in mayonnaise. But wherever the drops of Avery Island's magical Tabasco® brand pepper sauce fall, they won't fall unappreciated. And even if you happen to spill a drop or two along the way, not to worry. There's plenty more where they came from.

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For the recipes of Walter McIlhenny in "A Gentleman's Guide to Memorable Hospitality," send $3.25 to McIlhenny Co., Dept. GG, Avery Island, Louisiana 70513.

How will the discs for my car CD player hold up under temperature changes?—E. T., Dallas, Texas.

According to the experts, it's never a great idea to store compact discs in your car. But we were surprised to learn that low temperatures are actually worse for compact discs than high ones. Apparently, CDs have been known to snap or crack when kept in cold weather for too long. Heat, on the other hand, does not seem to affect them in the short term; however, the jury is still out on long-term damage. Our advice: Get yourself a handy carrying case and cart the CDs with you. As inconvenient as it may seem, it's worth the effort if it will prolong the life of your collection.

My husband and I are finally ready to start a family, but I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to get pregnant. Every time we have sex, he ejaculates inside me, but when he pulls out, I'm unable to hold the semen. Is there anything we can do to prevent this from happening?—Mrs. D. F., Detroit, Michigan.

Relax. If your husband has a normal sperm count, he'll release between 200,000,000 and 300,000,000 sperm in a single ejaculation. And while not all of them will reach the final destination, those little suckers are swift. The six-inch trip through the vagina, cervix, uterus and Fallopian tubes to the unfertilized egg takes as little as five minutes. The actual fertilization takes longer, but once the sperm are there, they can survive for about eight days. You also can experiment with some intercourse positions that have proved more successful in placing the sperm near the cervix and keeping them there. The best, according to some physicians, are rear-entry positions (both partners kneeling, with the man facing the woman's back, or both lying on their side, with the man curled around the woman's back). To help retain your husband's sperm, have him remove his penis immediately after ejaculation while it's still erect. Then lie on your back with your hips on a pillow for about 20 minutes. Timing is everything, though, so try to figure out when you're most fertile. And most of all, enjoy yourselves. Sex is never good when it becomes too clinical.

Sex with my new boyfriend is fantastic, but I'm paranoid about AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. I don't think he has anything, but he has slept with lots of women, and until we've been together longer, I'd like to have safe sex. Trouble is, he refuses to use condoms. He says he might if the issue were birth control, but I'm on the pill. I could go off the pill, but I'd rather find a way to encourage him to reconsider condoms. Help!—Miss V. S., Worthington, Ohio.

Help is on the way. Get hold of the terrific 60-minute cassette "How to Talk with a Partner About Smart Sex." Produced and narrated by noted sex experts Bernie Zilbergeld, Ph.D., and Lonnie Barbach, Ph.D., this frank, practical tape contains dozens of vignettes in which velvet-voiced actors play out the little disagreements that sometimes cause problems for couples today. In some vignettes, the man objects to using condoms; in others, it's the woman. The tape has a profound effect. You quickly realize that discussions about safe sex need not feel threatening. Although the scripts focus on AIDS prevention, they apply to other diseases and contraceptive conflicts. "How to Talk with a Partner About Smart Sex" is available for $13, postpaid, from Focus International, 14 Oregon Drive, Huntington Station, New York 11746, 800-843-0305.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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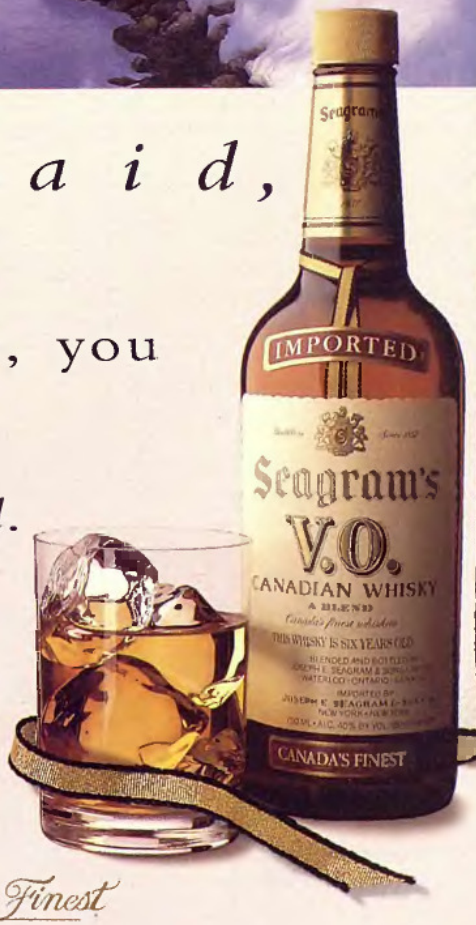

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THE STATE of FREEDOM

looking for vital signs in the bill of rights

By NAT HENTOFF

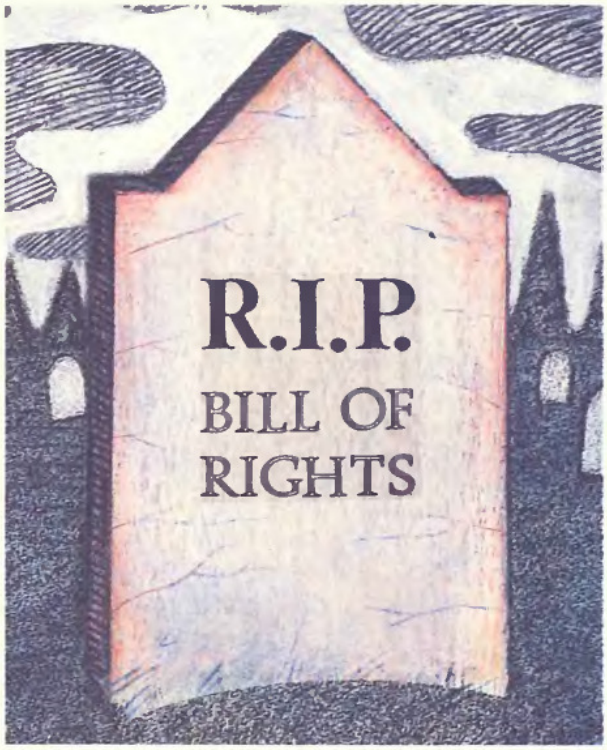
When the framers of the Constitution finally approved that unprecedented document in 1787, they thought their labors were done. But there followed fierce resistance in the new nation. Some argued against its ratification, because they were opposed to a strong Federal Government with a broad power to tax. But the majority of those reluctant to approve the Constitution demanded that it also contain a Bill of Rights to protect individual liberties against Government incursion.

James Madison, a principal designer of the Constitution, promised a powerful, unambiguous Bill of Rights that "could satisfy the public mind that their liberties will be perpetual." And in 1789, during the First Congress, he introduced the boldest guarantee of fundamental personal rights yet known.

There would be free speech, free press, free exercise of religion, heavy restrictions on the power of the police to search homes and individuals, the right not to be forced to testify against oneself, no punishments without due process of law, the right to confront hostile witnesses at a trial, the right to a lawyer in a criminal prosecution and the outlawing of cruel and unusual punishment.

Ratified by a sufficient number of states on December 15, 1791, the Bill of Rights was incorporated into the Constitution as the first ten amendments. This bicentennial year of the birth of what Madison called "the great rights of mankind" has been hailed with considerably less celebration than the festivities of 1987—the 200th anniversary of the Constitution itself. Then there were resounding parades, stately processions of tall ships in New York and other harbors and exhortations to the children of the land to drink deeply of the wisdom of what was now the oldest Constitution in the entire world.

In 1991, however, while there have been some wordy ceremonies in honor of the Great Rights, as the first ten amendments are sometimes known, most of the populace is hardly aware of this remarkable anniversary. But then, it is doubtful whether most Americans know what's *in* the Bill of Rights, so swift and shallow are the ways in which it is discussed in the nation's schools. And that's why parts of it are so frequently threatened by the President, the Congress and state legislatures: The Bill of Rights does not have an informed constituency among the very people it was designed to protect.



Consider the First Amendment, which Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas described as "a new and bold experiment. It staked everything on unlimited public discussion. . . . [It] set a new standard, and exalted freedom of expression."

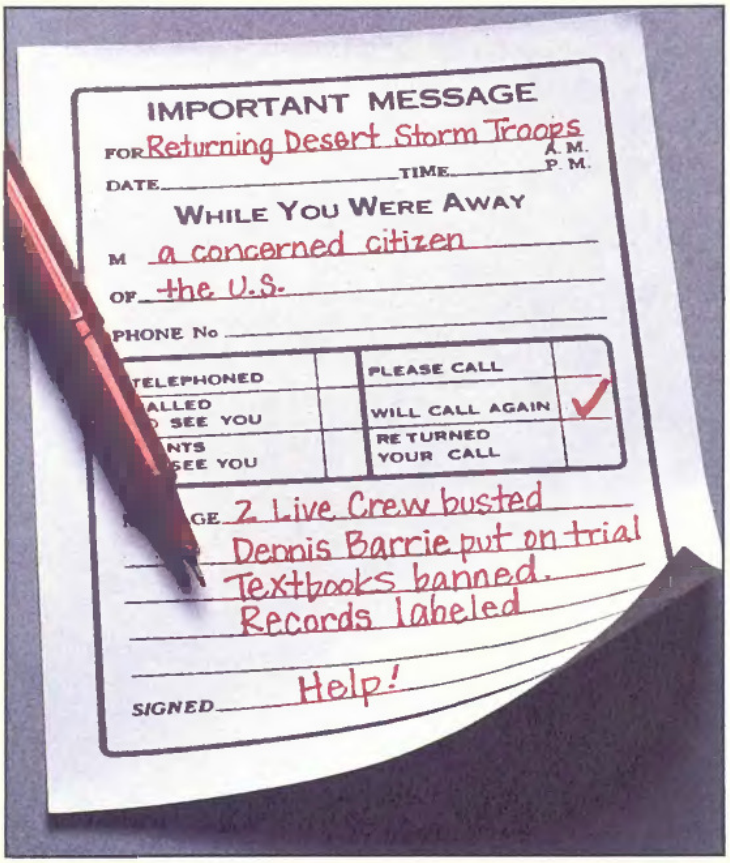
Yet during the Gulf war, when the Government shackled the press's freedom to describe and discuss what was going on, no objections were raised by the majority of the public. Indeed, it seemed relieved to get its information in the form of sugar-coated nuggets from Government "briefers" rather than having to sift through and mull over information provided by an independent press. Michael Deaver, who had been President Reagan's highly proficient press manipulator, said of the Government control of the press during the Gulf war, "If you were going to hire a public-relations firm to do the media relations for an international event, it couldn't be done any better than this is being done."

Reporters in the field could operate only in pools, and if any of their dispatches offended a high-ranking official, they were summarily banished. During interviews with the press, Servicemen were carefully watched and listened to by Pentagon public-relations officers—hardly encouragement of spontaneous, honest response. And Dover Air Force Base in Delaware, the country's largest mortuary for Servicemen killed overseas, was closed to those members of the press reporting on the return of the war dead. Such reporting had been permitted in previous years, yet this time, the Government felt that it could get away with presenting the Gulf war as apparently bloodless by keeping the returning coffins out of the press's and, thus, the public's eye. With this successful precedent set for the Government's undercutting of the First Amendment, during the next armed conflict, the independent press may become even more superfluous.

So much for the "bold experiment."

Since writers are so constricted by

our Government, it should come as no surprise that, in this bicentennial year of the Bill of Rights, readers are fettered as well. The First Amendment dealt directly with the expectations and priorities of the framers in relation to the individual's right to read or see whatever he or she wanted to. It is important to note that at the time of the American Revolution, only one of the 13 colonies had a law punishing obscenity. (Massachusetts had a statute against blasphemy—sacrilegious, not secular, speech.) In 1791, freedom to read was as important as freedom to write; moreover, many of the framers of the Constitution had in their libraries such decidedly erotic volumes as John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, Ovid's *Art of Love* and works by Rabelais.



And as revered a figure in American history as Benjamin Franklin wrote some essays that, under present obscenity laws, could have had him busted and jailed. Among those "obscene" works is "Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress," in which he observes that, after putting a basket over any woman's head, the lower parts will be so plump and inviting that "it is impossible of two women to know an old one from a young one."

So, as Justice Douglas said, "The First Amendment was the product of a robust, not prudish, age."

Yet 200 years after the ratification of the First Amendment, some of our contemporary lawmakers and enforcers—Federal, state and local—have become so prudish that not only books but movies and recordings and even exhibits at art museums are being censored under obscenity laws. There have been acquittals—2 Live Crew and the museum director who exhibited Robert Mapplethorpe photos among them—but obscenity prosecutions continue. Defense costs have become so expensive that the news of a prosecution in one place often leads to self-censorship among institutions elsewhere.

The late Federal judge Jerome Frank was one of the few members of the Judicial branch alert to the dangers inherent in weakening the First Amendment. He used to warn, "Some few men stubbornly fight for the right to write or publish or distribute books which the great majority at the time consider loathsome. If we jail those few, the community may appear to have suffered nothing. The appearance is deceptive. For the conviction and punishment of these few writers [or film makers or musicians or singers or museum directors] will terrify writers who are . . . less eager for a fight. What, as a result, they do not write might have been major literary contributions. 'Suppression,' Spinoza said, 'is paring down the stage till it is too small to harbor men of talent.'"

How unfortunate it is to contemplate that now one of the busiest divisions in the Department of Justice is the Child Exploitation and Obscenity Section—formerly the National Obscenity Enforcement Unit that was founded in 1986 by then–Attorney General Edwin Meese. This crew of imperial censors keeps a stern watch on the morals of the citizens and their elected officials in all 50 states. Their imperative: to protect the citizenry from "lewd" books and acts, as well as to proscribe the purveyors of such turpitude whether or not we the people want that protection.

In this atmosphere, schools and school boards are instructing children on the majesty of the First Amendment while succumbing to pressure to ban "unfit" books from school libraries and curriculums. A frequent target continues to be J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. In Boron, California, the book was attacked on the basis of its blasphemous, not obscene, language: "It uses the Lord's name in vain 200 times. They say it describes reality. Let's go backward. Let's go back to when we didn't have an immoral society."

The thinkers and politicians of 1791, whether more or less moral than today, did feel that the privacy of the individual had to be protected against the whims of popular morality.

Benjamin Franklin and the other framers of the Constitution were so concerned with the individual's right to privacy that they tried to ensure that both contemporary and future generations would be free from arbitrary and humiliating searches. This concern gave rise to the Fourth Amendment—now the most endangered part of the generally endangered Bill of Rights.

Before the Revolution, British troops, under the authority of general search warrants, could invade any dwelling. In 1772, the Massachusetts Committee of Correspondence—advocating the independence of the colonies—described life without privacy: "Thus our houses and even our bedchambers are exposed to be ransacked. Our boxes, chests and trunks broke open, ravaged and plundered by wretches, whom no prudent man would venture to employ even as menial servants. . . . By this we are cut off from that domestic security which renders the lives of the most unhappy in some measure agreeable." Those "wretches" were British soldiers, who were allowed under a general search warrant to enter homes with the merest suspicion of wrongdoing.

This history of unwarranted intrusion is why the Fourth Amendment is the most precisely detailed and is considered by some the most important part of the Bill of Rights. Listen to how assuredly it begins: "The right of the

people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated."

But what is the definition of an unreasonable search? First, says the Fourth Amendment, a warrant is required, and "no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause [that criminal activity is taking place], supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." The Americans who wrote the amendment never wanted to occupy again the decidedly inferior position that they had held as impotent colonists. Quite simply, the Fourth Amendment is in the Bill of Rights specifically to prevent this country from becoming a police state.

> "Quite simply, the Bill of Rights is specifically designed to prevent this country from becoming a police state."

As law professor Anthony Amsterdam says, "I can think of few constitutional issues more important than defining the reach of the Fourth Amendment—the extent to which it controls the array of activities of the police."

A crucial weakening of this essential protection of individual liberty and privacy took place in the first Supreme Court case to deal with wire tapping and the Fourth Amendment, *Olmstead vs. United States* (1928). In a 5–4 decision, the Court ruled that wire tapping was constitutional, because the police had made no physical entry into the home of the bootlegger whose phone had been tapped. In dissent, Justice Louis Brandeis emphasized that the principle of the Fourth Amendment applies to *any* Government violation of individual privacy—no matter by what means the invasion takes place. "Crime is contagious," warned Justice Brandeis. "If the Government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt for law."

Brandeis was worried that the decision would allow swiftly advancing technologies—such as wire tapping—to effectively eviscerate the Fourth Amendment in more than just spirit. "The progress of science in furnishing the Government with means of espionage," he said, "is not likely to stop with wire tapping. Ways may someday be developed by which the Government, without removing papers from secret drawers, can reproduce them in court, and by which it will be enabled to expose to a jury the most intimate occurrences of the home."

And while technology hasn't progressed quite that far, consider the implications of the devices called pen registers, now available, which allow police to find out immediately what phone numbers a private citizen has dialed—a process that has been declared constitutional. Had this been available to the FBI at the time of the Watergate break-in, what chance would Woodward and Bernstein have had of protecting their sources and exposing the corruption in both the White House and the Justice Department?

But the most devastating blows dealt the Fourth Amendment have been thrown in the name of the war on drugs, which has turned out to be, for all intents and purposes, the war on the Bill of Rights. The Supreme Court has upheld random searches of employees—without a warrant and without probable cause—to discover use of drugs. In frustration and indignation, Fourth Amendment expert and University of Michigan professor of law Yale Kamisar asks, "How can the Court uphold searches where no warrant is required, no probable cause required—not even any level of suspicion is required?"

> "The liberties guaranteed by the first ten amendments will endure only as long as the people know what they are."

The answer to how this happens is twofold: First, the Constitution's meaning is what the Supreme Court interprets it to be, and since we have a conservative Court, the Bill of Rights receives little respect. Second and perhaps more frightening is that most Americans have been convinced by successive conservative Administrations that the Fourth Amendment *must* be sacrificed in order to win the war on drugs. Tom Wicker has noted in *The New York Times* that "a *Washington Post*/ABC News poll showed that 52 percent of respondents were willing to have their houses searched and 67 percent to have their cars stopped and searched by police without a warrant."

As Judge Learned Hand once said, "Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no Constitution, no law, no court can save it."

The great sadness is that we are in danger of creating a nation of children who may not realize the rights they have lost, who may believe they have no right to privacy from the police. In Tazewell County, Illinois, last year, all eight high schools were subject to a sudden mass drug raid one morning. Teams of state police, sheriff's deputies, local police and drug-sniffing dogs blocked entrances to the schools so that no one could enter or leave. The students were held in classrooms, some for as long as two hours. There had been no prior indication of widespread drug dealing or drug possession in any of the high schools.

One of the few people in the county to express outrage at this blatant contempt for Fourth Amendment rights was Dave Simpson, publisher of the local paper the *Pekin Daily Times*. But he was just as disturbed by the lack of public outrage. The *Times* reported that there was little anger from the students and that some even suggested to the cops that a sweep of the lower schools could be productive.

Hardly an auspicious prelude to a bicentennial celebration of the Bill of Rights. Because today, as was the case 200 years ago, the liberties guaranteed by the first ten amendments will endure only as long as the people know what they are and have the courage to remember what Madison said so long ago: "The censorial power is in the people over the Government, and not in the Government over the people."

At the end of the Constitutional Convention, Benjamin Franklin was asked what had come of the assembly. He replied, "A republic, if you can keep it." We've shown we can keep the form of a democratic republic, but its soul, its guarantee of personal liberty, is in grave danger.

READER

SATANISM

It's good to see that the academic community is finally paying some attention to Satanism. It's turning out to be a figment of the overheated fundamentalists' imagination, promoted into a national peril by a few crazies who have discovered that they can make big bucks writing and railing against it. The American Sociological Association was treated to an interesting paper by an Indiana sociologist, Professor Anson Shupe, who studies religious sects. He investigated the numerous reported cases that were creating a state-wide Satanism scare and found them all based on bullshit. A newspaper article quotes him as finding that "the state of Indiana has never witnessed a single, professionally documented case of Satanic abuse, or a Satanic crime successfully prosecuted in a courtroom, or such a case ever put on a court docket," presumably for lack of any real evidence. One could conclude that a few mental defectives have spiced up their lives with the ultimate bogeyman, until one remembers the destruction such people can wreak on the lives of others, including their own children, as in the case of the McMartin Pre-School in California. The only difference between the Salem witch-hunters of the 17th Century and today's anti-Satanists is 300 years.

John Richardson
San Francisco, California

Don't expect the light of reason to dispel the hysteria. As long as the Justice Department continues to hold seminars on Satanic crime, the gullible populace will continue with witch trials. In a newsletter from Californians Against Censorship Together, editor Bobby Lilly took on the annual pep rally cosponsored by the Bay Area Citizens Against Pornography and the U.S. Department of Justice. The conference, called "Protecting Children from Molesters, Pornographers, Ritual Abuse and Cults," was cast like an Oprah Winfrey show from hell. Alan Sears (of the Meese commission) and Dr. Victor Cline (psychologist and self-appointed porn expert) offered seemingly credible stories of abuse.

Lilly wrote, "Somehow, I do not believe that a balanced point of view will be presented. . . . But the conference, with its stamp of authority from the Justice Department, will legitimate the unfounded charges that these practices are endemic, a serious threat to society, and must be stopped at all costs to 'protect the children.'" Lilly suggested writing to your Senator and Representative to ask how the Government can waste money on such blatant propaganda.

FOR THE RECORD

WAS IT REAL FOR YOU, TOO?

"The reason so many women fake orgasms is that so many men fake foreplay."

—DR. TERRY TAFOYA, A NATIVE AMERICAN SHAMAN AND PSYCHOLOGIST

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

The University of Virginia drug bust earlier this year presented several situations bordering on criminal insanity. The raid on and subsequent seizure of the three fraternity houses under investigation made the Feds and local authorities look like bullies. As more heinous acts were being carried out on the streets, these tough guys went after local frat boys on charges of drug trafficking. The crime is that their real motivation was not the level of illegal activity so much as the lucrative booty they stood to gain in seizing the $1,000,000 worth of real estate.

What this asset-seizure approach represents is a misuse of the RICO statute, designed to cripple the activities of organized crime, including major drug cartels. Maybe the parameters are different in Virginia, but a few ounces of marijuana do not a cartel make.

What smacks of foul play in this whole thing is the seizure of property belonging to an absentee landlord—the alumni association. That real estate was not the property of the young men occupying the buildings. For the authorities to seize property belonging to the innocent and the distant is un-American and turns police into bounty hunters. A danger exists in the "welfare effect" this kind of action has on law-enforcement agencies. As the coffers of the FBI, the DEA and related offices are fattened from property seizures, these agencies will find themselves increasingly more dependent on the illegal activities they want to eliminate. Busts will be made based on what the authorities stand to gain. This kind of remunerative law and order blurs the distinction between the good guys and the bogeymen, with justice going to the highest bidder.

Sean Finister
Chicago, Illinois

PATERNITY

I think that Jeffrey M. Leving ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, June) is hinting at the larger men's-rights issue, rather than focusing on abortion. Your editorial comment is certainly true: Abortion must be the choice of the woman alone. She's pregnant, he's not.

However, it isn't true that sex is something that men do to women after chasing them down. Pregnancy happens as a result of an act that men and women do for the pleasure that they both receive. Men don't get women pregnant; men and women together create a pregnancy, so their commitments should be concurrent. If an incautious tryst binds a man to the obligation of paternity, then it ought to bind women to maternity simultaneously. It shouldn't be a matter of one partner holding the bailout option exclusive of the other. Where abortion is legal, paternity suits are unjust.

David W. Sims
Stevenson, Alabama

RESPONSE

IRRELEVANT RIGHTS

The recent controversy sparked by Brown University's expulsion of an inebriated student for shouting racist and antihomosexual epithets has elicited some peculiar—and dangerously mistaken—responses.

In the words of opponents, university president Vartan Gregorian's decision "violates both the letter and the spirit of the First Amendment" and "runs counter to the purpose of the Bill of Rights: to protect individual freedom."

But does Brown's action really violate the Constitution? Clearly, the founding fathers intended to prohibit acts of censorship by the Government. Brown is a private institution. As such, it has the right to set its own rules and standards for voluntary association; the Constitution is simply not relevant to the debate.

The thinking expressed by these opponents parallels the fallacious but familiar cries that anyone denied a platform by a newspaper, magazine, television program or theater is a victim of censorship whose Constitutional rights have been violated.

If we are truly in favor of free speech, let's not blur the distinction between Government and private action, or fog our understanding of what the Constitution means.

Don Hauptman
New York, New York

The Bill of Rights protects the right of the individual from Government abuse. It assumes that the people know, respect and practice these rights in every other sector of their lives. If schools disdain free expression, it is only a matter of time before a nation of graduates does the same.

EQUAL TIME

I can't speak for the right-wing crazies, but as a woman, I am offended by the one-sidedness of the nudity in erotica and mainstream movies ("Sex Is Great—That's Why Censors Can't Stand It," *The Playboy Forum*, May). The gratuitous nudity, and the often degrading positions the female characters find themselves in, makes for a very male-oriented viewing experience. "Erotica invites the viewer to get in touch with his fantasies and desires," says Klein. *His* fantasies, exactly. None of this stuff is meant for me. So, maybe if film makers would lighten up on the exclusively female nudity, we women would lighten

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH MEETS PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

excerpts from the reports to the 203rd general assembly of the presbyterian church (1991)

"Our search . . . is to put sex in proper perspective, so that we not make too little or too much of it. We seek to give sexuality its due, as a good gift from a gracious God, and to welcome this aspect of our humanity with joy, reverence, insight and responsibility."

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"A Christian ethic of sexuality is needed that honors but does not restrict sexual activity to marriage alone, nor blesses all sexual activity within marriage as morally acceptable. (Sexual violence and coercion, within or outside marriage, are wrong.) God's intention for us as sexual persons lies not only in procreation but, even more fundamentally, in loving companionship. . . .

"It no longer makes sense to grant uncritical religious and moral legitimation to heterosexuality and heterosexual relations simply because they are heterosexual. Similarly, it is wrong to condemn nonmorital sexual activity as unacceptable simply because it falls outside a . . . formal, institutional arrangement."

•

"Candor requires us to admit, among other things, that many of our conventional categaries far naming normal from abnormal sex, as well as right fram wrong relation, are no langer helpful. These labels too often distort rather than disclose what is most important and valuable about sexuality. For example, what matters ethically is not the sameness (or the difference) of the gender of persons in relation but, rather, the quality and character of their relationship. Not who we are but how we are with each other is ethically significant."

•

"In order to reclaim moral credibility, the church must reverse the pervasive fear of sex and passion so noticeable among 'respectable' church people. This fear gnaws at our communal psyches and souls and has come perilously close to killing off both love of life and passion for justice. On the one hand, the church must stop discouraging sensuous touch and respectful sexual expression between genuinely consenting adults. On the other hand, the church should start encouraging responsible, loving and justice-bearing sexual relations wherever they occur.

"Rather than inquiring whether sexual activity is premarital, marital or postmarital, we should be asking whether the relation is responsible, the dynamics genuinely mutual and the loving full of joyful caring. . . .

"Single persons, whether single by choice or by circumstance, fully possess the right to be sexual. Persons are sexual, interested in and fully capable of intimacy and right relatedness whether they are engaging in genital sex or not. Moreaver, all persons have a right to caring, respectful tauch if they so choose. The church can help us explore the meaning of that right, as well as advocate the importance of self-lave and self-care, along with care of others."

•

The repart, after selling more than 25,000 copies, was shouted down by a 534–31 vate.

up, too. Men aren't the only ones who want to see a little T and A.

Rena Hecht
New York, New York

GUN CONTROL

Tighter gun-control legislation has been making headlines in the past six months. These measures are not only an infringement on the rights of law-abiding citizens but a complete waste of taxpayers' money and Congress' time. Consider the following:

It's already illegal for felons to own firearms. How redundant must the law be? There are thousands of firearm laws on the books now. Many are either unenforced or open to a defendant's plea of a lesser charge, usually not a felony. And what about the potential psychopath with a clean record—the "nice neighbor" scenario?

Even if denied a weapon through legal means, a determined person can easily obtain one on the street. No paperwork, no questions and a discount price, too. If the Government is unable to slow, let alone halt, the influx of illegal drugs, what's to stop illegal weapons on a massive scale? Sounds like a new market and, of course, a new agency—the GEA.

New York and Los Angeles both have extremely tough handgun restrictions, yet they continue to lead the nation in violent crimes, especially murder.

End plea bargaining, which is a bargain only for the accused. The answer isn't more laws but, rather, enforcement of those we have.

David Kveragas
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

THE NAME GAME

It is irresponsible journalism to publish the name of a rape suspect while withholding the name of the alleged victim. In the United States, you are innocent until proven guilty. Rape has become, however, the one crime in which an accusation is sufficient cause to wantonly label the accused for life. This is the case whether he is judged guilty or proven innocent.

The argument some feminists use is that disclosing the name of an alleged rape victim will humiliate her or brand her with an unwelcome stigma. Why is there no reciprocal concern for the accused in this regard? This sexist double standard is appalling. Society has unfortunately developed a witch-hunt/Red-hunt mentality toward rape accusations. Such knee-jerk prevarications have promoted behavior that is hateful and vindictive without cause. It is apparent that the media are not interested in exercising their free-speech privileges on a level field. An extremely frightening precedent, if you stop to think about it.

Robert J. Correia
Braintree, Massachusetts

We have stopped to think about it and we agree: The accused are left standing on very shaky ground in an unjust and intolerant climate (see Asa Baber's "Men" column in this issue).

A BREAST BY ANY OTHER NAME

Mitsou, one of Canada's top female singers, made a hot music video featuring glimpses of female breasts and male buttocks. The response? *Dis-Moi, Dis-Moi (Tell Me, Tell Me)* was banned from Quebec's English-language MuchMusic video station. The video went straight to number one on the city's French-language station, MusiquePlus. The irony: The same company owns both stations. The moral: If you think hot thoughts in English, it's a sin. If you think hot thoughts in French, it's art.

POSTCARDS FROM HOME

In the June issue, *The Playboy Forum* features a set of activist postcards that can be mailed to protest censorship. Where can a set of those cards be purchased?

Dean Watson
Huntington Beach, California

The Postcard Activist's "Ban Censorship" series is available for $4.95 from People for the American Way, 2000 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. These and series for abortion rights and handgun control are also available in most bookstores. If your bookseller doesn't carry the postcards, insist that they be added to the inventory. But why wait? Sit down and write a letter on your own letterhead.

TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR YOU

Your article on sexual harassment ("The War on Nudity, Part One," *The Playboy Forum*, July) pinpoints the frustration felt by many men who now have to contend with yet another source of stress and ambivalence in the workplace. Apparently, an Alabama judge had similar feelings when he dismissed a sexual-harassment claim on the grounds that the plaintiff was not pretty enough to be sexually harassed. The judge further allowed the attractive appearance of the defendant's wife to be entered as evidence against the claim. It would seem that the over-all climate toward suits claiming sexual harassment is an inhospitable one. Maybe those feminine sensibilities won't be so sensitive after all.

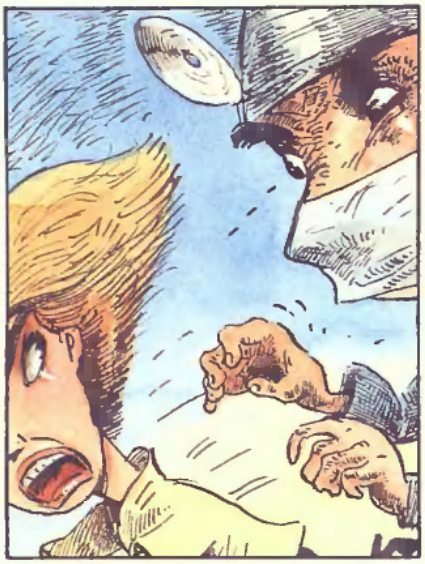
Owen Robert
Memphis, Tennessee

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SURE CURES

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK—*A doctor convinced a 21-year-old Fordham University coed that she had contracted herpes but that it could be treated with a secret vac-*



cine. He claimed that the vaccine, effective only if administered under rigid clinical conditions, called for injection through a penis—preferably his own. When the student reported the incident, the doctor lost his license and settled out of court.

TORONTO—*A doctor was cleared of sexual impropriety for using an innovative "pelvic bonding" technique to treat a woman's insomnia and emotional problems that he attributed to childhood traumas. The patient claims that the doctor dropped his trousers and told her to press her face into his groin area, like a child does after running to a parent. The physician was cleared of the charges because the woman was inconsistent on dates and details and had returned for further treatment.*

MANDATORY MOTHERHOOD

Anti-abortionists are gradually succeeding in their campaign to make motherhood mandatory. The Alan Guttmacher Institute and the National Abortion Federation report that abortion services are increasingly hard to obtain, especially in rural areas, and are not available at all in the 83 percent of the nation's counties that include nearly one third of childbearing women. According to the institute, the number of hospitals and clinics permitting abortions declined 11 percent between 1982 and 1988 to 2582, the over-all abortion rate dropped six percent to 29 per 1000 women and fewer physicians are performing abortions due to fear of harassment, social pressure and lack of training.

QUICK FIX

DAYTONA BEACH—*A Florida appellate court decided two to one to uphold the nation's first conviction of a woman charged with delivering cocaine to her newborn baby while the umbilical cord was still attached. The ruling approved the prosecution's strategy of charging mothers under state laws originally designed to punish the transmission of drugs to minors. The dissenting judge argued that the intent of the legislature was to treat addiction in pregnant women as a health problem rather than as a criminal offense.*

THE 70-YEAR ITCH

CANBERRA—*The Australian government riled the Catholic Church by proposing that residents of nursing homes be accorded the same basic human rights they would enjoy at home, including the right to nonmarital sex. One Roman Catholic order threatened to close six nursing facilities if "sexual revolutionaries" in the Health Services Ministry gave elderly Australians "the 'right' to indulge in adultery, fornication or sodomy in our homes."*

DON'T POINT THAT THING

A 25-year-old California man who had sex after testing positive for HIV has been jailed on four counts of assault with a deadly weapon. Police claim that the suspect, while previously in jail on a burglary conviction, threatened to "take all the women with him that he can." They arrested him on a tip that he was in a motel room with a woman who said she had had intercourse with him four times.

Authorities say he may be charged with a fifth count for allegedly throwing blood from a self-inflicted wound at a cellmate.

In Illinois, a 21-year-old pregnant prostitute who knew she had AIDS has been charged with attempted transmission of the HIV virus to an undercover police officer and is being quarantined at a public health facility.

In Toronto, a 33-year-old Canadian diagnosed with the HIV virus is appealing a temporary judicial order barring him from having sex.

CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

SAN DIEGO—*A California appellate court ruled that parents are not responsible for civil damages arising from the consensual sexual acts of their children. Declining to equate intercourse with juvenile delinquency, vandalism and malicious mischief, for which California parents can be held liable, the three-judge panel said it was "not inclined to dwell on the outdated legal fictions concerning the ability of underage females to consent to sex."*

ATLANTA—*Under a city ordinance passed in 1990, Atlanta parents face up to 60 days in jail and $1000 in fines if their children repeatedly violate the city's curfew. Enforcement has been limited and the law is being challenged by civil-liberties groups, but officials in other Southern cities like the idea and have been calling the Atlanta city council for details.*

SEX IN HIGH PLACES

ISTANBUL—*A Turkish health authority is warning citizens of the latest identified sex risk. Housetop lovemaking during the*

summer months kills nearly a dozen people a year and injures many more when participants fall asleep afterward and roll off the roof.

ARE YOU A CHILD PORNOGRAPHER?

the war against nudity comes home

By BILL ANDRIETTE

Can the FBI raid your home on account of the books you own? Can the police shut down a library or museum or research institute because it contains publications the state rules impermissible?

As of November 29, 1990, when George Bush signed the Comprehensive Crime Act, the answer to those questions is yes. Buried in that legislation is a clause making it a felony to knowingly possess three or more books, magazines, videos or other matters that visually depict persons younger than 18 "engaging in sexually explicit conduct . . . real or simulated." The maximum sentence for violators is five years in prison and a $250,000 fine.

On the face of it, the bill seems a useful weapon in the crusade against the sexual abuse of children. The logic behind the law is simple: If you can't stop the creation of the image (the actual abuse), penalize the demand (the market for images of the abuse). But since the Government began a concerted campaign in 1977, the already-limited market for child pornography has virtually dried up: About the only people still selling pictures of children and adolescents having sex are Federal law-enforcement agents conducting sting operations. In some cases, the agents succeeded in finding evidence of ongoing sexual abuse—trophy shots of victims—and under the new law, possession of those photographs is as serious a crime as actual abuse.

But in their zeal to discover new child pornographers, the Feds have now also criminalized a range of images that no one could possibly view as harmful to society or to children. The new law broadens the definition of sexually explicit conduct to include "lascivious exhibitions of the genitals or pubic areas." In other words, it now says that simple child nudity may be illegal. It allows for no distinction between the sweaty collection of a pervert or pederast and the coffee-table art of a responsible parent. If your family album contains pictures of your newborn having his or her diaper changed, taking his or her first bath or lying nude on a bearskin rug, you can be sent to jail.

Coffee-table art or a Federal rap for child porn?

The determination of lascivious conduct, the courts have ruled, depends on such subjective subtleties as the camera angle (does it showcase the genitals?), the position of the legs (are they parted?), the expression on the face (is there a seductive glint in the eye?), the style of attire (is it provocative?) or even the setting (is it a bedroom?). With such vague criteria, prosecutors can—and do—make the case that practically any photo of a naked minor is pornographic.

The law tries to establish malicious intent where none may exist. If the local Fotomat turns over your family photos to the FBI, and upon searching your house, agents uncover a bootleg video of Bernardo Bertolucci's *1900* (which includes a scene of a boy masturbating), your interest in Marxist cinema puts you in jeopardy. If further searching uncovers a collection of old *Penthouse* magazines, including the September 1984 issue with then-underage model Traci Lords posing naked, you could go to jail. Under the law, your family photos, *1900* and an issue of *Penthouse* become the three necessary items for conviction.

Antiporn crusaders in and out of the Government avow zero tolerance of child nudity. (It is noteworthy that the Justice Department tried to make possession of a single image a felony.) Last year, Dennis Barrie, the director of the Cincinnati Contemporary Arts Center, was prosecuted for showing Robert Mapplethorpe's child nudes, among other works. And in April 1990, internationally known photographer Jock Sturges, who took pictures of families at nude beaches, was victimized by a raid in San Francisco. In both cases, the models came forward and said that the photos depicted innocent behavior. Evidently, artistic value or moral innocence offers no insurance against hysteria.

Bill Andriette is features editor of The Guide, *a Boston-based gay magazine.*

SCORESBY SCOTCH

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CLEAN UP YOUR ACT, TED

or give up the throne. a moral leader can't hustle at singles joints or close bars

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

When Ted Kennedy got into trouble this last time, I called up one of his occasional ladyfriends to ask how he and the younger heirs to the throne could have been so dumb as to put themselves into such a sappy setup. "It's not just that they think with their cocks and drink much too much," she said. "They believe they're royalty and can get away with anything."

You cannot spend five minutes around the Kennedys, almost any of them, male or female, young or old, without sensing they were raised as royalty. But it is also true that sustained exposure reveals an uncertain and twisted lineage. This is post-Prohibition, rum-running *nouveau* royalty that assumes the perks, expects the deference and relies on an apparently endless retinue of highly gifted retainers to cover the *gaffes*. What we have here is not spin control but *noblesse oblige*; the cartoon image of red-faced, puffy shanty-Irish drunks allowed to think they can pop more than a few and if shit happens, someone else will clean up the mess.

How else to explain—after all that has gone on before and with so much of what's left of decent social policy resting on his shoulders—Ted Kennedy's being in that club at that hour? Nephew or no nephew, innocent as the Senator may be, and even if one accepts the *New York Times* character assassination of the key female witness, he should have learned by now not to close any bars.

I have watched this guy in the working daylight for years, and he can be great. During long hours of tough interviewing, he knows what he is talking about, cares about the victims of social inequity and is courageous in doing something about it. Not being an intimate, I had only heard about what went on in the nonworking night. People close to him whom I respected—such as former speechwriters Robert Schrum and Frank Mankiewicz—either didn't know or chose to dismiss all the stories I had heard.

"If you work for a living, if you're black, if you care about women's rights, if you care about whether the plant closes down without notice," Mankiewicz said, "Kennedy is your guy by a wide margin." Meaning, a hard-working, socially conscious guy like that is entitled to blow off a little steam once in a while.

I want to believe that and, indeed, have believed it through 30 years of Kennedy watching. During that time, Ted has been the most productive and progressive of the brothers, working harder and more effectively than either John or Bobby did on the business of Government. In the last Congress alone, 54 of the bills that he pushed through the powerful Labor and Human Resources Committee, which he chairs, became law. His legislative accomplishments include AIDS funding, child-care support, civil rights, help for the handicapped and backing for education. As the Democrat with the highest seniority on the Judiciary Committee, he has done more than anyone else to slow the Reagan–Bush decimation of judicial standards.

And it's not just that this Kennedy, like his brothers, has a superb staff made up of the best and the brightest, eager to bask in the glow of a Kennedy. He may have lousy grammar and fumble like mad in impromptu television appearances, but I know for certain, having grilled him for dozens of hours on a range of issues over the years, that the guy does his homework and he's smart. He's a lot more serious and enlightened, when he's sober and working, than was Bobby Kennedy, who is now revered as an icon. I was the last journalist to interview Bobby, and the man who left his room that night at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, saying he would be right back after he thanked the crowd for his primary victory, had grown enormously, but he was still intellectually skittish and given to faddish causes. Yes, he was great at the end, battling Lyndon Johnson on Vietnam and championing *Latinos* and farm workers. But Bobby, who started his political life working for the infamous Senator Joe McCarthy and presided over some nasty smear investigations of his own, never did understand civil liberties. Not so Teddy, who may be the Senate's strongest defender of the First Amendment. He also has spent 28 years in the Senate mastering the most intricate, dull details of legislation on health, education and social justice.

Nor is he wilder than his more respectable siblings were. Hell, his older brothers hung around with unsavory characters and got more than a few women angry at them. They got away with it, at least in their lifetime, because the media back then were more tolerant. Or maybe his brothers could just hold their liquor better.

But that's the point. Kennedy's sloppy drinking has made a mockery of his sober-sided commitment. The man of the night has done in the knight of the day. And in the process, he has grafted a sleazy aspect onto all the good works and causes. A moral slob cannot be the leader of a progressive franchise that claims compassion for the vulnerable and socially handicapped.

Enough already. Teddy Kennedy, probably the best Senator we have had in the past 20 years, should publicly join A.A., as his ex-wife has done, or get out of politics, precisely because the image he projects subverts the programs for which he has worked. How can he claim to be so concerned about the well-being of the little people and wander into so many situations where little people get taken advantage of?

Don't give me the excuse that William Safire shamefully offered in *The New York Times*: that a 30-something girl in a bar like that who goes home with a man is asking for trouble. A U.S. Senator who has been in this kind of situation too many times has a responsibility to illustrate—to himself and to his son, to his nephew and to the woman in question—what's decent as opposed to what's ugly.

Appearances are important if you present yourself as a leader of a virtuous cause. Pushing 60, Kennedy is just too old to be hustling at singles bars, and maybe he should just ask his ex-wife to take him back, even if it's a marriage of convenience. Forget the bimbos: Joan Kennedy is an earnest, interesting and mature woman, and Teddy should get down on his knees and beg for another chance. And he should keep a Breathalyzer in his briefcase at all times. Like Joan, he may fall off the wagon occasionally, but he'll be admitting he's a commoner and is trying. That's not too much to expect from a liberal role model.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: L. DOUGLAS WILDER

a candid conversation with the nation's first elected black governor about politics, race, crime and his bid for the presidency

He's handsome, gregarious, rich and charming—the perfect Southern gentleman. He's also a natty dresser, a skilled decorator fond of antique furnishings, a man of impeccable taste with a bachelor's eye for beautiful women. Yet for all his courtliness, he's known as a tightwad governor, a shrewd tactician and a ruthless political infighter, and he has been accused of being secretive, vindictive and given to troubling lapses in judgment. As the first elected black governor in American history, Democrat Lawrence Douglas Wilder of Virginia is, finally, a risk taker: Having served less than two years in his state's highest office, he is already eying the United States Presidency.

In a year of Democratic hesitation and defeatism, Wilder, 60, is an improbable candidate. Last spring, when most Democratic heavyweights were conspicuously avoiding the 1992 race, Wilder was stumping the country with his message of fiscal restraint and budget slashing. Hardly known outside Virginia when he was elected governor in 1989, Wilder waited only a few weeks before thrusting himself onto the national stage by taking on some of his party's 900-pound gorillas—especially the presumptive front runner, New York governor Mario Cuomo.

One of the most startling aspects of Wilder's candidacy is that he is trying to run more as a conservative than as a liberal. On economic and budgetary issues, he is defying all convention by galloping to the right of President Bush. It is a stunning strategy, but one with precedent: John F. Kennedy's 1960 Presidential campaign spotlighted Republican softness on defense by inventing a so-called missile gap. Wilder is also taking a leaf from the campaign books of Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan: He's running against Washington, complaining that America has a new two-party system—one party inside the nation's capital and another outside.

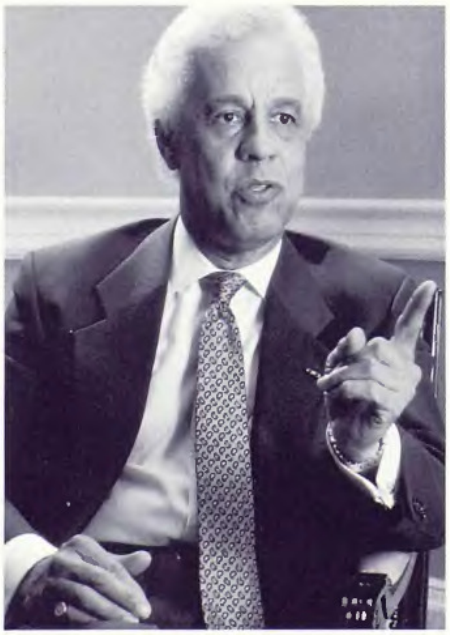
Wilder started reshaping his formerly liberal image in the early Eighties while contemplating his history-making race to become the first black lieutenant governor of Virginia. Following the country's conservative drift, he began defying the stereotype of a liberal minority-group member always pleading for more government programs and special treatment. He then warmed conservative hearts by changing his position on the death penalty and by opposing numerous taxes. While he broke with the right by supporting the enrollment of women at Virginia Military Institute, he outraged civil libertarians by speaking out in favor of drug testing on college campuses.

Wilder likes to offset his fiscal conservatism with what he calls "social compassion." He has excoriated President Bush's opposition to the recent civil rights acts, which the President labeled "quota bills" but which Wilder, along with other Democrats, calls mere affirmative action. He has warned both Republicans and Democrats against backsliding on civil rights during what he calls "very, very tense times."

Wilder has also upset the racial apple cart. Less a black politician than a politician who happens to be black, Wilder is nonetheless seen by many Democrats as the heaven-sent solution to the party's "Jesse Jackson problem"—an unthreatening figure who implicitly plays "the good black" to Jackson's unsettling fire-breather. Increasingly frustrated by their inability to assemble a workable Presidential voting coalition, and keenly aware that race is the great dividing force in American politics today, Democrats hope that Wilder—a mild-mannered, fair-skinned African American with relentlessly middle-class values—can help bridge the chasm.

The differences between Wilder and Jackson are stark. While Jackson continues to be the presumptive heir to the political legacy of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Wilder has resisted the preach-and-march approach. Only a fringe activist in the civil rights movement, Wilder spent the Sixties building his career as a lawyer. While Jackson was leading demonstrations, Wilder was promoting equality by forcing his way into the exclusive, all-white club of top trial lawyers in Richmond.

After entering politics in 1969 as Virginia's first black state senator, Wilder became the



"If you really want to take on the Republicans, take on the issue of waste in Government. Is anybody talking about how much money they're spending? No. Why? Because Washington is not going to criticize Washington."

"You have to reinstill family values. Look at the sports programs on television. You see people saying, 'Hi, Mom!' They're not saying it to their fathers. Many of them don't know their fathers. There's no excuse for it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"Not since the day breath was breathed into my body have I been afraid to stand up to people. But whenever I speak up, people say, 'You've had it now, boy. That's your end. You're finished. You've burned your bridges now.'"

ultimate inside-the-system politician, rising steadily through the Virginia legislature and lieutenant governorship to his cliff-hanger election (he won by a margin of less than one half of one percent) as governor in 1989. In his campaigns, he showed extraordinary political acumen by neutralizing the issues of race and liberalism. When he ran for lieutenant governor, he accused his opponent of using the word liberal as a code for black, thereby boxing his opponent in as a racist if he tried to attack Wilder's progressive legislative record. In 1989, while running for governor, Wilder defied conventional wisdom by speaking out in favor of free choice on abortion, keeping his adamantly pro-life Republican opponent desperately on the defensive. The ploy paid off: Wilder won his election by garnering 53 percent of the female vote, capturing only 47 percent of the male vote. While Wilder's deft political sleight of hand has often overshadowed his performance in the offices he has sought, many believe his run for the Presidency will require his most adroit political maneuvers.

L. Douglas Wilder was born in 1931 in the poor, black Church Hill section of Richmond—a neighborhood only three miles from the governor's current office atop lush, leafy Capitol Hill. One of eight children of a stern, churchgoing insurance-company employee, Wilder grew up in what his family later described as the "gentle poverty" of the segregated South. But his strict family lived by clear rules and expectations—hence, his emphasis today on traditional values.

Wilder was not a great student, but he was bright: His classmates were impressed by his uncanny ability to memorize passages from poetry and plays—a talent he still possesses today. (In this interview, Wilder casually recites a passage from Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" almost verbatim.) Out of school, Wilder was just as crafty. He painted signs and washed windows to earn money, sometimes using ammonia on business windows because it would remove the lettering from the glass, thereby ensuring a new sign-painting assignment. He also sold a local black newspaper and was so successful that he won a coveted trip to Washington, D.C.

As a student at Virginia Union University—the local black college—Wilder's career was more distinguished by partying than by studying. In 1952, he joined the Army to meet his military obligation, was sent to Korea and returned home an unsung war hero with a Bronze Star. After a shaky start at Howard University Law School, Wilder discovered good work habits and went on to become one of Richmond's most successful—and sometimes most sensational—trial lawyers. By the time he gave up practicing law for full-time politics in 1984, he owned more than $1,000,000 worth of personal and investment property in Richmond, a commodious house in a mostly white neighborhood and two Mercedes-Benz cars. "I'd say that I could afford the basics of life without a great deal of difficulty," he admits.

Yet Wilder's storybook rise from poverty and social exclusion to wealth and high office was marred by some episodes he would rather forget. As a lawyer, he gained a reputation for not only challenging the rules of discrimination but also occasionally neglecting the standards of legal practice. He was twice sued for malpractice and, in 1978, was dealt a rare reprimand by the Virginia supreme court for "unprofessional conduct" because of "unexcused, unreasonable and inordinate procrastination" in a 1966 automobile-accident case. In the early Eighties, Wilder was involved in a battle with Church Hill residents who accused him of failing to properly maintain a boarded-up row house he had bought as an investment property—even as he was campaigning for better housing and stricter landlord–tenant laws.

But perhaps the most serious charge against Wilder is the suggestion of violence in his relationship with his former wife, Eunice, who divorced him in 1978. Her divorce petition alleged "cruelty and reasonable apprehension of bodily harm," but the divorce records have been sealed and Wilder will not discuss them in detail. A newsman at a Richmond radio station, WRVA, once reported viewing the documents before they were sealed and finding allegations of spouse abuse. The Afro-American, *Richmond's leading black newspaper, also reported in 1976 that court papers alleged that Wilder had physically abused his wife. Today, Eunice Wilder declines to discuss the allegations.*

> *"When I ran for lieutenant governor, people said, 'Oh, he just wants to get his name out there.'"*

Wilder is also uncomfortable about discussing his social life as Virginia's most eligible bachelor, especially his reported relationship with Patricia Kluge, the recently divorced wife of billionaire John Kluge. The Virginia press has accused Wilder of using state aircraft to socialize with Patricia, which he denies, even though he reimbursed the state $6300 for "personal travel." Finally, Wilder continues to perk media interest with his ongoing explosive relationship with Virginia Senator Charles Robb, another Democratic Presidential hopeful who has been damaged by allegations of personal peccadilloes while he served as governor of Virginia. Last June, the Wilder–Robb feud burst onto the front pages when Robb admitted to having possessed—for two and a half years—a surreptitiously taped telephone conversation in which Wilder told a financial backer, "Robb is finished." As Playboy *went to press, the discord between the two men, despite a scheduled peace powwow, showed little sign of abating.*

To talk with the sometimes vague, often controversial, always intriguing governor of Virginia, Playboy *sent Washington journalist* **Peter Ross Range,** *whose previous "Playboy Interview" subjects have included former United Nations ambassador Andrew Young and Chrysler boss Lee Iacocca. Here is his report:*

"A medium-sized man with a mane of snowy hair and a mellifluous baritone voice, Wilder moves around the hushed governor's suite as though he has always worked there. With its silk-covered chairs, gonging old clocks and prominent paintings of Jefferson and Washington, the place gives off an aura of tradition reaching back to the origins of the republic. Wilder fits himself easily into that atmosphere by declaring, 'I am a son of Virginia.'

"The governor is a genial host and a forthcoming interview subject. He is at his best as a raconteur, remembering events from his youth as a segregated black or his soldiering days in Korea. He also speaks convincingly on civil rights issues and the racial tensions in the country. He is less coherent when it comes to outlining policies or a fundamental political vision. Here his conversation slides into easy clichés, or what is known locally as 'Wilderese,' a stream of grammatical inversions that can leave his interlocutor scratching his head.

"Even as Wilder was devoting more energy to his Presidential bid—and denying doing any such thing—we talked often and at length. We flew together in the state jet to Albany, New York, where he shmoosed briefly with archrival Mario Cuomo, then we continued our conversation on the midnight flight back to Richmond. We met in the elegant governor's mansion, where the fitness-conscious Wilder has installed weight-lifting equipment only a few yards from his antique four-poster bed. We traveled around Richmond and Washington in his new stretch limo and twice shared the 35-minute ride in his official Bell helicopter between the two cities.

"But most of the time, we met in the governor's small corner office, where Wilder keeps portraits of Patrick Henry and the antislavery founding father, George Mason, on the walls. That's where I first asked him about his Presidential ambitions."

PLAYBOY: You have a record of defying the odds, of taking the long shot. You did it in 1985 and 1989, when many believed Virginia was not ready for a black man in its highest office. Now you seem to be trying to do it again. Is the country ready for a black President, or are you just trying to get one losing campaign out of the way so you can run again in 1996?

WILDER: Running to lose is contrary to anything I've ever known, so I don't buy that. People thought that's what I was going to do when I ran for lieutenant governor. They said, "Oh, he just wants to get his name out there."

PLAYBOY: A lot of people think your real strategy is to get the Democratic nomination for Vice-President. Last winter, you

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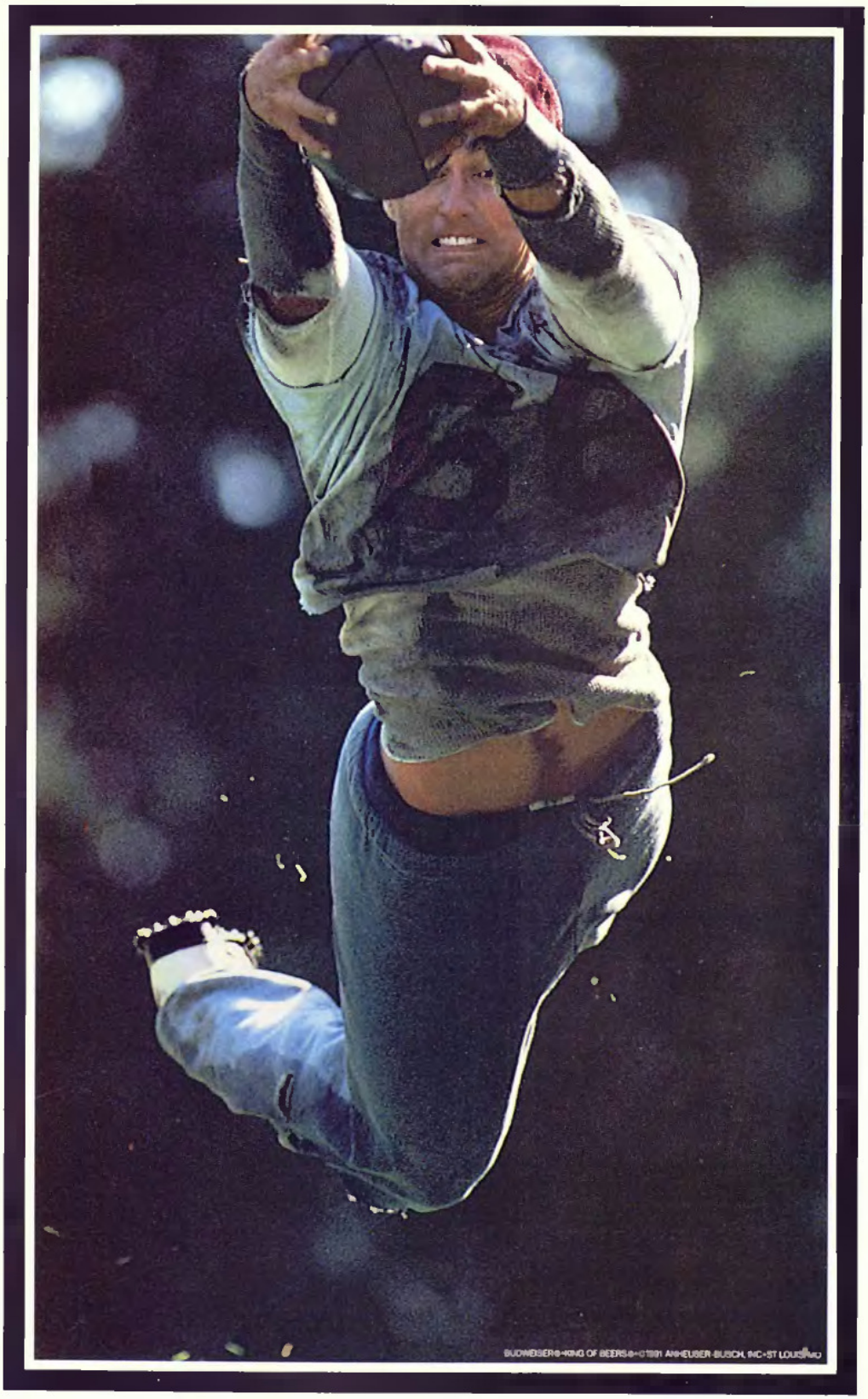

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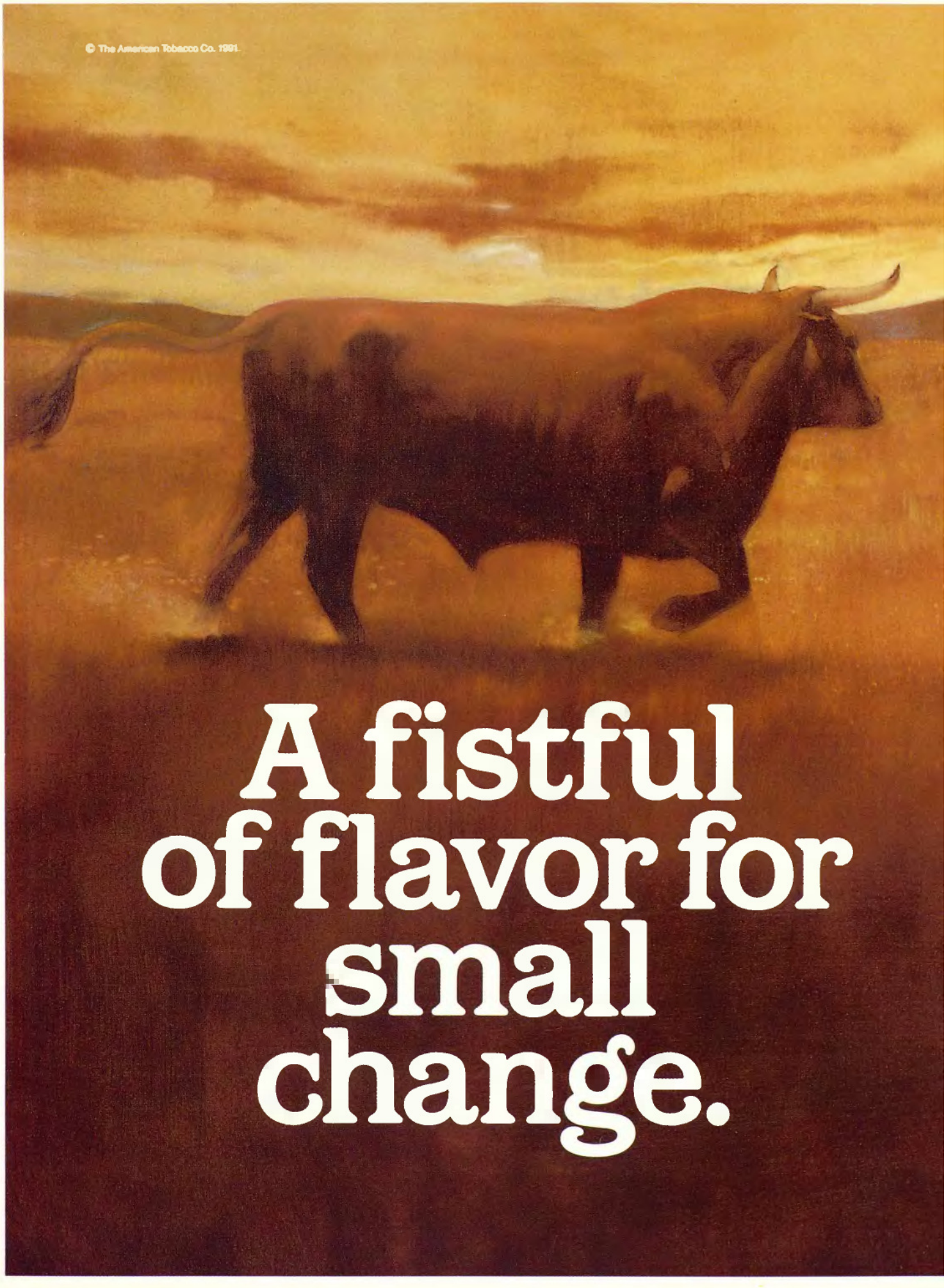
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made a speech in Albany, New York, with Governor Mario Cuomo in the audience. You pointed out that between 1800 and 1824, three Presidents—Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—came from Virginia and their Vice-Presidents were all from New York State. You said, "Some have suggested that perhaps it's time to return the favor." Does that mean you'd like to be the Vice-Presidential candidate on a ticket with Cuomo?

WILDER: I was once asked if I thought I had the qualities to be President. I said yes. To answer otherwise would be the most negative assessment I could give of myself. But if someone asks, "Does that mean you'd serve as Vice-President?" I say, "You can't deal with the hypothetical." I refer you to the George Bush scenario. In 1980, three weeks prior to being asked to run for Vice-President by Ronald Reagan, Bush said, in effect, "I would not serve as Vice-President; I have no *intention* of serving as Vice-President." Three weeks later, he said, "Thank you so much, Mr. President, I am so proud to be your Vice-President."

PLAYBOY: You still haven't answered our question. Would you like to be Vice-President?

WILDER: If someone would think enough of me to ask, I would obviously have to give it more than casual consideration.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you and Mario Cuomo would add up to a winning ticket?

WILDER: I can see Cuomo with somebody on the ticket who would reach into certain geographic and demographic areas.

I would bring geography and some demographics, but I would have to be better known. Every time you go somewhere—every time you speak and get some national exposure—it helps.

PLAYBOY: There has been a lot of speculation that President Bush might pick General Colin Powell as his 1992 Vice-Presidential running mate. Would that put pressure on the Democrats to put a black person on their ticket—and would that be your dream scenario?

WILDER: That will never happen, so it's just a hypothetical question. But Powell and I are friends. He doesn't consider himself that political.

PLAYBOY: Still, the President's irregular heartbeat and thyroid condition have raised serious questions about his choice of Dan Quayle as a running mate. Doesn't that change the equation?

WILDER: It doesn't change anything—Quayle will be on the ticket. But there's no question that the Quayle factor is there. Selecting Quayle has brought into question the President's judgment in terms of lineal succession. The American people will have to consider his judgment and then call into question his judgment on other things. I think the jury's still out on this.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to a possible Cuomo–Wilder ticket, how would the public respond to such a pairing?

WILDER: It wouldn't be the most impractical ticket around. But you've got to look at perceptions. I could easily be perceived as a liberal—and they already perceive Cuomo as a liberal.

PLAYBOY: You're not a liberal?

WILDER: I don't think so. I'm a progressive. And practical.

PLAYBOY: But because you're black——

WILDER: A black Democrat.

PLAYBOY: You think people take it for granted that you're a liberal?

WILDER: Yes. But I don't really think labels mean anything. What is a liberal? What is a conservative?

PLAYBOY: What is a progressive?

WILDER: A person who is not hidebound to the past, someone who is interested in moving ahead and not afraid to challenge new thinking and new ideas.

PLAYBOY: That's a fairly stock answer. What is the actual perception that you want people to have of you?

WILDER: That I moved my state ahead in tight and lean times and structured us to benefit from a turnaround in the economy, which I believe will come. That I showed compassion *and* fiscal responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Your call for fiscal responsibility seems aimed at destroying your liberal image. You're slashing Virginia's budget and resisting tax increases, despite the state's two-point-two-billion-dollar shortfall. You've also been mocking Bush for backing off his "No new taxes" pledge.

WILDER: Bush didn't mean it—and he had no record showing that he knew how to cut spending. Well, we mean it. We've streamlined and cut programs and refused to raise taxes. And I didn't even say, "Read my lips."

PLAYBOY: Still, during your twenty-one-year career, you've gone from being the firebrand state senator who supported liberal causes to the new darling of the conservatives. Are you rewriting your record?

WILDER: I don't go out to set my record straight in that regard. I just go out to speak on issues. I want to be a player on the national scene, participate in the national debate. Yet a lot of people would love for me to have a liberal image. A black banker I know of said, "I don't know about Wilder, I don't know that he's doing what he can to help black bankers." Some people say, "Because he's black, there are certain things he should just automatically do."

PLAYBOY: You've drawn a lot of attention to yourself in national political circles with outspoken public letters—two to Bush and a critical one to your own party chief, Democratic National Committee chairman Ron Brown. What was your beef with Brown?

WILDER: Ron Brown said that the Democratic Party should endorse the budget compromise that came out of the White House last fall. My question to him was merely, "Who gave you the right to put the Democratic Party on record in favor of a back-room tax deal?" We were on record saying we would not support *any* cuts in the capital-gains taxes.

PLAYBOY: Still, taking on your own party chairman like that——

WILDER: I wasn't taking on my own party chairman. I was merely asserting a role of leadership as a Democrat.

PLAYBOY: But you seem to be dissociating yourself from the rest of the Democratic leadership. The head of the Virginia legislative black caucus, William Robinson, Jr., even suggested that some people aren't enamored that you "look less black." You're clearly not afraid to stand up to the party leadership, are you?

WILDER: Not since the day breath was breathed into my body have I been afraid to stand up to people. But whenever I speak up, people say, "You've had it now, boy. That's your end. You're finished. It's over. You've burned your bridges now."

PLAYBOY: Have you? Are you intentionally distancing yourself from liberals—even blacks—as part of your conservative metamorphosis?

WILDER: It has nothing to do with a metamorphosis. Listen, if I can't say these things at this stage of my development, when can I? It's important for us to let the leadership know that the party inside Washington doesn't run everything—that the party outside Washington has got to be consulted, too.

PLAYBOY: When you refer to the party inside Washington, do you mean the entire political establishment?

WILDER: I'm not talking about Republicans and Democrats. I'm talking about that party that has conducted business as usual for so long and doesn't care what the people outside Washington think.

PLAYBOY: So you're running against Washington. That has a familiar ring—something like Jimmy Carter's 1976 Presidential campaign.

WILDER: I just know the people think they are not being consulted. I've always believed the people were far ahead of the leaders.

PLAYBOY: And what about your letters to Bush? The first one criticized the Government's handling of the savings-and-loan crisis—a fair but easy target. In the second one, you passionately denounced Bush's veto of the Civil Rights Act of 1990, which he said mandated racial hiring quotas. You faulted him for lack of moral leadership.

WILDER: I'm convinced that the President knows that the Civil Rights Act was not a quota bill; he could have put language into it that would discount referring to quotas and called it an affirmative-action bill. That bill is twenty years old now. You had almost two thirds of the Congress saying, "We want this." The override of the veto failed by only one vote.

Moral leadership means being sensitized to the fact that what's good for the country is good for all segments of the

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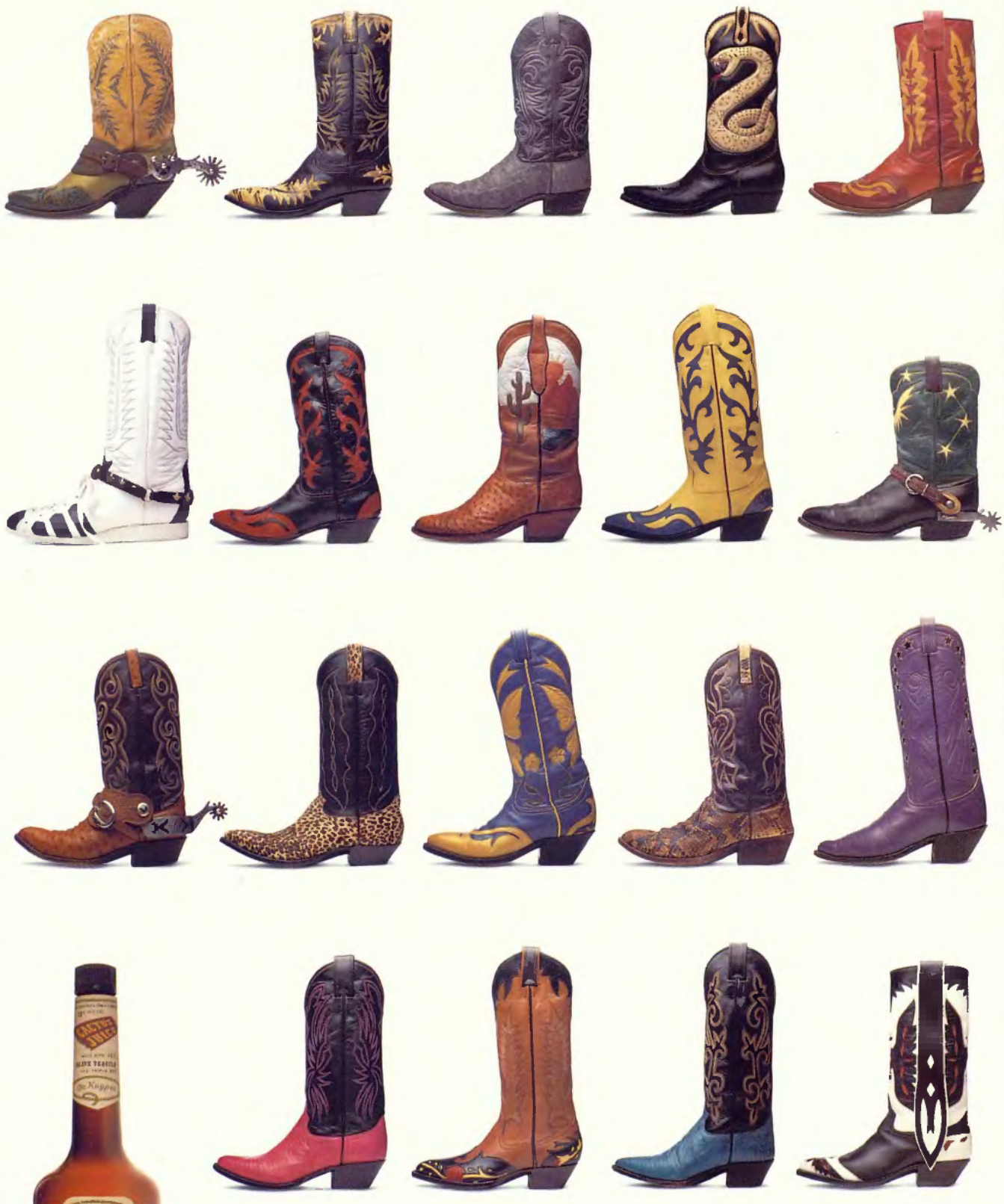

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people. In the absence of that, we're in very, very tense times. Our tolerance threshold is very low. People have lost hope. For instance, for the White House to ask leaders of the Business Roundtable not to meet with civil rights advocates was a cruel hoax.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Republicans will use the quota issue in 1992 the same way they used Willie Horton in the 1988 election?

WILDER: No—it goes deeper than that. Willie Horton was a ploy to win in 1988. This is far more pernicious and treacherous. When you stop business leaders from negotiating [with civil rights advocates], it's callous and cruel.

PLAYBOY: How do you distinguish between affirmative action and quotas?

WILDER: Quotas mean that you are interested in X number of persons' being given an opportunity to perform at place A. Affirmative action means *anybody* has an opportunity to apply for work at place A and be employed notwithstanding what they look like. Affirmative action doesn't say, "Look, we want to hold this door open for X number to come in." No, no—hold that door open for *anyone* who wants to come through. And until this system is opened up, Bush has an obligation to show leadership—to show that we are one people with diverse backgrounds.

PLAYBOY: At what point should people's merits and qualifications be considered for their employment?

WILDER: Without merit, they shouldn't be employed. But you've got to take a chance with someone. The people [of Virginia] took a chance with me and that showed what could be done.

PLAYBOY: In one of your letters to Bush, you also took him to task for acquiescing to what you called the "intimidation tactics" of North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms in his 1990 re-election campaign. During that campaign, Helms' TV ads accused his opponent, Harvey Gantt, a black Democrat, of advocating racial quotas and the state GOP sent out letters that were denounced as a scare tactic to intimidate black voters.

WILDER: What really bothered me was the President's refusal to condemn the actions of his party in sending out those intimidation letters. When he was asked if he thought it was wrong, he said he'd have to think about it. But this is a simple question: Was it right or wrong? There's no place for neutrality when faced with a moral question.

There needs to be moral leadership. When Harry Truman was President, he took his sword and cut the Gordian knot of the [segregated] military. He integrated the Armed Forces just like that, with an Executive order. What was the reaction? Nothing. Dwight Eisenhower said, "I'm sending in the Federal troops [to Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1957] and these kids are going to school." Leadership came from the top.

PLAYBOY: If you were to run for President, whom would you consider your toughest Democratic competition?

WILDER: Cuomo has to be considered the front runner. He's got a four-million-dollar fund. That already puts him way ahead of everybody else.

PLAYBOY: What about other potential candidates? Let's handicap them.

WILDER: I think Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen is running. He's been sort of laid back and hasn't been in it too much. But he ran a good campaign for Vice-President in 1988, didn't make too many people mad. I think he could be a contender.

I think Tennessee Senator Al Gore and House Majority Leader Dick Gephardt are running. [Senate Majority Leader] George Mitchell made a good speech in response to the President's State of the Union address; I could support him, too. And Nebraska Senator Bob Kerrey also has popular appeal—he's young, good-looking, a Vietnam veteran. Here's a man who gave up a leg in Vietnam, yet he voted against the Gulf war. He wouldn't have his war credentials attacked at all. He's a patriot.

PLAYBOY: So whom do you like?

WILDER: Well, Gephardt's been around the track one time and that makes a great deal of difference. From what I'm told, running for President is altogether different from anything else you've done. So he's got that going for him. He's also got high visibility in his leadership position in Congress.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of him as a politician?

WILDER: Sometimes his true message doesn't get out; then, when he further explains it, it makes more sense. I'll give you an illustration. He was interested in seeing some balance in trade with the Japanese.

PLAYBOY: Protectionism.

WILDER: Well, he didn't call it that, so it came out as Japan bashing. But if you listened to him—listened to what he really meant—it wasn't Japan bashing at all.

PLAYBOY: Is he the man to beat Bush?

WILDER: He's got the instincts to do it. He goes for the jugular. And he's got the stamina.

PLAYBOY: What about Al Gore?

WILDER: I think '92 would perhaps be better for him than '96, because he's going to be running for the Senate in '96. And if he waits eight years after that—well, he won't be young forever.

PLAYBOY: The earliest entrant into the Democratic race was Paul Tsongas, the former U.S. Senator from Massachusetts. Tsongas is a lot like you—a former liberal now painting himself as a probusiness realist who wants to lead the Democratic Party back to the center. What do you think of him?

WILDER: Let's not beat around the bush: Being from Massachusetts and being described as a liberal Democrat is something that he has to overcome. He's been away from the political scene for a while, and that hurts.

PLAYBOY: What about Bill Clinton, the governor of Arkansas?

WILDER: Clinton's a bright young man who could easily be considered. I could support him, too. But he's chairman of the [conservative] Democratic Leadership Council, and they have to be careful how they are perceived by minorities, women and African Americans. It is a very, very touchy situation. Bill once said something like, I want to get these people off the streets and into jobs.

My response was, "God, man, you ought not ever say that. In Arkansas, what's the rate of unemployment? Are you saying everybody there who's not working is a bum, a ne'er-do-well? No, you don't mean that. Then who are you talking about?"

If you really want to take on the Republicans, take on the issue of waste in Government. Is anybody out there talking about that, about how much money they're spending in Washington? No. Why? Because Washington is not going to criticize Washington.

PLAYBOY: Of course, the larger question is, Can any Democrat beat George Bush? The President hit a peak ninety-one percent approval rating with his handling of Saddam and the Persian Gulf war.

WILDER: He's not invincible. I remind people of Winston Churchill in 1945. He won the war and lost the election. Bush is popular now, but I say the record is still out on him.

PLAYBOY: How so?

WILDER: He's vulnerable on domestic programs—we have no domestic agenda. There's no health plan. There's no commitment to reduce waste in spending. The President has no approach to fighting crime and drugs. There's nothing at all relating to our infrastructural needs. Homelessness is an increasing problem. We need to fight AIDS, a growing epidemic. There's no domestic policy relative to education. We don't have an energy policy; if we did, we obviously wouldn't be as concerned as we are about some of the things in the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: That's the full list of Democratic complaints about the Bush Administration. Still, that doesn't seem to bother voters who are giving Bush great ratings.

WILDER: The American people aren't quite as dumb as a lot of people think they are; they know that their standard of living hasn't improved. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan recently said that income is less today than it was in 1973. We're raping the Social Security system. We need to put as much concentration on the quality of life of Americans as we do for other people. It doesn't make any sense to be a second-rate nation. Our military people coming home are going to want to know why they can't get jobs. Why isn't that a priority?

PLAYBOY: What can the Democrats do

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about that?

WILDER: Reorder our priorities. Do not spend money that we don't have. If we could do it in Virginia, we can do it nationally. *The Wall Street Journal* said that if Virginia's example were followed at the national level, it would save the Federal Government seventy-two billion dollars.

PLAYBOY: There you go again—a self-avowed progressive taking comfort from the editorial page of the conservative *Wall Street Journal*. When you say you wouldn't spend money you didn't have, does that mean you want a balanced-budget amendment to the Constitution?

WILDER: There's already a law on the books that says you have to balance the budget, but nobody pays any attention to it. Bush hasn't sent down a balanced budget since he's been President. We are out of control fiscally.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to your political identity. Although you're the highest-ranking black elected official in the country, Jesse Jackson is better known. How do you distinguish yourself from him?

WILDER: The biggest difference is that I am not a political activist. Jesse is perhaps the foremost political activist of our time. I've been an office holder for twenty-one years, and in that regard, I am called upon to make compromises—to take the half loaf when I can't get the whole one.

PLAYBOY: Political pundits say that you're a godsend to the Democrats, because you solve their "Jesse Jackson problem." How do you feel about that?

WILDER: I don't know what that means. Does it mean that we are going to be at each other's throats? No. Does it mean that they'd prefer to support me over Jackson for President? We don't know that, either.

Jackson and I have talked about this a couple of times, and he feels that maybe this is an attempt to have us go at each other. The bottom line is that there won't be this run on the Democratic bank, whether I'm on the ticket or not. Jackson supported the candidates in 1988 only after it was questioned whether his support was timid or warm or real. That's why I answered your questions as to which potential candidates I could support. If they were the nominees of the party, I'd support them all.

PLAYBOY: Did Jackson give you any hint about whether or not he might run for President again?

WILDER: No. He merely indicated that we ought to get together and chat, and I told him, "Fine, we'll get together and chat."

PLAYBOY: In 1984, Jackson irritated a lot of people and scared some voters—particularly Jews—with his reference to Jews as Hymies and New York as Hymietown. By doing that, did he hurt the image of black people in this country?

WILDER: I don't think it hurt black people; I think it hurt Jesse in terms of his being in a position to *lead* people. I think he has apologized for that statement over and over and over.

PLAYBOY: Even more offensive to some people was his reluctance to distance himself from Louis Farrakhan, the leader of the Nation of Islam who once called Judaism a "dirty religion" and reportedly said Hitler was a great man.

WILDER: But Farrakhan has distanced himself from Jackson in certain regards.

PLAYBOY: What about you? Have you distanced yourself from Farrakhan?

WILDER: Oh, I don't distance myself from anybody. It's just that I don't embrace people's philosophies simply because they say things.

PLAYBOY: But do you or don't you distance yourself from Farrakhan's anti-Semitic and antiwhite comments?

WILDER: Obviously, by my own comments, whatever I say positively in and of itself speaks for itself. Those who speak antithetically to that would be distancing themselves from my comments. So it's not a question of my going out of my way to say. . . .

Look, if I believe in pluralism, if I believe in the dignity of individuals notwithstanding race or color, if I have a political life of not dwelling on race, and seeking to unite and bring people together. . . .

People who think otherwise and speak otherwise and do otherwise are distancing themselves from that philosophy. So it's not a question of dealing with personalities. I don't speak to personalities, I speak to issues.

PLAYBOY: Why not, if the personality is outrageous enough?

WILDER: Doesn't matter; I've already stated my position.

PLAYBOY: Do you realize that part of that answer was a classic Wilder dodge?

WILDER: Not really.

PLAYBOY: If we were to stop the tape recorder and play it back to you, we would hear what we've heard throughout this interview——

WILDER: Good Lord.

PLAYBOY: We'd hear whole paragraphs that come out not meaning anything—don't mean good, don't mean bad, don't mean *anything*.

WILDER: [*Laughs*] Wilderese!

PLAYBOY: They don't add up to complete sentences. You said something about antithetical to that and contrary to this, but there wasn't a single clear thought about Farrakhan.

WILDER: Well, let me tell you how I usually answer that. I was in Los Angeles speaking to a group, and they asked me what I felt about Farrakhan. I said, "His position on housing?" They said no. I said, "Transportation?" They said no. I said, "The environment?" They said no. Finally, I said, "What, then?" They said, "Just him as a person." I said, "That isn't important."

PLAYBOY: But we asked you about his position on whites and Jews—racism and anti-Semitism.

WILDER: All right. I told you that I believe in the worth of the individual. I have a history of not being anti-Semitic. I've taken that view, and if someone else takes a view opposing it, I'm not distancing myself from him. I've stated my position. I have not dodged the question at all.

PLAYBOY: You've stated your position on an issue, such as anti-Semitism. But you know that politics is made up of more than issues; it's made up of personalities.

WILDER: Right.

PLAYBOY: And if someone takes positions that seriously rile a certain portion of the electorate, people will want to know where you stand on him.

WILDER: My views would differ. And I've stated the points of difference.

PLAYBOY: Is there anybody you've denounced for politically outrageous positions?

WILDER: No.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about David Duke, the former Ku Klux Klan leader running for governor of Louisiana?

WILDER: The same way. Duke has said he's a reformed man. He said certain things when he was a Klansman; now he's saying other things. He's changed his views. And my point is, What difference does it make? If he is going to be representative of a view that's antithetical to mine, then I will continue to push for what I believe in. He can do what he will. Arguing with him doesn't make a point.

PLAYBOY: But in your earlier comments, you showed that you *do* have a threshold of tolerance—with Senator Jesse Helms.

WILDER: What have I ever said about him?

PLAYBOY: You said that he did things that the President should have condemned.

WILDER: That's exactly right.

PLAYBOY: So you do condemn what he did during his campaign?

WILDER: Yes!

PLAYBOY: OK. Then do you condemn what David Duke has said?

WILDER: Yes!

PLAYBOY: OK, do you condemn what Louis Farrakhan has said?

WILDER: Yes!

PLAYBOY: Now we're getting somewhere.

WILDER: But I have already done that by stating the positive aspects of it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the nomenclature of race? Is the expression African American important to you?

WILDER: No; when I describe myself, it is only as an American. If I got up in the morning thinking I was a particular kind of American—a *different* American—I couldn't make it. As a matter of fact, it took me some time to get accustomed to black.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to what?

WILDER: Negro.

PLAYBOY: That term didn't bother you?

WILDER: No, it didn't. I think the biggest thing that bothered people about that term was the failure of people to say

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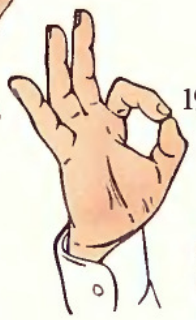

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Negro and, instead, go off and say nigger.

PLAYBOY: Were you often called that—told, "Get out of the way, nigger" or things like that?

WILDER: I rarely encountered that kind of raw racism.

PLAYBOY: Then what kind did you experience?

WILDER: The kind that I call *the gentility of racism*—the invisible man. People never saw you. It wasn't a question of "Get out of the way," because that meant they had to acknowledge that you existed. They'd rather walk right past you—just say, "Oops, what was that?" When I was a waiter at the John Marshall Hotel during college, they'd tell jokes and stories as if I weren't in the room.

PLAYBOY: Did being fair-skinned help you win the governorship in a state that is more than eighty percent white?

WILDER: I don't think it was a factor, and I really don't think it's a factor with black people in America today. There's a growing black middle class that is based on what it really *should* be based on: wealth.

PLAYBOY: Does your election as governor in the former capital of the Confederacy prove that race is no longer an issue in politics?

WILDER: It proves that it can be overcome. And the best way to overcome it is to ignore it.

PLAYBOY: What about the state of race relations in the country today? With the Bensonhurst killing, the Central Park jogger assault-and-rape case and the Rodney King beating by Los Angeles police, are relations between blacks and whites worse today than they were in the days of legal segregation?

WILDER: Oh, no. I don't think they're worse. Lots of the legal barriers have been broken down. Look at the number of opportunities we have now. You can find any number of young blacks and young whites who get along well, who have the opportunity to have interchange. Young black and white professionals are cooperating at levels that I never knew. My son, for instance, is involved in groups and with people with whom I would've loved to be involved.

PLAYBOY: But what about the problems of the so-called underclass? More than sixty percent of black children are now being born to unwed mothers; entire communities are being decimated by drugs; young people are randomly killing one another.

WILDER: Young black males are at risk in crisis proportions; we've had a total breakdown in values. But that didn't come as a result of race. Black men must assume more responsibility for their progeny. How do you get them to do it? First of all, by encouraging black women not to become involved with people who don't think enough of them to care for them or their progeny. You instill values, you teach values. You do it through the home, the church, community groups. You do it through Big Brothers, Big Sisters. You do it however you can.

PLAYBOY: We could close our eyes right now, and if you didn't have a Tidewater accent, we would hear Ronald Reagan—talking about restoring family values.

WILDER: The difference between Ronald Reagan and me on this subject is that he says he never even knew racism existed when he was coming up. But I say you can't use racism as a crutch—that's no excuse to abrogate your responsibility. You have to reinstill family values. Look at the sports programs on television. You see people saying, "Hi, Mom!" They're not saying it to their fathers. Many of them don't *know* their fathers—their fathers have not been there. There's no excuse for it.

But you can't blame all of this on race. I can see the difference in the eyes of minority youngsters who come into this office, when they are told, "Listen, you can be whatever you want." They say, "I want to be governor." Well, why not? Some of them even say, "I want to be President." Why not?

PLAYBOY: But how do you convince the eighteen-year-old kid on the ghetto street corner—who can make more money in a month of dealing drugs than in a year of bricklaying—that he ought to give you his gun and go get a job?

WILDER: You say to that eighteen-year-old, "We have opportunities for you to be trained, for you to get a job. If you want to be trained, fine. But if you don't, we're not going to spend all of our time wailing over it. We're not going to let you poison the next generation of youngsters coming up."

PLAYBOY: Guns have proliferated in the ghettos to alarming proportions. Do you favor handgun-control legislation?

WILDER: My view of gun control is that you should do whatever you can to keep weapons out of the hands of people who shouldn't have them. But you've got to be very careful not to contravene what some consider their constitutional right to bear arms. You shouldn't render people defenseless. When you consider the criminal today, especially in inner cities, things have to be balanced.

PLAYBOY: But the evidence shows that the mere presence of handguns, even in the hands of good people, actually causes more trouble than it prevents.

WILDER: As I said, it's a thin line to walk.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that by owning a pistol, people are safe from criminals?

WILDER: No, but many people *feel* that they are—merchants in stores, for instance. People also feel that if they have a gun in their home and someone comes in, they won't have to tussle with him.

I'll give you an example: A friend of mine once said he didn't believe in owning weapons. I had several weapons, but I told him, "Fine, I have no problem with that." But then, one day, he called me and said someone had been scratching at his lock the night before. He wanted to borrow one of my weapons. I said, "No, I can't let you have one." He got mad. He's a very good friend, but I still didn't lend it to him.

PLAYBOY: How many weapons did you have?

WILDER: I had about three.

PLAYBOY: Do you have weapons in your house right now?

WILDER: Yes.

PLAYBOY: At your private home or in the governor's mansion?

WILDER: Both.

PLAYBOY: What do you have?

WILDER: I think I have a nine-millimeter Luger type at the mansion.

PLAYBOY: Why do you have it there?

WILDER: It's a good weapon.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep it beside your bed?

WILDER: No, I keep it in the little office next to the bedroom. I have security [personnel] at the mansion.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever find it strange that you've wound up in that mansion? After all, didn't you once say you were so turned off by political speeches that you'd never go into politics?

WILDER: Yeah. That was when I was a waiter at the John Marshall Hotel. During the speeches, the waiters didn't have to stay in the room. But I was a college student, so I would always listen to the speeches from the balcony. I learned that people will say one thing politically and then do another thing. That's when I said to myself, Don't be a politician, because you'd have to lie. It convinced me that I would never go into politics.

PLAYBOY: But you're a politician now. You've crossed over.

WILDER: Not really. You don't have to be duplicitous and humiliate yourself for every vote. When you're elected, you should do what you were elected for, and not worry about re-election.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound like a man who has come so far in politics.

WILDER: On the contrary. If you look back, everything you've read about me will show I've eschewed the so-called conventional wisdom.

PLAYBOY: We haven't read anywhere that you didn't at least think about the next election—or about trading up.

WILDER: My goodness, look what happened while I was lieutenant governor! I was apostate as far as my own administration was concerned. I opposed the sales tax and dared to criticize the governor's transportation plan as not being properly funded. I opposed contact visits for prisoners on death row. I said these things *publicly*. I was not a team player.

PLAYBOY: Still, there is a perception among Virginia politicians and reporters that you think of nothing else but your political future.

WILDER: That's because people have charted my course for me rather than *listened* to me. Because I spoke out as

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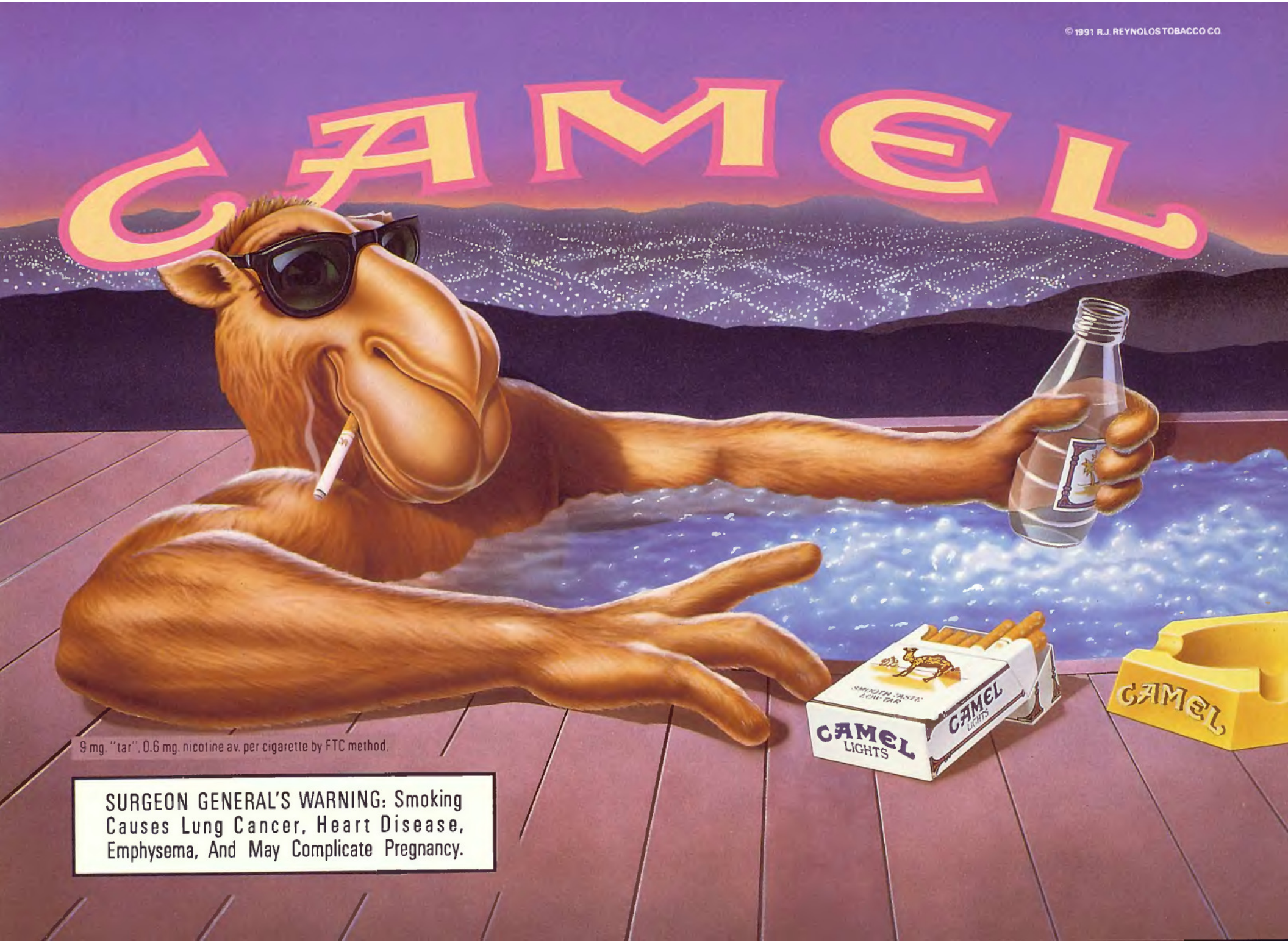

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lieutenant governor, there were threats that a certain small but very influential group of persons might find it difficult to turn around [and support me politically] in the future.

PLAYBOY: You're referring to your long-standing feud with U.S. Senator Charles Robb, the former Virginia governor who has been your chief political rival since the Eighties. It has recently been discovered that for two and a half years, he possessed a tape recording of a telephone conversation that took place between you and a supporter in 1988. On the tape, you said, "Robb is finished" and "He's been reduced to nothing"—referring to newspaper reports of possible drug use and an extramarital affair while Robb was governor.

WILDER: The tape, quite frankly, was speaking toward what was aired and printed all over Virginia at the time. It was a very private conversation with a friend, but it sounds like something I would have said.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you learned your phone call had been taped?

WILDER: Shocked and in disbelief. I felt like a victim of a crime.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Senator Robb committed a crime?

WILDER: I don't know who was involved.

PLAYBOY: Senator Robb apparently had nothing to do with the tapping of your phone; he reportedly received the tape from an anonymous source. Yet the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* calls this incident "Robb's Watergate." Do you agree?

WILDER: I wouldn't want to assess it. I'll leave it to those who determine the facts.

PLAYBOY: Your comments on the tape suggest that there is no love lost between you and Robb. How would you feel if this incident led to his political demise?

WILDER: I don't choose to comment on that.

PLAYBOY: This feud went public back in 1986, when Robb released to the press two letters he had written to you. In them, he accused you of dastardly political deeds, including disloyalty and "lack of veracity." What's the Robb–Wilder feud all about?

WILDER: There is no feud. What have I ever done? I've never said one word about Robb. I even offered to support him for President in 1988, but he wasn't interested. So here's a man who writes letters about me—and I've never written any letters about *him*. So there isn't any feud. The Hatfields and the McCoys shot at *each other*. I've not shot at Robb.

PLAYBOY: Then why these scorching letters? Robb openly upbraids you for being "evasive" in phone conversations and for a lack of "basic management ability." He also attacked you for picking fights with him and making "allegations" that "simply aren't true." This is incendiary stuff.

WILDER: [*Holds up letter*] Look at that—one letter is *six pages*, another one is three pages! [*Reads aloud*] "I am not talking about disagreements on policy matters or on individual issues where honest differences ought to be raised and discussed. . . . What I am talking about are deliberate distortions and untruths, and the blind-siding of allies, without at least trying to resolve differences first."

PLAYBOY: He's calling you a liar.

WILDER: Precisely.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about that?

WILDER: Whenever you defend a negative, you give hostages to your enemy.

PLAYBOY: Hostages?

WILDER: Yeah. How can you prove a negative? What I did with that was ignore it.

PLAYBOY: In one letter, written on his governor's stationery, Robb suggested that some "mutual friends" might withhold future political support from you.

WILDER: Yeah. You see the language there? A "small but influential group" may not come back to help me again. I never responded. However, [it suggests that if] I change my ways, I might get some of them back. Who knows?

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about that?

WILDER: I felt it was as patronizing as could be—politically. But it did not surprise me at all. I'd never had any such letter written to me by anybody. I would think that if Robb had to do it again, he would never have written those letters. But they didn't hurt me. They thought my campaign was in disarray. That's what they thought in 1989, too. But we won both times.

"There's no such thing as hardball in politics. It's just like the American and National leagues in baseball—all of it's hard."

PLAYBOY: It would be ironic if you were to have a successful national political life and history showed that you leapfrogged the man who first had it in mind to run for President.

WILDER: It might reflect that, but it also might reflect that people of Virginia didn't agree [with Robb]. They felt that I should be their governor. That's the bittersweet irony.

PLAYBOY: We would think it was sweet without any bitterness.

WILDER: Well, it depends on who's tasting the gold.

PLAYBOY: Is that a pleasant feeling for you? After all, Robb has been touted as a national figure, yet you're already more active and more talked about nationally than he is.

WILDER: You're right. That's an accurate conjecture.

PLAYBOY: Clearly, during your career, you've learned to play hardball politics.

WILDER: There's no such thing as hardball in politics. The whole game is hardball. It's just like the American and National leagues in baseball—*all* of it's hard.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean?

WILDER: That you have to have tough skin. It's no place to cry, it's no place to deal in emotion. You have to be practical; you speak when it's necessary. And you never threaten anyone in politics. They say you should never pull out a pistol until you want to use it—and the same applies to politics. Why pull it out unless you're going to pull the trigger? Most people don't have the nerve to pull the trigger.

PLAYBOY: So you're a believer in the don't-get-mad-get-even approach.

WILDER: Get *smart* first. Getting even doesn't benefit you.

PLAYBOY: Well, what is your philosophy of how to play the political game? What *is* politics?

WILDER: Somebody once said politics is money. I thought about it and he's right. It's money. In just about everything relative to politics, money is involved. Health, education, environment, penal institutions, quality of life.

PLAYBOY: But that's the definition of government policy. What about politics in and of itself?

WILDER: It's the art of the possible.

PLAYBOY: Still, what's possible these days is severely limited by your state's budget crisis and the national recession. With these economic conditions, isn't it a horrible time to be governor?

WILDER: No, I love it! It's the perfect time to be governor. You can take the scalpel out and cut where you need to cut. Ignore the pain. People will grumble and gripe, but they know it has to be done. So then, when the economy turns around, that unneeded fat is gone forever. You don't hire those people back—you put [the money] into needed services. That's my priority.

PLAYBOY: That sounds heartless—laying off people during a recession.

WILDER: My God, no. That's the time to do it. If you don't need them, why keep them on a public dole? Government shouldn't be the employer of last resort. When things start getting better, you'd better not try to cut personnel. If you've got the money and you're firing this guy, people want to know why. But when you don't have the money, no one's going to be mad at you.

PLAYBOY: So your vision is of a wasteless government?

WILDER: My vision is of a government that is prioritizing the spending of the taxpayers' money. We should spend for needed services, not for nonsense.

PLAYBOY: With all due respect, a good accountant could have that same vision

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simply by managing the piggy bank well.

WILDER: Does a really good accountant have the experience of showing that it can be done? I doubt it. I'm not an accountant, but I've shown that it can be done. Virginia's house is in order. We have not had massive layoffs. We've not had borrowing indebtedness or deficit financing. Nor have we had any increase in taxes.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider "needed services"?

WILDER: Expanded health care for those who need it. We spend as much money for health care as any other nation in the world, but we're not getting the best bang for our buck.

PLAYBOY: What about the thirty to forty million people in this country without health insurance? Wouldn't it make sense to have a national health plan?

WILDER: Why should Government do that? The private sector could insure its own people through employment. Look, you've got a situation in Canada where they don't spend as much as we spend on health care, yet they have a system that many feel is better. Some argue that it doesn't cover every category of health. Well, maybe we cover *too many* categories. Maybe we should look again at some of the entitlements. When you look at Medicare, it's indexed for Social Security, and Social Security is not means-tested. So we are paying for people who don't really need it.

PLAYBOY: Another issue about which you're adamant is the death penalty. You used to be opposed to it; yet, since you ran for lieutenant governor, your views have become more conservative. As governor, you've allowed three executions and commuted one death sentence. What changed your mind?

WILDER: The circumstances changed. I was opposed to the death penalty when I thought it was unfairly meted out to blacks. Since 1908, two hundred forty-eight people had been put to death in Virginia; all except thirty-seven were black. And of the thirty-seven nonblacks, all were convicted of first-degree murder. But any number of blacks had been put to death for *attempted* crimes relating to burglary and robbery. So I felt it was unconstitutional. The U.S. Supreme Court found it was unconstitutional. But that has since been rectified.

PLAYBOY: On another domestic issue—abortion—you have not rolled with the conservative tide. In fact, you stunned the political world in 1989 by taking a pro-choice stand. It became one of the cornerstones of your gubernatorial campaign, at a time when there was talk of a reversal of the 1973 *Roe vs. Wade* decision. Every analysis of your election attributes your tiny margin of victory—less than one half of a percentage point—to votes from women.

WILDER: I came out in favor of the rights of individuals. It's a civil rights issue. I said it was Jeffersonian. The Government shouldn't interfere with basic human rights.

PLAYBOY: Fine. Politically, will it be possible to run a pro-choice campaign on a national level?

WILDER: No, a campaign isn't run on abortion—that can cut both ways, believe me—it's run on not turning the clock back. The question is whether you want to turn the clock back before 1973. And I think the vast majority of people in this country don't want to turn the clock back on whatever social reforms we have.

PLAYBOY: Let's go to another critical issue: education. What's right and what's wrong with our educational system?

WILDER: We spend more money on education than any other nation in the world. But is it really functional in terms of what our youngsters receive? We are advancing the theory in Virginia that everyone should receive the same degree of education up to tenth grade, and at that time, they'll have the choice to decide if they want to pursue vocational skills or proceed academically. If the choice is vocational, we want to suggest that they go into the private sector and get training on the job.

"Other countries have an advantage over us. They've been to our schools. They know what sells and what doesn't sell—and we don't."

We're also not teaching our youngsters enough about foreign languages and foreign cultures. And God knows we haven't taught them enough about English—to be able to speak it and write it. Other countries have an advantage over us. Not only do they speak our language, they've been to our universities and schools. They know what sells and what doesn't sell—and we don't. There are certain things we do culturally that are not going to fly in other countries. That's why I tell our young people today that they're not leaders of tomorrow, they're leaders of *today*.

PLAYBOY: The Persian Gulf war was a rude reminder of our continuing dependency on oil, on foreign oil, in particular. You said that the Bush Administration has no energy policy. What's yours?

WILDER: One that would not be dependent on foreign oil.

PLAYBOY: Everybody says that, but how do you make that happen?

WILDER: By devising other measures by which we could depend on energy. Coal. Nuclear energy. We really haven't utilized nuclear energy for peaceful purposes.

PLAYBOY: Anything else? Such as three-dollar-per-gallon gasoline?

WILDER: Encouraging offshore drilling where we can drill without damage to our environment and our ecology. And actually, by dealing with some of the attitudes in our country toward consumption. We have to encourage people to be more energy conscious in terms of conservation—not just in times of crisis but at all times. Cut the lights off when you leave the room. Teach that to youngsters now.

PLAYBOY: But automobile-fuel consumption is the lion's share of this problem. You haven't talked about that.

WILDER: I'd ask people to drive less.

PLAYBOY: With a propaganda campaign?

WILDER: Well, that—plus letting people know that the gridlock traffic isn't going to get any better. When you build a road, before you can get it completed, it's gridlocked. There should be more high-occupancy vehicles, more utilization of vans.

Also, I prefer utilization of rail travel—privatization of rail. This would not be done by force; there would be incentives for it. We could use the air space over the median strips of highways. The biggest cost of rail is site acquisition, but it's already available on every super highway. We could also look into the magnetic-levitation trains. Japan and Germany are already doing it.

PLAYBOY: What about mandating disincentives to driving by implementing a high gasoline tax? We have the cheapest gas in the developed world; in Italy, gasoline costs nearly five dollars per gallon.

WILDER: Are you going to tax people just to punish them? I've not seen one instance in which applying taxes has forced people not to do something. They raise the liquor tax and that doesn't stop people from drinking. They raise the cigarette tax and that doesn't stop people from smoking. Why would raising the tax on gasoline be any different?

PLAYBOY: It would certainly stimulate the search for alternative fuels as well as generate both the funds and the stimulus to develop public transportation. That's an energy policy.

WILDER: No, that's not an energy policy. That's a regressive tax.

PLAYBOY: Much of this discussion stems from the current problems in the Middle East. Should we continue to give so much foreign aid to Israel and Egypt?

WILDER: Israel was our friend when we had none—we can't forget that. That little country serves as a place where religious freedom is tolerated. This is no time for us to turn our back on Israel. Egypt came on board with the Camp David accords and lessened the hostility in that part of the world. So we can't turn our back on them, either. We've got to be careful about where the hegemony lies.

PLAYBOY: This is an area in which no

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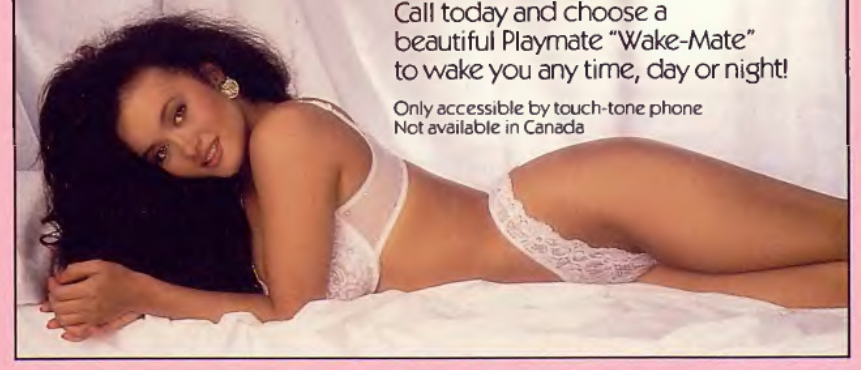

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Democratic challenger can really compete with Bush. Despite your Korean War record—which we'll get to—you don't have any foreign-affairs experience.

WILDER: I have the same amount that Jimmy Carter had, the same amount that Ronald Reagan had, the same amount that Gerald Ford had, the same amount that Harry Truman had and the same amount that Lyndon Johnson had.

PLAYBOY: But it doesn't stack up very well against Bush's record as the man who threw Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait. And until the air war in Iraq began, you supported economic sanctions rather than the use of force. You said, "Restoring the emir of Kuwait to his throne is not worth a single American life."

WILDER: I was asked my opinion, and I gave my opinion. But I never opposed war options; I just wanted to see sanctions have more time to work. I never rallied support one way or another. So I don't think that issue would affect me. And I don't think everyone who voted *for* the war is automatically assured of anything, either. I was a very strong supporter of the cause after the President made his decision. I felt great sympathy with the families of the troops, and felt that once the decision was made, we ought to be united and strong. The worst thing we could've done to the troops was show them a dispirited effort and lack of unity. And I thought a lot about the casualties. I knew that the lucky ones come home and the others don't. It could have happened to me.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about your service as a soldier in Korea in 1952 and 1953? Tell us about that.

WILDER: Well, just like the way people were wondering why we should be fighting in the Persian Gulf when so many Arabian citizens were not called upon to fight, I felt very much the same way when I was in Korea. I said, "It looks like they should have used all of their people first before they had to use me. Why me? Why not them first?"

PLAYBOY: Was this especially intense for you because you were a black American?

WILDER: Not really. First of all, it affected more white Americans than black. I was in an integrated unit—the 17th Infantry Regiment of the Seventh Division. It was supposed to be a United Nations effort, too. We had Ethiopians, Greeks, Turks—all very good fighting groups. The English and the Canadians were there, too—also good fighting groups. Then we had the Colombians, who would just as soon bug out on you in a minute. If they were alongside your unit, supposedly doing cover, you were in trouble. But most of the casualties were American.

PLAYBOY: You saw lots of casualties?

WILDER: Oh, yeah, all around me. One time, four of us were sitting around when a mortar fell right in the middle of us—blew us in all different directions. I only had scratches, but one guy was killed—

he died of internal injuries from the concussion; another guy lost a leg; and one guy was in shock—had his arm blown off. The most serious wound I got was from barbed wire. I scratched my leg.

PLAYBOY: What was your job?

WILDER: We were in trenches and bunkers on hills along the MLR—the Main Line of Resistance. Our job was to hold it. The Chinese—that's mostly who we faced—attacked at night. They would hit us with artillery and mortars, then dig tunnels and show up in our trenches with their burp guns. You'd hear a *brrrp!*—that's how you knew they were there. I ran out of my hooch one time when a guy named Valenti had run into a guy with a burp gun. But the trench was so narrow, Valenti couldn't get his M-1 around. So he took off his helmet and started beating the guy to death with it. He hit him and hit him and hit him. The Chinese wore these soft caps. Valenti literally had to be dragged off the guy; he was smashing his head back into the ground. Killed him.

PLAYBOY: How is it possible to get a jump on a guy with a burp gun?

WILDER: The Chinese would take dope before an attack—they'd smoke opium, listen to music and stuff. Opium puts you in a real light mood, I'm told. So one time, a guy popped up in a trench in front of me and he just started laughing. He didn't fire, but it still frightened me to death. I knocked him down and ran right over him. We often had to retreat off the hill.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever shoot anyone?

WILDER: Oh, yeah. You'd be out on your post and you'd see a figure crawling up the hill. First, you'd check to see if any of your people were out there. Your mind started playing tricks on you; you'd shoot at shadows.

But I shot him. He stopped. I thought he was just playing dead, so I shot him again. I could see a flinch, so I knew he really *wasn't* dead the first time. So I shot again and again, and the bullets were just hitting like this [*claps hands*], until I knew the body was cold. Then I threw a grenade at him to make sure he was dead.

PLAYBOY: What was it like being under attack?

WILDER: We were under mortar and artillery all the time. You hear the mortar only just before it hits—*oooooo-rum!* It took me years to get over it. The Chinese invented mortar, so they're masters at it. Even now, I can't stand a loud noise—it still makes me jump. It's embarrassing around people, around little kids, because it doesn't bother them. Like a twenty-one gun salute. But I was all right at my inaugural, because I knew it was coming and I could see the guns.

PLAYBOY: You were decorated with a Bronze Star for heroism.

WILDER: Well, I didn't talk about that for years; my family didn't even know I had it. I really feel that a lot of people who deserved awards never got them—a lot of people are dead. And some people who got the stars didn't deserve them.

PLAYBOY: What about yours?

WILDER: We were trying to recapture Pork Chop hill, which the Chinese had taken from us. I was a corporal and a squad leader by that time. It was a very well-fortified hill, with lots of bunkers and logs and sandbags. As we went up, I was under the impression that the hill had already been retaken. Suddenly, I heard a few burps, and one of our guys got knocked off right there. We carried him into a little side bunker and I was amazed at how many of our wounded were already in there.

So now there were only three of us. We roamed around until we figured out that fire was coming from a certain bunker. I told one guy to go around behind the bunker and stick a thermite grenade through the sandbags. It's a heat grenade, and when it goes off—*whoosh!*—it'll cause you to come out.

PLAYBOY: Did it work?

WILDER: Yeah, they started coming out of the bunker. We knew enough Chinese to say, "Surrender, throw down your weapons!" If they had known there were only three of us, they could have taken us. I didn't know how many people were in that bunker—there turned out to be twenty of them. We lined them all up. They were scared to death.

Then we had to get them down the hill, and I had to walk backward the whole way. I couldn't turn my back on them and we couldn't search them for grenades—not with just three of us. And it was dark. I put one of our guys at the back of the line.

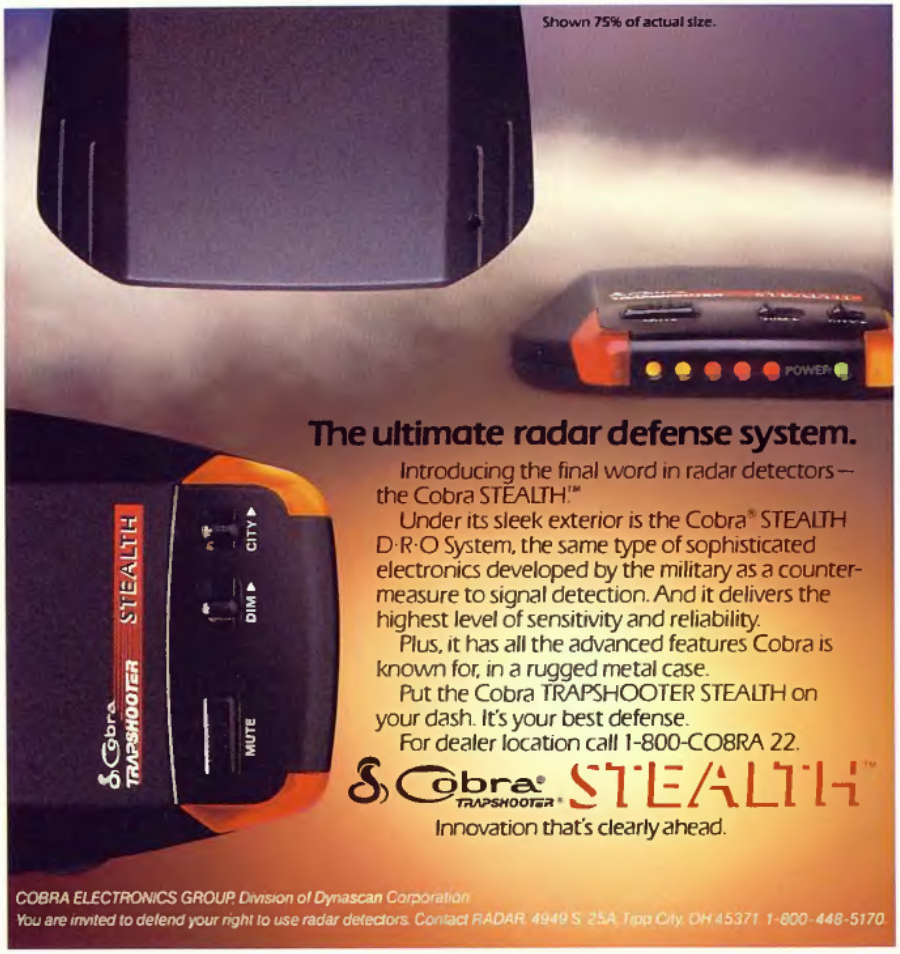
When we got down to the bottom and counted them again, there were only nineteen. I had counted twenty before and the officer wanted to know where the last one was. I said, "Maybe I counted wrong." But on the way down, I thought I'd heard a shot. You know, the soldier I had positioned at the back of the line had been real mad for a long period.

PLAYBOY: So you think maybe he——

WILDER: Yeah. War just does things to people. I know how I reacted to prisoners. I got to be real mean to them. For rest, we were sent back to the rear to guard prisoners. There would be one thousand of them, lined up in rows of one hundred. Our job was to go in and search them. I was real gung-ho. I got to kicking them in the ribs sometimes when they weren't answering questions. With combat boots on, you don't have to draw back far to hurt somebody. Sometimes you'd slap them or, in real cold weather, step on their toes. But I finally quit volunteering for that.

PLAYBOY: Why?

WILDER: One day, a prisoner spoke to me in perfect English. He said, "Why are you kicking me? I was a clerk in a store in Pyongyang. I didn't volunteer for this. I had no intention of coming here." And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then he reminded me all about Jefferson and Lincoln and the words of the great patriots. He was shaming me, really. He said, "They spoke of the rights of man, and you are here to fight me? What have I done to you? You don't have rights in your country."

I think I slapped him and said, "You don't have anything to do with that." But it turned me around in terms of believing that I had any right to mistreat them—even though I knew there were some who, if you turned your back on them for a second, would do you in. Still, that's the kind of savagery that comes over you.

PLAYBOY: Did the My Lai massacre in Vietnam remind you of that?

WILDER: Yeah, it did. I thought, My God, that could have happened and it would have been with me for life. All it takes is a little bit to set these things in motion, and then it becomes the accepted norm. It's like so many of the things that have gone on in this country—lynchings, mob violence, shooting people.

PLAYBOY: How did the experience of being a soldier—seeing death, causing death—affect your life?

WILDER: It made me appreciate the opportunity to have what I call a second life. When I came back to the States, I knew that I had a chance to improve on what I had been and done. I knew that I hadn't been the best student in college, that I hadn't applied myself to the extent that I should have. And I had seen so many better soldiers—men who were orderly and conducted themselves with great dispatch—get killed through no fault of their own. They weren't coming home.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you tell your family you had gotten the Bronze Star?

WILDER: Because I didn't really think it meant all that much. And because when we finally got down the hill, an officer put me in for the Bronze Star and then put himself in for the Silver Star. Yet he had never set foot on that hill. It went on all the time. And it's not a question of modesty with me. I've talked more with you about this than I have ever talked with anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Let's move back to the present. How do you feel about the fact that three books have been written about you?

WILDER: It's a little . . . different. They're fair, and I'm glad there has been an accurate portrayal of some of the things we've talked about.

PLAYBOY: Yet the books bring up a few incidents that don't paint an entirely flattering portrait of you.

WILDER: To say the least.

PLAYBOY: Even though you've responded to some of these issues in your gubernatorial campaigns, you're going to have to address them again now that you've entered the national political arena. So we have to ask you about some of them.

WILDER: Just as well. Everyone else does.

PLAYBOY: The most serious incident, perhaps, was when the Virginia supreme court reprimanded you in 1978 for "unprofessional conduct" as a lawyer. The charge was that you hadn't adequately and promptly represented a family who had retained you in 1966 after a car accident. The family filed malpractice suits against you. Why hadn't you dealt with their case sooner?

WILDER: I'd done all I could do on it. I was asked to accept a reprimand and I said, "No, I'm right on the merits." But the court said that I was wrong. So I said, "That being the case, as far as I'm concerned, it's over. And I regret it. And it won't happen again. It was a mistake and I won't repeat the mistake." And the judge, I think to his credit, made a statement in the hearing that nothing in the proceeding was intended to reflect on Mr. Wilder's integrity or honesty.

PLAYBOY: What about the row-house incident? A grand jury was impaneled to investigate the alleged neglect of a row house you owned at a time when you were campaigning on housing issues and demanding improved conditions. Why did you ignore the feelings of a group of neighbors about the row house, which they considered an eyesore?

WILDER: The majority of the neighborhood felt that there was nothing wrong. They passed a petition to say that. No one ever lived in there—never, ever. The house was under repair—there was a sign. Then a contractor who had been hired to do the work left and had another contractor do the work. Then a fire occurred. That led to leaking from the roof and damages to neighboring property. All of which was taken care of.

PLAYBOY: The books say that the fire was caused in part by neglect, and they also suggest that the building was occasionally occupied by vagrants.

WILDER: I don't know how the fire started, and I don't think anyone *else* really knows. We have to attribute it to someone being in there to warm up or something. But no court ever found anything wrong.

PLAYBOY: Is it not——

WILDER: Wait a minute, let me finish. No court ever found anything! Case dismissed. The circuit-court judge even had a grand jury impaneled to investigate the house. They came back and told the judge, "We find nothing wrong."

And let me tell you, I've finished answering questions. Read the books, go and check everything out. I'm not going to talk about it. I've just gone over it so much. I've said all I have to say about it. You can print that.

If you want to talk about something substantive, I'll talk with you. But what is essentially nonsense I've already described as nonsense in the '89 election.

PLAYBOY: Shortly after your 1985 election as lieutenant governor, you said you sold the house to HLS Associates Trust, which was owned by a friend and business partner of yours. In 1989, it came out that the sole beneficiary of HLS Trust was Douglas Wilder. This was called a cover-up. Now, if you sold the house——

WILDER: I never said I sold it.

PLAYBOY: Then what did you say?

WILDER: I said that it wasn't in my name any longer, and that I had no more control over it. Which is true.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like hair-splitting, Governor. If the issue was——

WILDER: Assume the worst that you want to assume. Print that.

PLAYBOY: We do not assume anything. We want to find out. You're a public official. You once said in a speech, "In the new mainstream, we are committed to candor . . . and to ethical behavior in every aspect of one's life."

WILDER: I went to court. This case went to court. There was a grand jury on it. You don't know anything about it at all. *I* know why the story was raised. I know it was political. I have not ducked the issue.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, it was political?

WILDER: Take my word.

PLAYBOY: You mean somebody else planted the story? An enemy, perhaps?

WILDER: My point is, whatever you write about the house, I don't care. That's what I'm trying to tell you.

PLAYBOY: We're not writing about the house. We're only interested in what you have to say about it.

WILDER: Well, I've said all I intend to say about it.

PLAYBOY: OK. We'd like to discuss something more personal. Many consider you Virginia's most eligible bachelor. In recent months, you've been romantically linked to Patricia Kluge, the wealthy ex-wife of John Kluge, who has been ranked as America's richest man. He was your largest supporter, giving two hundred thousand dollars to your gubernatorial campaign and raising another six hundred thousand dollars. You escorted Mrs. Kluge to several social events and appointed her to the board of the University of Virginia. Are the two of you romantically involved?

WILDER: If so, the press would have printed it by now, wouldn't they?

PLAYBOY: We're asking you.

WILDER: Well, again, that's private. . . .

PLAYBOY: So? Maybe? Maybe not?

WILDER: No, I won't say anything. Just that she's a friend and a fine lady.

PLAYBOY: There was a flap a few months ago about your having used the state jet for a social trip with Mrs. Kluge to Nantucket. After the press revealed the story, you reimbursed the state several thousand dollars. What was the problem?

WILDER: They thought I was using the helicopter to visit Mrs. Kluge in Charlottesville. They thought it would be something to write about.

PLAYBOY: Was it true or not?

WILDER: No, it wasn't true.
PLAYBOY: So you have not used the helicopter to visit her?
WILDER: No, I haven't.
PLAYBOY: In that case, why didn't you just show them the helicopter records? Do you have something to hide?
WILDER: No. It's like when they asked me why I don't show them the telephone calls that I've made. I don't have anything to hide when I go into the bathroom, but I usually shut the door.
PLAYBOY: Still, all of these stories raise a question about judgment.
WILDER: So what's your question? Ask anything you want.
PLAYBOY: All right. The main thing that's left on the list is your divorce. Why was the record sealed on the divorce?
WILDER: I'm not going to go into it.
PLAYBOY: The record is that your ex-wife made allegations.
WILDER: The record? You have the record?
PLAYBOY: We knew you weren't going to like this part of the interview.
WILDER: I don't mind it.
PLAYBOY: From the book *Wilder: Hold Fast to Dreams*, by Donald P. Baker, a *Washington Post* reporter: "July twenty-fifth, 1975, Eunice Wilder filed for divorce, charging her husband of nearly seventeen years with 'cruelty and reasonable apprehension of bodily harm.'" That's a quote.
WILDER: That comes from some bill of complaint, I would imagine, doesn't it?
PLAYBOY: Those are the original charges. What is this allegation of "reasonable apprehension of bodily harm" all about?
WILDER: I've said all I intend to about it.
PLAYBOY: But you haven't said a thing.
WILDER: And that's exactly all I intend to say about it.
PLAYBOY: This wall of silence is uncharacteristic of you.
WILDER: I'll say one thing, then I'll be finished with it: I did not request that the divorce record be sealed. And for me to tell you that I've said all I intend to say about it—and then to continue to talk with you—means that I'm a liar or a fool, and I don't think I'm either. So I am finished with why and when it was sealed. Do you want to talk about anything else pertaining to the divorce?
PLAYBOY: A divorce in and of itself is of no particular interest, but this allegation of bodily harm is another matter entirely.
WILDER: So write about it. Can't you understand what I'm saying? Did you hear me? It hasn't bothered me. It's amazing how people say, "Oh, this is it. This is it."
PLAYBOY: This is what?
WILDER: This is the smoking gun. This is the hand grenade. This is. . . . Oh, I've run through that the better part of my life. That's why it doesn't bother me.
PLAYBOY: Why should there be any smoking guns out there at all? Take the mystery out of it.
WILDER: As long as I'm breathing air, there will always be——
PLAYBOY: That's fatalistic.
WILDER: Well, I believe that.
PLAYBOY: Are you fatalistic?
WILDER: Yeah.
PLAYBOY: Is there anything else you'd like to talk about?
WILDER: No, I'm here to answer your questions, remember?
PLAYBOY: We're opening the field. We may not have touched on some areas that you want to touch on.
WILDER: God only knows what that is.
PLAYBOY: Would you entertain one more question on the divorce?
WILDER: Ask it.
PLAYBOY: Why was there an allegation of bodily harm?
WILDER: You would have to ask my ex-wife, wouldn't you? I didn't make any allegations.
PLAYBOY: No, but she was referring to you, so unless it's fabrication——
WILDER: I've drawn any number of bills of complaints myself, as a lawyer. You can get a divorce only under the violation of certain things.

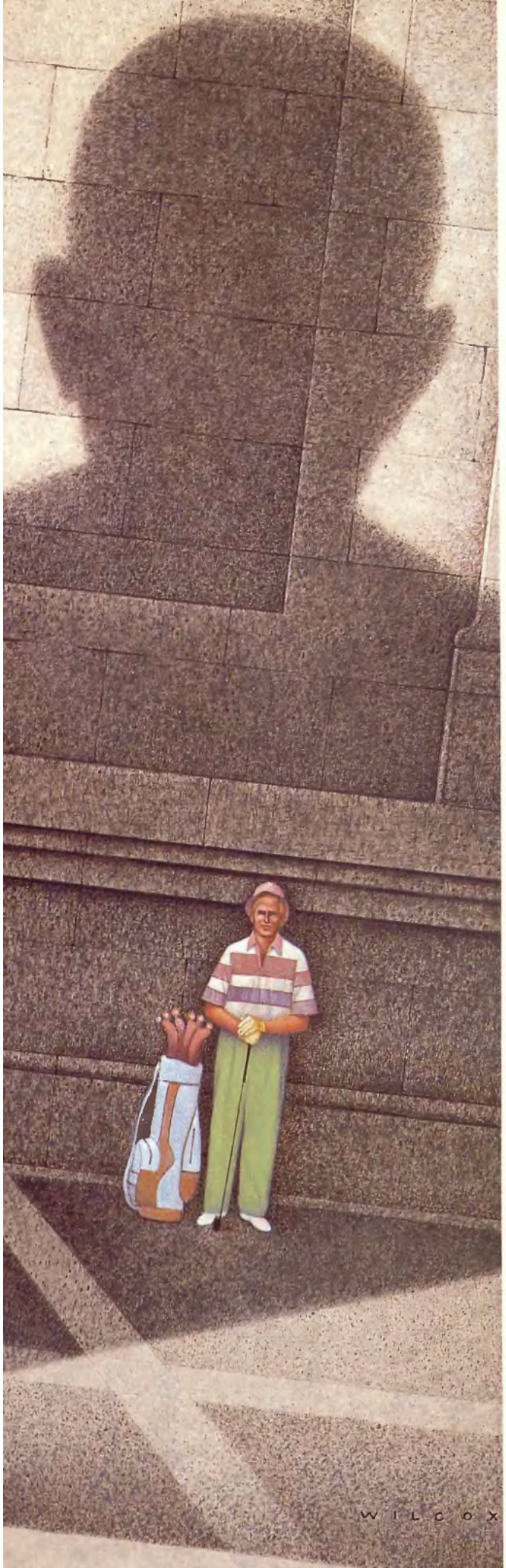
"If the files haven't been opened in fifteen years, what force, what impetus would there be for me to change that now?"

PLAYBOY: We know it drives you crazy to be asked about this stuff——
WILDER: It doesn't drive me crazy, and you don't understand. The point is that in each of the cases that you refer to, as much as people would like there to be incendiary details, they just aren't there.
PLAYBOY: Maybe the only way to convince people of that is to let them have access to information.
WILDER: The only way to convince people of it, as far as I'm concerned, is to let them write and think what they——
PLAYBOY: Yes, but there's nothing like a little secrecy to keep everybody excited and intrigued.
WILDER: Well, that may be. I can understand that. I can appreciate how people could be titillated by something.
PLAYBOY: But that's not fair. That's like saying people are titillated by good looks and nice suits. This is politics. Governor, we've wasted lots of time on a topic that could be cleared up in a second.
WILDER: How can you clear. . . . You tell me what I could have said.
PLAYBOY: You and your ex-wife could decide to talk publicly about the divorce.
WILDER: Suppose she doesn't want to.
PLAYBOY: That hasn't been tried yet, has it? You have persuasive powers.
WILDER: How would that help her?
PLAYBOY: It would lay this thing to rest.
WILDER: For whom?
PLAYBOY: For you and for her—for the rest of your life.
WILDER: I don't care. It doesn't bother me.
PLAYBOY: We think this conversation does bother you a little bit. It bothers us, too. We'd just as soon not be having it.
WILDER: I feel you need not worry about nitpicking and ultimate nonsense.
PLAYBOY: Do you call these issues nitpicking and nonsense?
WILDER: About the house, yes; that's nitpicking. The reprimand is legitimate, I think, as a lawyer accused of professional procrastination. The divorce is a legitimate inquiry, but I think that there's a point where you have to leave it alone. Assume that you had a divorce and the ex-wife said, "Look, I don't want to go into this anymore, and I don't want to discuss it. We have children." I would hope that whatever had been said was past and forgotten. I would want the record sealed.

As a man—and I'm a man first—I do certain things in my judgment. A man isn't an adjective; I would never be anything but a man. So I couldn't care less how [things are] interpreted. But I can't live any other way than as that man. And as a man, or as a human, or as a person, there are some things that you are prepared to live with. If the files haven't been opened in fifteen years, what force, what impetus would there be for me to change that now?

There's a quote in *Julius Caesar* when Caesar is asked to lift the banishment of Publius Cimber, prior to Brutus and others' coming upon him to kill him. And Caesar says, "If I could, if I were as you, then I could be moved. And if I could pray to move, then prayers would move me. But I am as constant as the northern star, whose true fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament."
PLAYBOY: You make it sound as if your silence on the subject is noble.
WILDER: I'm not trying to make it noble. Listen, are you riding back to Washington with me?
PLAYBOY: Are you going there?
WILDER: Yes; you can ride with me if you want.

[*An hour later, Wilder and Range board the governor's Bell helicopter for the 35-minute flight to Washington, where the governor is the featured guest at a journalists' dinner sponsored by the conservative monthly* American Spectator.]



Who Made DANNY RUN?

eugene pulliam ran towns, bullied politicians and created a newspaper empire—some would say he created the career of grandson dan quayle

THE WEATHERMAN had predicted rain, but dawn broke pale and clear on Saturday, March 23. A stiff wind snapped the tails of yellow ribbons belted to trees. Flags unfurled from porches like crisp salutes. At noon, four generations of the Pulliam family converged at a nursing home in Franklin, Indiana, a tiny burg 20 miles south of Indianapolis. The clan was gathered to celebrate the 100th birthday of Martha Ott Pulliam, widow of newspaper baron Eugene Collins Pulliam. In her lace-collar dress, the matriarch sat in a wheelchair surrounded by her progeny, including one grandson who stole the spotlight: James Danforth Quayle.

It was Dan, not Martha, who cut the ceremonial first slice of white-frosted birthday cake. It was Dan, not one of his elders, who raised Old Glory up the two-story flagpole outside. And it was for a glimpse of the Vice-President more than a quote from the local centenarian that kept reporters and photographers waiting outside, held at bay by Secret Service men with automatic weapons tucked under their jackets.

Quayle made no speeches, but he titillated the journalists nonetheless. According to Rebecca Sun, a stringer for the Franklin *Daily Journal* and student at the Pulliam School of Journalism at Franklin College, Dan told his grandmother, "Gee, Nana, we didn't think you'd last this long." Sun heard the quote from a local TV cameraman who was allowed into the banquet hall for a sound bite.

The man who endowed this Hoosier dynasty did not, as the Vice-President might put it, last long enough to attend the party. Eugene C. Pulliam, Quayle's grandfather, was 16 years in his grave when his second wife ate a piece of her 100th-birthday

article By **PAMELA MARIN**

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

cake. Still, his presence could be felt, as if he were one of those meddling gods from ancient mythology looking down from the parted clouds.

In the years roughly bracketed by the two World Wars, Eugene C. Pulliam built a print empire now worth about a billion dollars. Central Newspapers, Inc., the seven-paper chain he consolidated in the Forties and bequeathed to his heirs in 1975, includes the morning and evening papers in Phoenix, Arizona, Indianapolis and Muncie, Indiana, and the Vincennes, Indiana, *Sun-Commercial*, whose publisher is the Vice-President's brother. Although the combined circulations of the seven papers is less than 1,000,000, the company's influence in the markets it rules is immense. The morning editions in Phoenix and Indianapolis,

A ringleader of the right, Pulliam wrote encouragingly to candidate Nixon in 1960, "I am for you 100 percent."

Pulliam liked Ike, and vice versa. At Phoenix' Sky Harbor Airport, the publisher greeted the First Cauple.

Pulliam and Nina, the former secretary who became his third wife, traveled the globe incessantly. After his death, she took over as publisher of *The Arizona Republic*. Her brief, tumultuous tenure there began with an editar's suicide and ended with a labor dispute.

★

If the Veep is dumped, this is where he might end up . . . back at his family's chain of powerful newspapers.

★

Employees of Central Newspapers, Inc., Pulliam's seven-paper chain, pass the founder's bronzed words each day in the lobbies of Central's offices in Arizona and Indiana. In addition to patriotism, his papers feature a daily chuckle and a prayer.

Department-store heir Barry Goldwater got his first shat at politics when Pulliam hoisted him into the Phaenix city council in 1949. With citizen Pulliam's help, the conservative gunslinger nailed down a U.S. Senator's seat by 1952, and was running for President by 1964.

Quayle sat in the general manager's chair at Indiana's Huntington *Herald-Press* but gave it up far Washington.

Confusion reigns in the house of Pulliam. There's no one like the old man to take control.

Politicolly, he slices to the right, but college student Dan Quayle hit them stroight down the fairway at Windy Hill Country Club, DePouw's home course.

As the medio would loter discover, Quayle wos no scholor ot DePouw, where his grandpo cofounded the notion's first journolism froternity.

Huntington *Herald-Press* editor Mike Perkins boosts the hometown boy on the day he wos nominoted os Vice-President.

Dan Quoyle ond Marilyn Tucker met os low students in 1972 (left). He was o stor on the golf team; she wos a classroom standout. After a courtship of ten weeks, they were morried, ond 16 yeors later they heoded to Woshington, D.C., as the notion's second family.

At his grandma's 100th-birthdoy porty (right) last Morch in Franklin, Indiono, Dan overshodowed guest of honor Martho Ott Pulliam, second wife of newspaper boron Eugene C. Pulliom, while his mother, Corinne Pulliam Quayle, kept an eye on things. Said the V.P., "Gee, Nona, we didn't think you'd lost this long."

state capitals, are the *de facto* newspapers of record in their states. In words and pictures, they define local issues and influence votes. For four decades, they have reflected the right-wing sensibility of their patriarch. Like William Randolph Hearst a generation before him, Pulliam was obsessed with politics. He used his newspapers to launch crusades and settle vendettas. He bellowed at his readers in front-page editorials and wrangled for power in backroom deals. Shamelessly slanting news stories long after the style was obsolete, Pulliam passed to his heirs a legacy of journalistic infamy as well as a cushion of dynastic wealth.

•

When President Bush's heart fluttered, it fanned "Dump Quayle" brush fires. The future of the golfing

In this modest Huntington, Indiono, house (above), James ond Corinne Quoyle raised three kids. Two now run newspopers; Don did even better.

Veep—code-named "Scorecard" by the Secret Service—was scrutinized, editorialized, polled. *Time* and *Newsweek* weighed in with cover stories. Among their revelations was a nonpartisan research group's finding that "Quayle finally lost his standing as the most mocked figure on late-night television. He was replaced by Saddam Hussein." The polls showed that a majority wanted Bush to drop his embarrassing sidekick in 1992. *The Indianapolis Star*, however, saw press "sharks" on a "feeding frenzy."

"All Vice-Presidents have come under similar scrutiny in such circumstances," the touchy *Star* opined. "Yet some reporters seemed more interested in hammering Quayle than in the President's state of health."

In Indianapolis, Quayle rumors have been flying fast and loose for years. One had Danny coming home to be publisher of Central Newspapers—tiptoeing in on cleated feet and hanging his golf cap in the corner office.

Like all good gossip, the rumor had its own logic. Old Man Pulliam's high-profile grandson had played his college golf at DePauw University in nearby Greencastle and sneaked through law school in Indianapolis. His wife, Marilyn, a native Hoosier, was a law school classmate. She went home often for fund raisers and family gatherings; the day of Martha Pulliam's 100th-birthday party, the Quayle motorcade stopped at the home of Dr. Warren Tucker, Marilyn's dad, in the little town of Peoga. Even as a discarded Vice-President, Dan would be a celebrity publisher in the heartland. And what would the job demand? Lunch with local merchants. Black-tie appearances at charity benefits. A TV interview or two. Golf. Dan could handle that. And the men who run the newspapers could keep the presses rolling.

Just how they would view their new boss is open to question. Last year, *Star* staffers held a retirement party at the Press Club for managing editor Bo Conner. Members of Dan's extended family, some of whom are top editors and writers at the Indianapolis papers, mingled with the crowd. "The Vice-President of the United States couldn't make it," the emcee announced. Then, handing a small package to Conner, he added, "So he sent his balls." Conner blushed as he took the proffered box of golf balls, and laughter filled the room.

Danny isn't going home. Or maybe he is. One rumor has Quayle going back to run for governor in 1992, challenging Democratic incumbent Evan Bayh, son of Birch Bayh—the man Dan unseated to get into the Senate in 1980. Lately, the boyish Bayh has looked vulnerable, due to a huge shortfall in the state's projected income. "Every time I hear the rumor, it's cast in a positive way," says a local political writer. "You know, 'Dan has to go home and save the troubled Republican Party in Indiana.' This would be promoted as an honorable way to get him off the ticket."

The Dan-Quayle-as-publisher rumor made the best water-cooler gossip. Imagine the quotes. A man with foot-in-mouth disease leading a brigade of writers! But it was probably just a sign of the confusion in the house of Pulliam.

When Eugene C. Pulliam was alive, everyone knew who was boss. Figuring out what Old Man Pulliam wanted was "the ultimate second guess," says Paul Dean, a *Los Angeles Times* columnist who worked for *The Arizona Republic* in the Sixties and Seventies. "You wrote as if he were looking over your shoulder." Now the bean counters rule. Their leader is the founder's only son, Eugene S. Pulliam, who settled into his father's sheltering shadow in Indianapolis just one year after graduating from DePauw, his father's alma mater. He became assistant publisher of the Indy papers in the Sixties and inherited the title of publisher when Daddy died. Those who knew his father still refer to him as Young Gene and even Sonny. This year, he celebrates his 77th birthday.

Reporters in Indianapolis, some of whom have worked in the same building with Young Gene for decades, say they do not know how the publisher fills his days. He is a pleasant man, they say, kindly and soft-spoken. But what does he do? "My primary interest and my abilities, if there are any, are in the business side," he says. "I approve all pay increases and all out-of-state travel. . . ." He sits in a paneled corner office surrounded by family photos. One shows his father shaking hands with a very young and tan and blond Dan Quayle. It was taken on the day Danny joined the frat the Old Man had belonged to at DePauw. Nearby are Young Gene's golf trophies and mementos from his years as publisher. He calls them "do-dah awards."

"Young Gene is neither loved nor hated, respected nor disrespected," says a local writer who worked at the papers under both Gene Pulliams. "He's a neuter. He's just there."

Also working at the family shop in Indianapolis is Young Gene's son Russell, a Bible-thumping editorial writer for the *News*, and his feisty sister Myrta, assistant managing editor for news at the *Star*. Myrta and Russell have an estranged younger sister named Debbie, who lives in Maine and once edited an alternative newspaper there; one writer who has worked for the chain for more than 20 years has never even heard of Debbie Pulliam.

Of the third generation of the Pulliam clan working in the empire, including *Vincennes Sun-Commercial* publisher Michael Quayle, Dan's younger brother, Myrta is thought to have the best shot at the corner office. Yet for all their years of service to Central Newspapers, none of the inheritors represents the founder's will to power as well as the one who left the business for Washington, D.C.

•

If Eugene C. Pulliam hadn't made a fortune wielding newspapers like blunt instruments, Dan Quayle would not be Vice-President. Quayle probably wouldn't be in politics at all. The only reason he came to the attention of G.O.P. functionaries in Allen County, Indiana, in 1976 was that his daddy owned a paper there and was, by marriage and temperament, part of Pulliam's conservative print army. James Quayle had married Old Man Pulliam's daughter Corinne and bought the Huntington *Herald-Press* from his father-in-law in 1964. Twelve years later, it occurred to Orvas Beers, the Republican Party chairman in Allen County, to run James Quayle's son for a Congressional seat. Dan was 29 years old, living near a golf course in Huntington. Between rounds, he worked in the dingy publisher's office at the *Herald-Press*, a room now occupied by his sister, a trained nurse who came to publishing in the same way Quayle went to Washington—with a slim résumé and a potent surname.

Beers thought Dan Quayle had a shot at Congress in part because of his "attractive features and his friendliness." What else was there to go on? While those qualities might not have impressed Dan's grandfather, promoting a political novice was a gambit he understood. Three decades earlier, Pulliam and some pals had retooled Phoenix city government into an engine of their will. Self-appointed civic dons, they drew up slates of councilmen and mayoral candidates and publicized them in Pulliam's papers. On the cabal's first roster was a department-store heir who just three years later—boosted by Pulliam puffery and editorial endorsements—defeated Senate Majority Leader Ernest MacFarland. Soon after, Senator Barry Goldwater boldly ran for President.

A joke that made the rounds in Phoenix in the Fifties had Pulliam demanding of his top editor, "What did Goldwater say today?"

"Nothing," said the editor.

"Fine!" responded the publisher.

(continued on page 154)

"Tonight's dinner is very important for my choice of careers, because if it's a success, I won't need to make one."

TRUMP PLAZA
6
TRUMP PLAZA

NOT YOUR AVERAGE WORKING GIRLS

three reasons to whistle while you work

IT USED TO BE there were some exclusive male bastions, with no gals to distract from the business at hand—places such as the boxing ring, the insulation-and-heating trade, the aircraft hangar. Not anymore—or have you been working too hard to notice? Well, put down your tools and take a break along with Leslie Glass, Cathy Dzik and Kelly Shepherd, the women whom we discovered laboring in precisely those locations. We introduce them here as part of our continuing tribute to the great working women of America.

LESLIE GLASS

"I've lived in New York and I travel all over for my jobs," says Leslie, "but I love Baltimore. It has a bit of everything—access to the beach, the mountains, whatever you want." In her home, Leslie has a bit of everything for company, too: Her pets include four cats, two Dobermans, a potbellied pig and a ferret. It's also the base for a career that includes acting, modeling and working the ring as a round-card girl. In two years, she has emerged as the star of her trade; that was Leslie in Tyson vs. Williams, Pazienza vs. Camacho and Holyfield vs. Foreman. "Usually, promoters hire cocktail waitresses," says Leslie, "but I put something extra into my walk and my outfits. People don't realize it, but my costumes cost between eight hundred and two thousand dollars. We're providing the real glamour of boxing."

CATHY DZIK

"None of the guys at work will believe it," says Cathy of her appearance in *Playboy*. "When they see me, I'm far from glamourous. I'm usually hot and itchy." Her co-workers are the men at a Heat and Frost Insulators Union local in western Illinois, where she is the sole woman member. Hot and itchy sounded good to us until Cathy explained that her work entailed wrapping steam pipes and air-conditioning conduits with batts of fiberglass insulation. When she isn't working, she and her husband, Mike, lift weights and jog together. Ideally, Cathy says, she'd like to devote herself full time to the health-and-nutrition-counseling business they started as a side line three years ago. "It's a natural for us," she says. "We thought it would be a good way to share our healthy lifestyles."

KELLY SHEPHERD

Mention a beautiful woman and an airplane in the same breath, and a flight attendant comes to mind, right? Think again. Kelly works on, not in, jumbo jets. As a tool-and-parts dispatcher for the largest manufacturer of aircraft in America, she has helped out on the construction of everything from 747s to the B-2 bomber. "Being around planes is really natural for me," she says. "I mean, my idea of a great evening is a dinner of crab salad, an older man for company, and then a balloon ride into the sunset." Kelly divides her off-work hours among painting water colors, craftwork and roller-blading, which she does to stay in shape. Right now, she lives in Washington State, but her dreams are down the coast in Hollywood. "I'd really like to be a character on *All My Children*. It's my mom's favorite."

"Nudity is natural far me; I don't necessarily think of it as sexual," says Leslie Glass (below). "But my posing nude does mean that I can't go out with anybody passessive."

"I was very excited about posing," says Kelly Shepherd, at left. "It's not only a great opportunity to change the direction of my life in a positive fashion but I think it's also going to be a great way to meet new people." Cathy Dzik (below) says, "To me, *Playboy* represents the ultimate in beauty and sexuality. There's really no greater compliment than being asked to appear in the magazine."

THE SAFARI

"i've made a general plan," sheldon said proudly, "but i've deliberately left room for the unexpected"

fiction By MALCOLM BOSSE

SHELDON WHITE had planned his safari for two years. He had taken a refresher course in Spanish. He had worked out at the gym to get in shape. He arranged for emergencies in his law practice to be handled by his partner. He supplied his wife, Paula, and himself with money belts, neck pouches, elastic support bandages above the elbow to hide their papers. They took shots, including human diploid vaccine, for prevention against disease from bites of rabid bats. They had chloroquine for malaria prophylaxis, Lomotil for diarrhea, Sterotabs for sterilizing water, two antibiotics: tetracycline and streptotriad. They took along DEET insect repellent and Cetrimide BP for infected bites. Toilet paper. A complete first-aid kit. Five pounds of chocolate energy bars. Sheldon would make sure their guide stocked enough butane fuel for the stove, kettles and cooking utensils for three people and sufficient canned food for the expedition.

When friends and family had said to him before he left New York, "Shelly, you've thought of everything," he denied it proudly.

"That's just what I don't want to do. I've made a general plan, but I've deliberately left room for the unexpected."

They flew to Quito, where Paula experienced altitude sickness, then hired a chauffeured car and headed for Oriente, a remote area of vast rain forests. When they reached their destination, a dirty river town called Misahualli, their driver José unloaded their bags in front of a cement-block building with HOTEL in faded blue printed over its doorless entrance. He offered to arrange for a guide and supplies.

"No," said Sheldon, "that's my job."

"Be careful," warned José. "Many of these people are thieves and worse."

"What do you mean, worse?"

José shrugged. "Anything you can imagine."

From his travel agent, who knew Ecuador, Sheldon had heard of these Misahualli guides; they were an independent lot, a complicated mix of pride and envy and deceit. But the travel agent also said that Ecuadorians like to exaggerate.

"Thanks for the warning," Sheldon said. "I'll hire my own guide."

With another shrug, José got into the car and headed back to Quito.

That night, Sheldon and Paula slept in cots in a cement cubicle with some hooks for their clothes, one tiny window above eye level and a rackety overhead fan. They had a short but spirited parley. Paula felt

ILLUSTRATION BY BRALDT BRALDS

that they should have kept José overnight and let him negotiate for a guide in the morning.

Sheldon argued that they mustn't depend on other people. This was their safari; they had to arrange it themselves. They had to be in charge. Otherwise, it wasn't a real adventure.

"Do you know why I'm here?" he asked suddenly.

"I think so. To prove you can do this."

"You think you know why, but no one knows why someone else does something. Anyway, I appreciate your going along with it."

"I'm here because I love you, Shelly."

This simple declaration rendered him speechless. Reaching over to her cot, Sheldon groped for her hand and when he found it, he held her fingers the way he might have held a butterfly.

•

After a breakfast of weak coffee and soggy tamales, they walked out into blinding sunlight to face a dusty street lined by shanties with roofs of corrugated tin. Men in T-shirts, torn cotton pants, old tennis shoes and billed caps stood in the shade, as drowsy as cows, squinting morosely at anything that moved through the hot little square.

Many of the huts advertised guides in Spanish and English and the crude signs made extravagant claims of their boat trips and jungle excursions. Sheldon studied each one and met with his own stare those of men seated deep within the shadowy interiors.

The Whites tramped past a weedy lot filled with automotive parts and a gutted truck, then a cantina from which the Andrews Sisters' *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy* was blaring out of a tinny radio. Then came a shack with the following sign nailed next to the door:

RAMON TORRES
PROFECIONAL AND EXPERIENCED
JUNGLE GUIDE
SPEAKING ENGLISH

"This looks terrible," Paula said with a grimace.

"It looks kind of good to me."

Sheldon tried to peer inside through a hole in the screen. He knocked twice, then again, and was almost ready to turn and leave when a voice called out, "Come een, meester! 'Ello, my frin'!"

Opening the door, which he discovered was held only by the top hinge, Sheldon walked into the shack. It was nearly empty: a hammock, two chairs, a dog lying in a corner, a garish poster of an old man with white whiskers in a black suit and stiff collar.

Ramon Torres was lying in the hammock, wearing a Batman T-shirt, smoking a cigarette.

Sheldon began smiling. He prided himself on being a first-class negotiator. An hour later, seated opposite each other in the two chairs (Paula stood), the two men came to an agreement on the duration of the expedition, the nature and number of supplies.

"I give you a down payment on supplies," Sheldon said. "I pay in full after checking your itemized list."

"No. Not that way." Ramon objected in Spanish, because they communicated better in that language.

"It's the only way I go."

"I figure the cost and you pay me," Ramon insisted. "If it comes to less, I give you back the difference."

"My way is the only way I go."

Reluctantly, the guide nodded.

"Now, about your fee."

"You already know my fee."

With a laugh, Sheldon said, "I know a *joke* when I hear one. Let's talk seriously." He made Ramon an offer, then spread both hands wide. "Take it or leave it."

"I won't take it."

"Fine. How many guides are there on this street? Ten? Twenty?"

"Not like me," Ramon declared. "With me, you get what you pay for."

"I don't see people beating a path to your door," Sheldon said coldly. "Take it or leave it."

"I take it," the guide mumbled grimly. He had accepted half of the sum asked for. He signed a paper to that effect. Finally, Ramon promised not to feed his clients monkey and cayman meat to save on food expenses and pocket the difference. According to Sheldon's travel agent, it was the sort of thing these Misahualli guides did.

At last, Sheldon demanded that the guide stay completely sober on the trip. Someone in Quito had told him the Ecuadorians love to drink.

Ramon began smiling. "Don't worry, man," he said, "I don't drink. I am honest. I need your passports."

Sheldon glanced at Paula. "I don't understand," he said to Ramon.

"Before leaving Misahualli, I register you with the capitan. The authorities must know who is in the jungle," Ramon explained. "Otherwise, you could go in there and never come out and nobody would know. Give me the passports and I'll take care of it. Give me a little gift for the capitan, too. So there won't be a delay."

Sheldon gave him their passports and some money. "Is that enough?"

"No."

Frowning, he handed over a couple more bills.

They agreed to meet late in the day, after Ramon had arranged for the supplies. As they drank Cokes in a cantina, Paula said to her husband, "I wonder why you chose Ramon."

"His shack was the poorest of the bunch. I told myself, Here is a man I can deal with."

"Maybe you should have asked someone about him."

Sheldon laughed disdainfully. "Do you think these people would tell me the truth? I took him because he has a need. It's that simple."

"I don't know if you should have bargained so hard, Shelly."

"Why not? I won."

"That's the point. You could have let him do a little better."

"Why in hell should I do that? I make my living not letting people do better."

"I think he's sore you beat him down that way." She added, after a pause, "In front of me."

"Well, I made one concession. He gets paid in full once we reach the jungle. I let him have that one, because why not?"

Paula shook her head. "When you told him, 'I don't see people beating a path to your door,' the man visibly flinched. You hurt him."

"I was stating my case, so what's wrong in that? I'm not paying more than I have to."

"Then you made him promise not to feed us monkey and alligator. You insulted him, Shelly."

"I let him know who's in charge, that's all."

Paula was silenced, but later, after they had gone back to check up on Ramon's progress in outfitting the expedition, she said to her husband, "I saw the look he gave you, Shelly. I didn't like it."

But Sheldon was too busy checking the supply list to respond.

•

Shortly after dawn, they met Ramon Torres in front of a motorized canoe at the riverbank. Sheldon wore a felt safari hat, a khaki shirt with epaulets and billowy cotton pants with the bottoms stuffed inside hiking boots. Paula was dressed the same way, except that her hat had a veil of mosquito netting.

Ramon, a short and muscular man, had on his Batman T-shirt, torn fatigues, a baseball cap and sandals. He sucked on a blackened corncob pipe while thoughtfully appraising his clients. When they reached him, he gave the passports back to Sheldon.

"You've loaded everything," Sheldon said, pointing to the supplies already stowed in the aft of the dugout. "I thought I said I wanted to be present when you did the loading."

Ramon smiled. "We can take everything out and you can inspect it, and

(continued on page 100)

"Come here often?"

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Just aim and press the trigger button. The tournament-approved Power-Q pool cue with maple front ond leather tip features o built-in coil-spring mechonism ond 20 adjustable power positions that let you set the force of each shot mechonicolly, by Quick Q Industry, obout $250.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

This leather Profile Desk Group with brushed-aluminum trim features a blotter, $410, an organizer, $120, and a memo holder, about $80, all by Mark Weisbeck Design.

Atlantic Design's versatile waterproof Cordura-nylon Sports Car Luggage mounts on the trunk or roof of your cor and doubles as a duffel bag, obout $160, with shoulder strap.

Yamaha's portable, battery-powered QY10 Music Sequencer, $400, lets you create and store your own hit songs using more than 50 sampled sounds and 76 preset musical styles.

Less than six inches tall, AT&T's Digital Answering System 1337 offers about seven minutes of recarding time and includes playback, repeat and skip functions, about $140.

Cannondale's lightweight aluminum E.S.T. Mountain Bike is built with a shock-absorbency system that's borrowed from the motorcycle, from Cycle Smithy, Chicago, about $1850.

Aside from lending its name to a line of gourmet mustards and coffee beans, Jack Daniel's now offers chocolates spiked with its Old No. 7 whiskey, from about $3 to $15.

Where & How to Buy on poge 178.

Sonus Faber's powerful 200-watt Electa Amator compact stereo speakers are made of hand-tooled leather and rich Italian walnut, about $4500 a pair, plus $950 for the stands.

THE SAFARI

(continued from page 94)

"Sheldon smiled fraternally. What the hell; they had both been with women last night."

then we can put everything back in again, but that takes time and it means we'll be on the river after sunset, and that can be dangerous because of floating logs. Last year, a canoe hit one after dark and everyone drowned."

Paula touched Sheldon's arm. "Honey, let's get going."

He sighed and helped her into the narrow boat.

The guide's little victory was soon forgotten when they found themselves chugging along the broad, muddy Napo River with nipa and banana palms lining the shore.

"It's like the movies," Paula, who sat behind her husband, whispered.

Indeed, it was, and Sheldon experienced moments of pure joy as the canoe moved alongside sand bars where bleached logs lay half submerged like dinosaur bones. He marveled at the currents of the river, a bewildering skein of contradictory forces. So much water rippling along at different speeds, displaying a glittering richness of surface texture, gave the Napo a dangerous, puzzling, vibrant look.

He was so busy looking that he scarcely heard the guide, who was explaining why women and children were lining the riverbank. They were panning for gold. Quijos Indians of Chibcha stock had once fought the Spanish with great courage, he claimed. Now they sent their womenfolk out with sieves and bowls to work long hours in the sand, hoping to sift out a few specks of gold.

Ignoring the implication of cultural shame, Sheldon glanced over his shoulder at Paula, whose long brown hair was blowing back in the river breeze. "Having a good time?" he asked with a smile.

"Wonderful!"

•

The hotel sat on a bluff and commanded a good view of the river upstream. The canoe arrived there after sunset without meeting, Sheldon noted, a single floating log. He and Paula huddled under plastic raingear, shivering beneath a moon whose light cut a metallic path across the windswept Napo.

There were only two other hotel guests, a pair of young Italian women who had been backpacking across South America. A dinner table was set in the dimly lit main building. The menu was explained by the owner, a skinny man who smelled of *chicha*, a potent drink distilled from the yucca plant (Ramon explained this to Sheldon and challenged him to try some). They could order chicken or roast *cuy*.

"That's guinea pig," Sheldon told his wife.

Paula made a face. "I had guinea pigs for pets. I couldn't put their meat in my mouth." She took the chicken.

"I'll have *cuy*," Sheldon said. "And a glass of *chicha*." Later, he praised the guinea pig and called the *chicha* a "weak brandy."

After dinner, the owner and a couple of Indians who had been sitting quietly at another table began to sing. They played a guitar, a bamboo flute and two forks struck together. Apparently, this was a nightly get-together. They had a bottle of *chicha* and were passing it around. Sheldon noted with satisfaction that Ramon refused it. The Whites went outside for a look at the moonlit river. When they returned, the radio station from Quito was playing a rumba, and one of the Italian girls was dancing with Ramon. Then she sat down and the other danced with him.

Sheldon and Paula, with music at their back, left the main building for their cabin. They undressed without a word, hearing the distant sound of folk songs. Getting into bed, hovering above her, Sheldon muttered tensely, "I feel wild."

"So do I."

Taking her brutally, he was surprised by Paula's eager response. Her lovemaking was usually gentle, pleasant, never blatantly wanton as it was tonight. She thrilled him into imagining that he had picked up a strange exotic woman who asked nothing of him but randy sex.

Afterward, as they lay side by side, they heard laughter and loud music in the distance.

"He'll sleep with one of the Italians," Paula said.

"Ramon? Which one?"

"The taller one."

"How do you know?"

"She was nervous. The other was just enjoying herself."

"It's the trip," Sheldon declared. "It's doing something to us. You were never like that before."

"Neither were you. The trip's making us feel . . . something."

"We're free. We're like Ramon," he murmured against her cheek and felt himself wanting her again.

Next morning, while she slept, he took a shower and dressed, hearing roosters crowing and some kind of animal rooting around in the brush. He decided to take a little walk. Just as he left his cabin, the door of the next one opened and the taller Italian girl came out. Their eyes met, she frowned and strode rapidly down the walkway of wooden slats. In her haste, she had left the door ajar, and as Sheldon passed by the cabin, he saw Ramon sitting naked on the bed. Sheldon smiled fraternally. What the hell; they were both men who had been with women last night. But Ramon did not return the smile. He stared so coldly that Sheldon looked away and continued down the walk.

By midmorning, the dugout was loaded, a boatman hired from the hotel started up the engine and the Whites and their guide chugged up the Napo.

By midafternoon, the boatman headed the canoe to shore. Sheldon and Ramon hauled the gear out, the boatman waved, and soon the three on the riverbank were watching the long, slim boat glide across the water, heading away, and then they were alone.

Surveying the backpacks lined up like bodies along the shore, Ramon said, "Now we begin."

Sheldon gave a little chuckle of anticipation.

Paula stared thoughtfully at the receding boat.

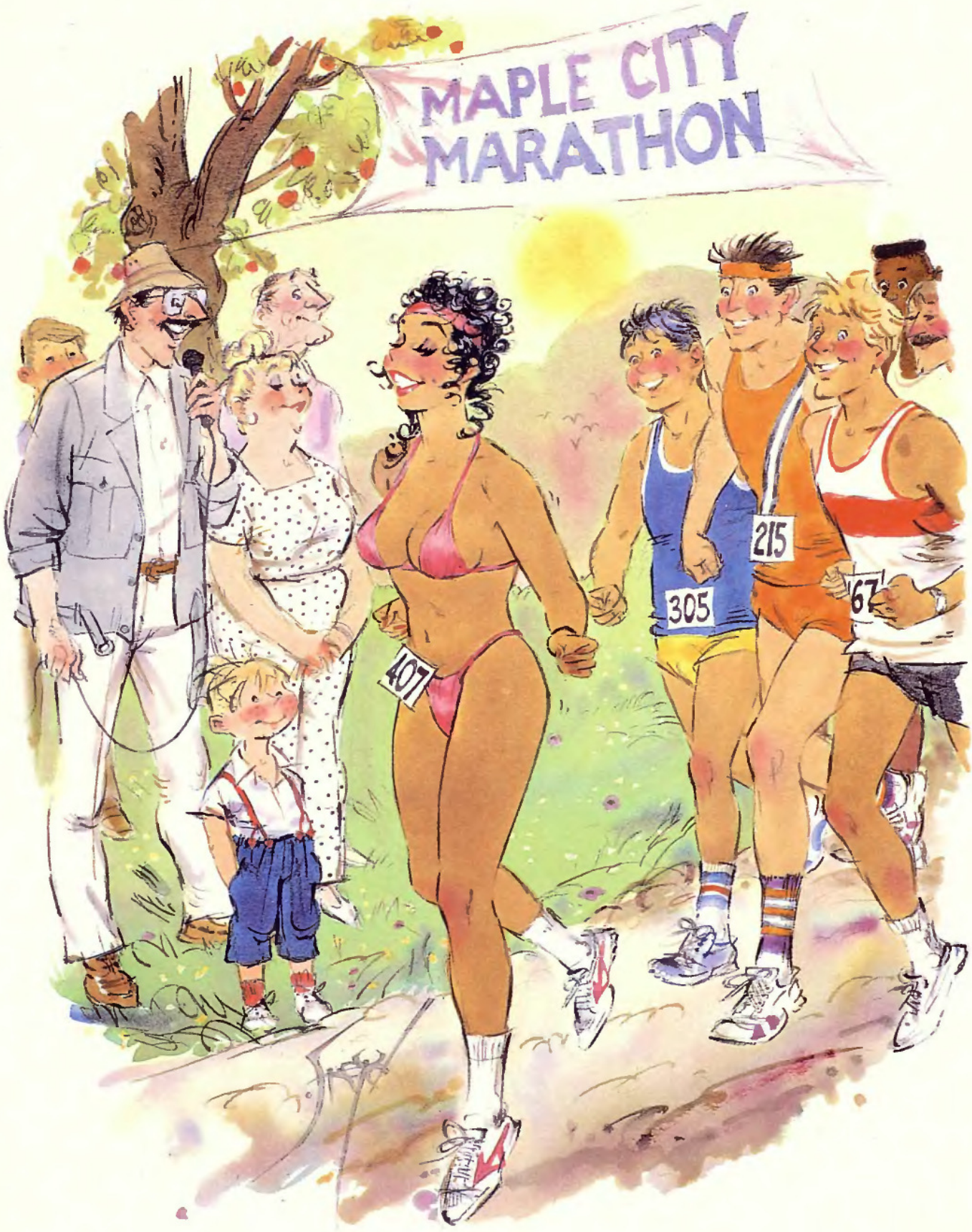
•

And so it did begin. They struck out across the jungle in an easterly direction that would eventually—perhaps in three weeks—take them to the town of Nuevo Rocafuerte. There they could arrange for a plane to fly them back to Quito.

The first few days were slow going. No amount of exercise could have prepared them for the hardships they faced within minutes of entering the rain forest: mud, stinging leaves, a moving veil of flies, suffocating heat, the tangled root systems of intricate trees. Ramon would go forward through the bush, halt and wait for his clients, his shirt dry, only a little mud clinging to his boots. He would tell them about the jungle while they stood panting on a barely distinguishable trail, trying to anchor themselves within a sea of rank vegetation and whirling insects. Ramon's serene mastery of this boggy world annoyed Sheldon, whose sweaty shirt was plastered to his back.

Ramon pointed out cream-colored beehives clinging to tree trunks; they were the hives of the warlike abispa that attack anything going near their home. He bent down and with a stick agitated a huge ant, called the conga, whose

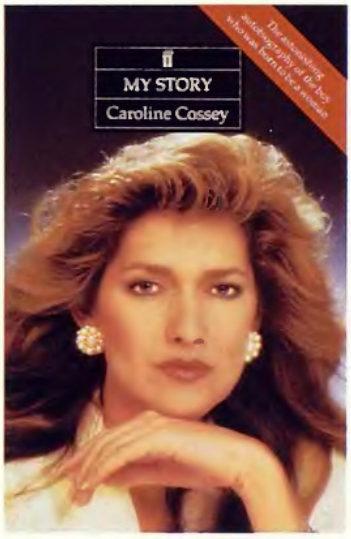
(continued on page 160)



"And the pack is still bunched up behind number 407!"

Barry Cossey was ten years old when the family snapshot above was taken during a holiday with his mother, father and younger sister, Pam, an the beach at Great Yarmouth. Unbeknownst to his parents, Barry was already troubled about his sexual identity and spent much of his time with Pam, playing with dolls and dressing up in women's clathes. By the time he was 17 (above right), he had left hame and moved to London, where he was passing as a female—warking as a showgirl at the Latin Quarter night club under the name of Caroline Cossey—and saving part of his £30-a-week salary for the sex-change operation he was convinced was the way to save his sanity.

After gender-reassignment surgery at London's Charing Cross Hospital in 1974, Caroline went to work as a photographer's model, adapting the name Tula ta avoid confusian with another model named Caraline. She found herself much in demand as a cover girl and ad-campaign spokeswoman; few if any af her associates were aware af the secret that made the headline of the Smirnoff vadka ad at right ironic.



Above, the jacket of Tula's new book, recently published in England. It's her secand autobiagraphy; she used a copy of the first, *Tula: I Am a Woman*, to break the news of her sex change to wealthy Jewish businessman Elias Fattal, whom she married in a high-society ceremony in 19B9 (belaw). The marriage, however, saon failed.

NEW STRAPLESS BRA
the perfect shape for off the shoulder fashion.
wear no straps at all or use the detatchable stretch straps and choose regular, criss-cross,

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TULA

THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO WAS BORN A BOY

personality By GRETCHEN EDGREN

THEY MAY *have always been with us, these individuals who feel at odds with the bodies in which they were born. Outwardly, they appear to be male; inwardly, they are convinced that they're female. (In rarer cases, the mismatch is reversed.) Historians speak of such persons as being more or less accepted members of society in ancient Anatolia, Scythia, Alexandria and elsewhere. Not until the latter half of this century, however, was a name—transsexualism—given the condition, and surgical means devised to reshape the shell of the body to conform to the patient's inner perception. The drive that compels the true transsexual to take such a drastic step is one of the diagnostic clues that separate him/her from the transvestite, who identifies himself as male—and wants to remain one—but gets a sexual frisson from dressing in women's clothing.*

In 1953, an American ex-GI named George Jorgensen, Jr., underwent the first highly publicized sex-change surgery, emerging from a Copenhagen hospital as Christine Jorgensen. Thousands have followed, among the better known being tennis star Renée Richards, born Richard Raskind; British travel writer Jan Morris, who as newspaperman James Morris accompanied the 1953 expedition that conquered Mount Everest; and composer Walter Carlos, who pioneered music for the synthesizer before becoming Wendy Carlos—and coming out of the transsexual closet in a trail-blazing May 1979 "Playboy Interview."

No longer taboo, the topic of transsexualism today turns up everywhere, from an episode of "L.A. Law" to "Donahue," from a public-television documentary to a nationwide contest for an Oprah Winfrey look-alike, whose sponsors red-facedly discovered that the winner was a male in the process of gender reassignment.

Although scientists now recognize the existence of the phenomenon of transsexualism, they aren't in agreement about its causes. In yet another replay of the nature-vs.-nurture debate, some authorities cite psychological influences exerted by parents, while others are coming to the conclusion that transsexuals are born, not made. Chromosomal abnormalities are sometimes found. Other studies have revealed that, in the normal course of events, a male fetus is exposed to massive doses of male hormone at the time his brain is taking shape. If something, possibly stress or medication taken by the mother—hormonal therapy and barbiturates have been implicated—interferes with that process, the baby can be born with outwardly masculine sexual characteristics but a feminine brain. He/she is a transsexual—a human being who feels trapped in the wrong body.

This is the story of such a person and of her metamorphosis from man to woman.

•

Barry Cossey hated school in Brooke, the little village in England's county of Norfolk where he was born. He didn't enjoy the rough-and-tumble of the other boys' games; the bigger ones bullied him and called him sissy. His closest companion was his sister, Pam, with whom he played dolls and dressed up in their mum's clothes. As he grew into adolescence and began to experience the budding of sexual feelings, he feared that he might be homosexual.

It turned out to be much more complicated than that.

Today, the former Barry Cossey is Caroline Cossey—or, to her friends in the modeling field, Tula—and a crusader for the rights of her fellow transsexuals.

If I hadn't been aware of Tula's history before we met over lunch in a trendy restaurant in London's Holland Park district, it never would have occurred to me that she was anything other than 100 percent female. She's tall (six feet), graceful, well proportioned (37-25-37) and drop-dead gorgeous; her voice has just a trace of huskiness and her gestures, even her choice of conversational topics, are completely feminine. Obviously, this woman *thinks* like a woman.

Shortly after Tula (at left, above) appeared as one of the Bond Girls with Roger Moore as 007 in the 1981 spy thriller *For Your Eyes Only*, a British tabloid revealed her secret: "JAMES BOND GIRL WAS A BOY."

The fact that some see her as a freak, a victim of mutilation, a seeker of publicity still takes her by surprise. "I can't understand why people don't realize that my predicament

had nothing to do with choice," she says. "I never *was* a man. I always felt I was a woman. I just needed my body changed to fit my self-image. I *had* to do what I did. I know that I would have finished up with my life if I hadn't got medical help. But I never meant to go public with my story. My secret would have gone to the grave with me if the tabloids hadn't come out with it. I spoke up to set the record straight, and now I'm speaking out for the rights of transsexuals everywhere."

Tula's transformation didn't happen overnight. She started taking female hormones in her late teens, while working as a dancer; next came breast-augmentation surgery, "which helped me earn more money, because I could dance topless." Her career as a showgirl took her to many parts of the world, but all the time, she lived with the fear that someone would discover the truth behind her masquerade. As camouflage, she made herself a special G string "with the strongest elastic I could find. It was painful, but I got used to it." Particularly awkward was the time in Paris when she had to wash off body make-up in communal facilities backstage: "I would shower in my G string, and the other dancers put my apparent shyness down to the fact that I was English." Finally, after years of hormone treatments and psychological counseling, Tula was ready for the irrevocable step: sex-change surgery, or, to use the current euphemism, gender reassignment. Before she could be accepted as a suitable candidate, doctors administered various tests, including one that revealed that she had been born with a chromosomal abnormality. Tula has three X and one Y chromosomes, instead of the normal patterns: XY for males, XX for females.

"So I could never have been a normal man. I could never have fathered a child, for instance. Chromosomally, my body seemed to be at war with itself."

The operation took place in London's Charing Cross Hospital on New Year's Eve, 1974, and Tula went back to Norfolk to convalesce at the home of her parents—who, after their initial shock at learning their son wanted to become their *(continued on page 158)*

Tula has never regretted the course of treatment that has changed her body into one in which she feels at home: that of a beautiful woman. She sees this feature as vindication of that status: "It's an honor to appear in *Playboy*. I'm very proud of it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

it may be slightly *outré*, it may not be politically correct, but not to ogle is not to live

HERE'S *LOOKING* AT YOU

"YOU'RE trying to look up her skirt."

"What did you say?"

"I said, you're trying to look up Susan's skirt."

"I am not! I most certainly am not!"

This exchange took place when I was in first grade. As I remember it, we were putting up Halloween decorations, with Susan Sharp standing on a chair and Betty Umberger and me handing crepe paper and thumbtacks up to her, when Betty made the accusation. I was acutely embarrassed. I was outraged by the injustice of Betty's remark; I didn't think I had been trying to look up Susan's skirt. My memory is still so bruised by the event that it insists I wanted to say something like, "Don't you know I'm a nice boy, and I haven't even begun thinking thoughts like that?"

Forty years later, I have to confess that I possess this distinct memory of Susan Sharp's legs in a plaid dress that I liked a lot. And as I recall Betty Umberger, she was a sensible and amiable girl, not a finger-pointing sort of person. It now seems likely that I was guilty as charged. The accuracy of the accusation was probably what made it sting so much.

That episode marks the beginning of my awareness of an inclination to look at women "that way." It doesn't have to be looking up skirts or looking down blouses to be looking with an erotic content, to be, in short, *ogling*.

But the past few years, I've had some disturbing insights into my ogling inclination. It suddenly came to me one day that if a young woman smiled at me, it did not necessarily mean she might be willing to go to bed with me. I don't even remember the occasion of that lightning bolt, but when it struck, it was a disillusionment of a high order. And with that flash of truth came the understanding that for years I had assumed that if a woman presented me with a pleasant expression, it meant that sexual negotiation with her was possible. So at least some of what was involved in my ogling was a shopping process, a sorting out of the ones who would from the ones who wouldn't. This had little to do with anybody's actually going to bed with anybody else; gathering the data was usually rewarding for its own sake—that one wouldn't, that one would, that one wouldn't and, ah, yes, that one would. But that I held such an assumption and behaved in such a way, even if in the privacy of my own brain, seems to me both comical and shameful; it also seems to me simply a characteristic of the species; male and female Homo sapiens are constructed to begin exploring mating suitability through eye contact and facial expression. So although I may disapprove of my ogling inclination and term it primitive, its origins are the ordinary working out of biological destiny.

Another insight that came to me along this line of inquiry was that

article By DAVID HUDDLE

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA OE BERAROINIS

my recognizing beauty in a woman drew me toward wanting to possess her—and by that I mean *possess*. The impulse seems connected to my earliest sexual fantasies, which had to do with *having* individual females the way I *had* my toys—holding them exclusively for myself, playing with them, controlling their every action and doing with them as I pleased.

Still more disturbing was my realization that merely witnessing a woman's beauty made me feel that I had some actual claim to possessing her. Just to see a pretty woman was, to some extent, to feel that she belonged to me. Yes, I know that versions of this feeling can lead to kidnaping, murderous jealousy, obsession, fixation. But my guess is that at least the shadow of that impulse is present in the psyches of most heterosexual males. It is the license claimed by those men who pinch a girl's ass on the street or who lean out of a car window to shout at her, "Hey, baby, want to fuck?" How else can we account for such overwhelmingly negative sexual strategies? If a man, even a crude man, really meant to initiate a sexual relationship, would he do it with a pinch or a shout from a car window? So why does he act that way? He acts out of the powerful illusion of possession; he behaves that way because a circuit of his brain tells him he has a right to do it. And interestingly enough, he acts that way because he knows it *won't* work, because he can be sexually aggressive without having to risk sexual performance.

A final late-arriving insight about my ogling is that when I see a woman's breast or see up her skirt, I am pulled toward an even deeper and more irrational illusion, the fancy that something intimate has been exchanged, that carnal knowledge has passed between the woman and me. Maybe an exchange *has* taken place if the woman has willingly offered the view, but it's more often the case that I've stolen the sight. I can't really say that I know what to make of this phenomenon, except that it has immense potential for misunderstanding between the seer and the seen. Such a misunderstanding might provoke a violent response from some men, though in my own case, I must say that I find the experience oddly pacifying: If I see a woman's breast, I'm likely to feel tender toward her, possessively tender, yes, but at least not violently inclined toward her.

Once, coming up a set of subway steps in midtown Manhattan, I looked up to see a woman standing with her back to the staircase railing, a woman a couple of yards from me wearing a miniskirt and no underpants. I didn't stop in my tracks to continue looking, but I did slow my pace considerably, and when I got to the street, I examined the woman with some care, a bottle blonde, around 30, with a hard, heavily made-up face. Her buttocks had expressed a greater innocence and deeper humanity than her face. For almost 20 years, I've remembered her as a stranger toward whose backside I felt a baffling surge of tenderness.

In a published essay, I once confessed the following:

> Walking on 56th Street one afternoon, I noticed that the young woman beside me, a stranger whom I perceived to be dressed in high fashion, wore her blouse unbuttoned in such a way that one of her breasts was wholly visible to me. I walked beside her long enough to decide she wasn't a prostitute; finally, I couldn't stop myself from asking her, "Excuse me, but why is your blouse unbuttoned like that?" and she delivered me a look like a hard right to the solar plexus. In such moments, I am so baffled by women that my teeth ache.

Several female friends of mine found my behavior and my writing about it offensive. They took pains to share their thoughts with me, but the most rewarding response to my confession came in a letter from a gentleman from Stony Brook, New York:

> Your last paragraph begs belief: You were baffled by her response? You "walked beside her long enough to decide she wasn't a prostitute" (doubtless peering fervently at her exposed breast!)? What alternative reasons did you conjecture to explain her unbuttoned blouse so that you had to ask which was correct? And did it really not occur to you that, in asking, you were being an offensive ass?

This was a chastising that I found so deeply satisfying that I almost wrote to the gentleman to thank him for it. But I also felt oddly righteous.

Mike, a character suffering no ogling confusion in Irwin Shaw's *The Girls in Their Summer Dresses*, makes a case for looking at women as a healthy-minded activity:

> I look at everything. God gave me eyes and I look at women and men in subway excavations and moving pictures and the little flowers of the field. I casually inspect the universe. . . . I look at women . . . correct. I don't say it's wrong or right. . . . I love the way women look. One of the things I like best about New York is the battalions of women. When I first came to New York from Ohio, that was the first thing I noticed, the million wonderful women all over the city. I walked around with my heart in my throat. . . . I still love to walk along Fifth Avenue at three o'clock on the east side of the street between Fiftieth and Fifty-seventh streets. They're all out then, shopping in their furs and their crazy hats, everything all concentrated from all over the world into seven blocks—the best furs, the best clothes, the handsomest women, out to spend money and feeling good about it. . . . I like the girls in the offices. Neat, with their eyeglasses, smart, chipper, knowing what everything is about. I like the girls on Forty-fourth Street at lunchtime, the actresses, all dressed up on nothing a week. I like the salesgirls in the stores, paying attention to you first because you're a man, leaving lady customers waiting. . . . I feel as though I'm at a picnic in this city. I like to sit near the women in the theaters, the famous beauties who've taken six hours to get ready and look it. And the young girls at football games, with the red cheeks, and when the warm weather comes, the girls in their summer dresses. . . . That's the story.

I want to identify with Mike. I want to look at women, and I want women to take my looking as a sign that I appreciate them more deeply than the men who don't. But I lack Mike's clear feelings on the matter.

Of course, much of what I'm talking about is manners. When you're about to go out to dinner to celebrate your wedding anniversary and your wife comes downstairs in her pretty new dress and you give her a whistle and a look and tell her, "Lady, I can hardly wait to help you take that dress off," who can say you're not the admirable diplomat of that occasion? And if you notice, as she comes into your office to discuss the grant proposal she's writing with you, that your female co-worker has just gotten her hair done, is it not appropriate to remark, "Hey, Genevieve, you look terrific today"? The social code encourages such acceptable looking. But if your female co-worker comes into your office in her pretty new dress and you give her a whistle and tell her, "Genevieve, I can hardly wait to help you take that dress off," nowadays, you're likely to find yourself quoting Shaw at a sexual-harassment hearing.

•

As the father of a teenaged daughter, I've come to understand that the matter

(continued on page 169)

"Maybe I can chip out of this stuff, and then get home with a three iron . . . but even if I carry the water hazard and the sand traps, I'm still staring at double bogey. Wanna fuck?"

SAY IT AGAIN, SAM

miss september has a message: there's more to life than just being pretty

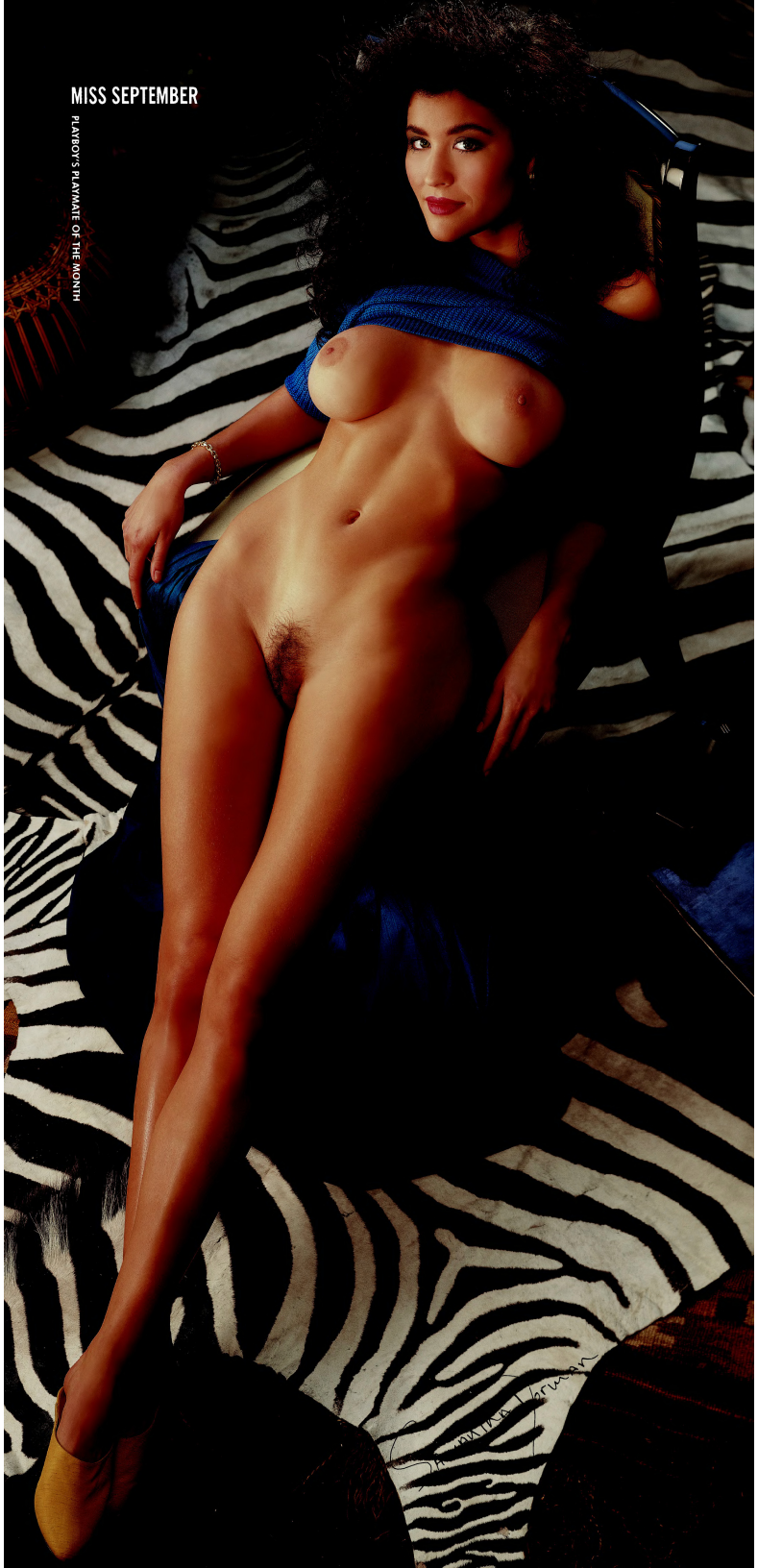
ATTENTION, REGULAR GUYS: Samantha Dorman, our Miss September, would rather hang out with you than with the jet setters she met in the modeling world. Especially if you're interested in saving the environment. It's not that she regrets her seven years of modeling: "It taught me what my values really are. Now I realize that I'd rather spend a year saving birds from an oil slick than posing for a camera. My taste in men has also changed. When I was younger, I admired flashy guys in expensive cars, but along the way, I found out that most men like that are jerks. Now I'd much rather be with an ordinary guy who has a good sense of humor." Sam, as she prefers to be called, was a 16-year-old student at Keswick Christian High School in her home

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

town of St. Petersburg, Florida, when a rep from a Tampa modeling agency discovered her in the popcorn line at a local movie theater. Soon she was working regularly, modeling everything from skis to mink coats. "The mink assignment was in the summer, in very hot weather, so I didn't wear anything under the coat except a bra and panties. I felt kind of silly wearing a fur coat and underwear," she recalls. Having risen through the modeling ranks to the glitzy Wilhelmina Agency in New York (you've seen her in diet Coke and facial-scrub TV commercials), Sam had but one unfulfilled professional goal: posing for *Playboy*. So on a visit to Chicago to see her then boyfriend, a professional football player, she contacted Associate

Photography Editor Michael Ann Sullivan. No fool she, Michael Ann immediately dispatched the 5'10" Sam to our photo studio to pose for the cover of our July issue, which features *The Height Report*, a pictorial on tall women. Her dream fulfilled, Sam plans to enter college and major in marine biology—with a minor in communications. Her interest in working with wildlife stems from her childhood: "As long as I can remember, my mother and my older sister have been rescuing and adopting lost and injured animals—cats, dogs, whatever. When I was little, I wanted to be a veterinarian." While waiting to enter school, Sam has been busy working for her father, a Christmas-tree farmer and restaurateur, at his new barbecue eatery in North Carolina. "It has the best barbecued-pork sandwich in the world," she claims. Just what we ordinary guys ordered.

"When I was a little girl," says Sam, "I used to sneak peeks at my dad's copies of *Playboy*. Those women looked so perfect to me, almost like goddesses. The idea of ever becoming a Playmate seemed impossible. How do I feel now that I'm a Playmate? I won't believe it until I actually see the magazine." Sam, who played three sports in high school, gets up at five daily to run. "I'm pretty fast," she admits. "Long legs help."


MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Samantha Leah Dorman

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5' 10" WEIGHT: 135

BIRTH DATE: 3-21-68 BIRTHPLACE: Lakeland, Fl.

AMBITIONS: To continue modeling, Earn my degree in Marine Biology, To stay happy and always healthy.

TURN-ONS: Traveling, Pink Roses, Animals, Sunsets, Good health, Clean fresh air, Sharing good times with good friends.

TURN-OFFS: Environmental Abuse, Ignorance, People who can't be trusted.

PEOPLE I ADMIRE: My Mother and Father, Jacques Cousteau, Jane Goodall.

FAVORITE FOODS: Vegetables, Seafood, lots of fruit, popcorn and chocolate-Chip Cookies-mmm... my favorite.

IDEAL MAN: Is intelligent, honest, kind at heart, loves children and animals, plays sports and is physically fit.

FAVORITE ACTORS: Meryl Streep, Sean Connery, Shirley Machaine, Robert De Niro.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: I like a little bit of everything. I guess it just depends on my mood.

Carefree in the Sixth Grade.

Ooh, I like being a damsel in distress.

Ready for the High School Dance.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Harlen, I want you to buy me a divorce," the Texan boomed to his attorney. "That wife of mine ain't behavin' right. She's *my* woman and she's supposed to do what I say."

"Well, R.J., a wife isn't exactly property, you know," the lawyer said. "You don't own her the way you own an oil well."

"Maybe not," R.J. conceded, "but I damn well oughta have exclusive drilling rights."

Sign allegedly spotted on the edge of the Florida Kennedy compound: TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED.

An animal lover was browsing in a pet store when he noticed a beautiful myna bird in a cage. "Hello, pretty bird," he chirped.

"Screw you, buddy," squawked the bird.

The manager went over to apologize, explaining that the bird was hopelessly foul-mouthed.

"Let me take him home for a week," the customer said, "and I promise he'll be trained and polite when he returns."

A week later, the customer took the myna back and assured the manager that he had trained the bird with the help of strings tied to each of its legs. "Try pulling the string on the right leg," he suggested.

The manager tugged at the string and the bird said, "Good morning, sir." He gave a little jerk to the other string and the bird said, "Lovely day, sir."

"That's amazing, just amazing!" the manager exclaimed. "What would happen if I pulled both strings?"

"I'd fall on my fuckin' ass, you stupid schmuck!" the bird screeched.

How is a football game like oral sex? Whoever wins the toss usually elects to receive.

Two retirees sat down for breakfast. "How you feeling, Sam?" one asked.

"I'm exhausted," was the reply. "I pulled a muscle in the bathroom this morning."

"That shouldn't make you so tired."

"It would if you pulled it a hundred fifty times."

How many pro-lifers does it take to screw in a light bulb? Six: one to screw in the bulb and five to testify that it was lit as soon as the screwing started.

Good evening, ladies," Sherlock Holmes said as he passed three women eating bananas on a park bench.

"Did you know them?" Dr. Watson asked.

"No," Holmes replied, "I've never met the nun, the prostitute or the bride we just passed."

"Good Lord, Holmes, how in the world did you know all that?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson. The nun ate the banana by holding it in one hand and using the fingers of the other to properly break the fruit into small pieces. The prostitute," he continued, "grabbed it with both hands and crammed the whole thing into her mouth."

"Amazing!" Watson exclaimed. "But how did you know the third was a newlywed?"

"Because she held it in one hand and pushed her head toward it with the other."

What's the definition of Iraqi air space? The area between Saddam Hussein's ears.

The 72-year-old mohel was horrified to find his hands beginning to shake, a serious liability in the circumcision business. He decided to see if he could get an insurance policy.

A week later, his agent called him. "Moishe," he said, "I've got some good news and some bad news."

"Let's have it," the nervous mohel replied.

"The good news is, I can get you a million-dollar policy for one hundred dollars a year."

Sighing with relief, the mohel asked, "So what's the bad news?"

"There's a two-inch deductible."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"All right, so it didn't work out so well in Hollywood—you're still the best damn cop on the force!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAY ZUKERKORN

FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

classic looks are heating up in these cool economic times

***fashion* By HOLLIS WAYNE**

WITH PRICES of men's clothes still on the rise and the economy sluggish, now's the time to opt for the classics—quality styles that stand the test of time. Here's the rundown on what's making headlines. *Suits, sports coats and outerwear:* Traditional colors, such as blue and gray, are back and hot; so are the olive hues and forest greens. The silhouette

Head-to-toe blue is the cool look for fall. The outfit at left features a wool-and-viscose two-to-button double-breasted suit (another style that's making a comeback), $850, and a cotton-broadcloth dress shirt, $95, both by Hugo Boss; plus a silk pocket square, by Salvatore Ferragamo, $60; a silk twill tapestry-print tie, by Joseph Abboud, about $70; and nubuck lace-up shoes, by Charles Jourdan, $170. Can't get enough of the new blues? Check out the accessories pictured at right. Clockwise from far right: Patchwork silk scarf with circle-and-half-moon pattern, by Dolce & Gabbana, $275. Silk deco-print tie, by Vestimenta, $68. Silk Jacquard star-print tie, by Hugo Boss, $65. Chronometric watch with leather band, by Breitling, $2300. Sterling-silver cuff links with fired-enamel center, by Kerry MacBride, $140. Leather agenda, by Louis Vuitton, $272. Nubuck shoes, by To Boot, $225. Tortoise eyeglass frames, by Eagle Eyewear, about $120.

for tailored jackets is soft and slouchy, with sloping shoulders. Double-breasted models now feature a higher button stance and a fit that's close yet comfortable. (The single-breasted three-button jacket is also making a comeback.) For something different, check out the overjacket—an unconstructed, oversized coat that's roomy enough to wear over a sweater or a sports jacket. Earth-toned nubuck or suede car-coat-length outerwear is also a wise buy, as it can be worn with a suit or with jeans. *Shirts and*

For that first chill, before you break out your winter coat, try layering to keep you warm and looking sharp. At left: A lamb's-wool single-breasted three-button overjacket, $490, with a nylon four-button houndstooth sports coat, $750, a cashmere-and-Angora geometric-patterned cardigan vest, $400, a rayon buttondown sport shirt, $120, wide-wale-corduroy pleated and cuffed trousers, $185, and silk knit tie, $62, all by Joseph Abboud; plus a nubuck Western-style belt, by Jandreani Americana, $36; and nubuck shoes, by Giorgio Armani, $390. Move on to greener accessory pastures with some of the accouterments on the following page. Clockwise from top right: Calfskin Twenties retro shoeshine kit with brass closures, by Goldpfeil, from the Tradition Collection, $995. Fringed cashmere scarf with diamond print, by Loro Piana, $250. Sunglasses, by Oliver Peoples, $215. Suede cashmere-lined gloves, by Loro Piana, $395. Fountain pen with high-gloss finish and gold trim, by Waterman Pen, $290. Calfskin address book, by Goldpfeil, from the Tradition Collection, about $70. Suede lace-up ankle boots, by Andrea Getty for Jandreani, $220. Swiss-cotton pocket square, Persian-rug pattern, by Ferrell Reed, $30.

Where &
How to Buy on poge 178.

sweaters: Look for Nineties versions of the Sixties patchwork sport shirt (see *Style* on page 28). And for dress shirts, consider soft-collared models in solid blue or white and at least one with French cuffs, because cuff links are once again an important accessory. Layering is one of the sharpest styles this season, but don't run out and buy a new wardrobe just to achieve the look. Instead, mix what you already have—a sports jacket and a chambray shirt, for example—with a new sweater vest. For a no-fail combo, team a textured and patterned cardigan or pullover sweater with melange-tweeded trousers. *Shoes and accessories:* Pick patterned ties in shades of blue, a pair of green-suede boots and some classic blue-suede dress shoes that Elvis would have envied.

Left: Nothing's sharper than this lambskin-suede two-color cor coat with notch collar, patch pockets and quilted lining, about $1150, melange-twill wool/rayon pleated trousers with side-buckled Hollywood waistband, about $200, and melange bouclé-knit rayon/wool crew-neck sweater, $110, oll by Bill Robinson; plus suede loce-up desert boots with leather lining and leather soles, by Cole-Haan, about $245. Outdoor clothes ore looking better and better: At right, a nubuck waterproof hunting coat with cotton corduroy collar and alpaca-and-cotton-twill lining, $775, wool herringbone double-pleoted trousers, $150, both by Timberland; a multicolored cotton buttondown potchwork sport shirt, by Dolce & Gabbona, $350; and a soddle-leather belt with double loops ond a pewter buckle, by Halcyon, about $75.

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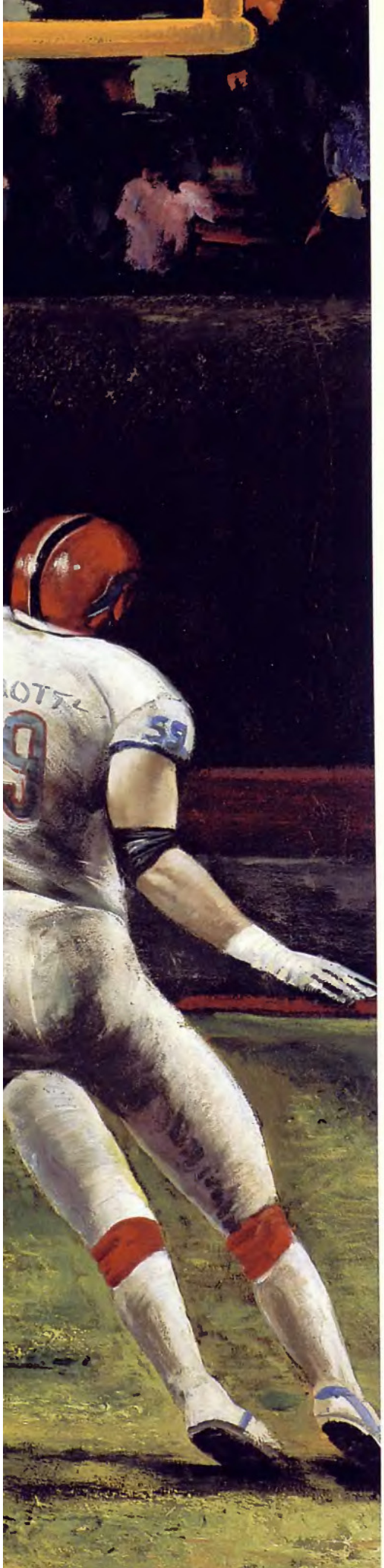
NFL
PARKER
79
14



sports By GARY COLE

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

the winners and losers in this season's n.f.l. wars

BEFORE WE BEGIN, we want to make some promises: We promise not to refer to any football game as "the mother of" anything. We promise not to compare ineptly thrown footballs to Scud missiles and we will studiously avoid any discussion of General Norman Schwarzkopf's potential as a coach. Further, you won't find a single Zeke Mowatt/Patriot missile joke. And we'll resist any diatribe about N.F.L. commissioner Paul Tagliabue's boo-boo over the Phoenix/Super Bowl site/Martin Luther King, Jr., holiday brouhaha. We also promise not to bore you with the final standings of last spring's first World League of America Football season.

As long as we're at it, let's skip the howling over how overpaid some football players are and how, off the field, not all would qualify for Mister Rogers' neighborhood. Some players are models of comportment, some are jerks. We shouldn't expect them to be saints unless they play in New Orleans.

OK, you're asking, if I'm not going to read about that stuff, what else is there? How about some rule changes enacted by N.F.L. owners in the off season? The Ickey Shuffle, invented by Cincinnati fullback Ickey Woods to toast his occasional successes on the field, was ruled a no-no. However, the rule doesn't affect the Benson Boogie, that celebratory dance invented by choreographer and Saints owner Tom Benson.

And, oh, yeah, no talkin' after the game. Participants, who include players, coaches, trainers, doctors and ball boys, and who may or may not include the guys who hold the sticks along the side lines, shall not fraternize in the middle of the field when the game is over. Offenders will be fined. According to New Orleans Saints general manager Jim Finks, chairman of the competition committee, the rule enforcement was needed to eliminate postgame "conventions," where information—about the best restaurants in town—was undoubtedly being exchanged. Finks said that sincerely emotional reunions, such as those between players and/or coaches now on opposing teams, can still be held off the field, outside the dressing rooms—presumably because N.F.L. dressing rooms are so full of female reporters. He said nothing about where insincere reunions could be held.

The in-the-grasp rule was also amended. Instead of whistling a play dead as soon as a quarterback is clearly in the grasp and control of a tackler, officials can now wait to stop play until the safety of the quarterback is in jeopardy—either from an approaching second tackler or from someone strolling onto the field with a firearm.

Then there's the Mark Carrier rule, drawn up after the Bears scored a draft-day coup last season by negotiating with three prospective picks and concluding a deal with one, defensive back Carrier—before he was selected. The coup looked even sweeter when Carrier went on to become N.F.C. Defensive Rookie of the Year. The new rule prohibits teams from negotiating with potential draft picks before actually selecting them—unless a team owns the first over-all pick, or is moments from selecting a player on draft day, or finds a way to sneak around the rule when nobody's looking.

Now, with the new rules straight, what else is there? Well, we could always take a look at this season's likely winners and losers. And, remember, we didn't promise not to make fun of Buddy Ryan.

It has been seven long years since an A.F.C. team won the Super Bowl. After years of Broncos futility, it was the Bills' turn in Super Bowl XXV. They lost, but it was no blowout. Now the big guys from the N.F.C. are growing wary. "The Bills play D like an N.F.C. club," a few have remarked. A few other A.F.C. teams—the Chiefs, the Dolphins, the Raiders—aren't far behind. It won't be long before the Lombardi Trophy,

With only seconds left in Super Bowl XXV, Buffalo Bills kicker Scott Norwood pushes what would have been the winning field goal wide right. The Giants won that game 20–19, but the Bills are our favorites to win this season's Super Bowl.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHUCK WALKER

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Eastern Division.....Buffalo Bills
Central Division.....Cincinnati Bengals
Western Division.....Kansas City Chiefs
Wild Cards.....Miami Dolphins
Houston Oilers
Los Angeles Raiders
A.F.C. Champion.....Buffalo Bills

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Eastern Division.....Washington Redskins
Central Division.....Chicago Bears
Western Division.....San Francisco 49ers
Wild Cards.....New York Giants
Minnesota Vikings
Philadelphia Eagles
N.F.C. Champion.....Washington Redskins

SUPER BOWL CHAMPION.....Buffalo Bills

PLAYBOY'S 1991 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

Joe Montana, San Francisco.....Quarterback
Barry Sanders, Detroit.....Running Back
Neal Anderson, Chicago.....Running Back
Jerry Rice, San Francisco.....Wide Receiver
Andre Rison, Atlanta.....Wide Receiver
Keith Jackson, Philadelphia.....Tight End
Randall McDaniel, Minnesota.....Guard
Bruce Matthews, Houston.....Guard
Jim Lachey, Washington.....Tackle
Paul Gruber, Tampa Bay.....Tackle
Kent Hull, Buffalo.....Center

DEFENSE

Reggie White, Philadelphia.....End
Bruce Smith, Buffalo.....End
Ray Childress, Houston.....Tackle
Derrick Thomas, Kansas City.....Outside Linebacker
Charles Haley, San Francisco.....Outside Linebacker
Vaughan Johnson, New Orleans.....Inside Linebacker
David Little, Pittsburgh.....Inside Linebacker
Darrell Green, Washington.....Cornerback
Rod Woodson, Pittsburgh.....Cornerback
Joey Browner, Minnesota.....Safety
Mark Carrier, Chicago.....Safety

SPECIALTIES

Nick Lowery, Kansas City.....Place Kicker
Sean Landeta, New York Giants.....Punter
David Meggett, New York Giants.....Kick Returner
Clarence Verdin, Indianapolis.....Punt Returner
Reyna Thompson, New York Giants.....Special Teams

symbol of pro-football dominance, sits on the mantel of an A.F.C. franchise.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Buffalo Bills	13–3
Miami Dolphins	12–4
New York Jets	5–11
Indianapolis Colts	4–12
New England Patriots	3–13

For the **Buffalo Bills,** last season was nearly perfect—15 wins in 19 regular- and post-season games, dream seasons for quarterback Jim Kelly and running back Thurman Thomas. But two little words have echoed in the ears of Bills coach Marv Levy since the clock showed 0:04, with the Bills down 20–19 to the Giants last January 27: wide right. That's where Scott Norwood kicked the ball as the season ended. Still, Norwood isn't to blame for Buffalo's Super Bowl defeat. The Giants found the perfect way to defend the Bills' explosive offense: They didn't let it on the field, holding the ball for more than 40 minutes.

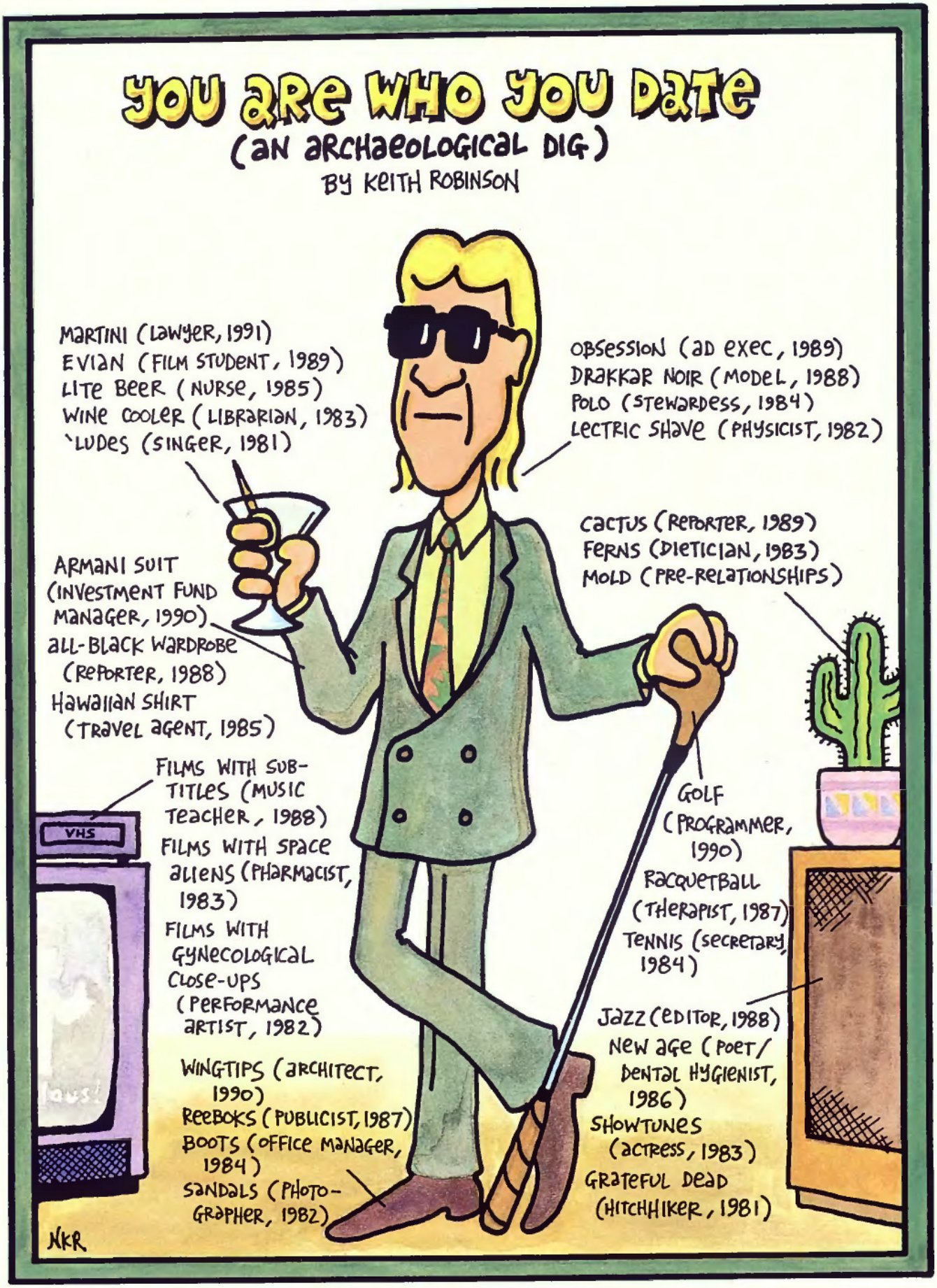
Going into this season, the Bills are full of talent and hope. Kelly, who threw 24 touchdown passes and just nine interceptions, is backed up by the capable Frank Reich. Thomas, who finished just seven yards behind league leader Barry Sanders, can be spelled by underrated Kenneth Davis. Wide receiver Andre Reed is young and swift; James Lofton, old and swift. The offensive line, anchored by center Kent Hull, allowed only 27 sacks last season.

On defense, Bruce Smith is really as good as he says he is. Cornelius Bennett should have a super year at linebacker. The Bills drafted Henry Jones from Illinois to beef up the defensive backfield.

The Bills must maintain their one-happy-family atmosphere—a welcome relief last season after previous clubhouse bickering. The defensive line must get stronger up the middle so it can stop the power-possession style of attack the Giants threw at the Bills. All the pieces are there—all Buffalo has to do is do it.

The **Miami Dolphins** made the playoffs last season for the first time since 1985, squelching rumors that coaching legend Don Shula was looking for a retirement condo next door to Tom Landry. Shula seems to have patched things up with Dan Marino, the quarterback with the perfect-fitting gloves. Marino, who in recent years expressed a desire to be traded to a Super Bowl contender, has evidently decided the Dolphins may now be one. And he may well be the reason. Marino led his team to a respectable 12–4 season and a

(continued on page 170)


YOU ARE WHO YOU DATE
(AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG)
BY KEITH ROBINSON
MARTINI (LAWYER, 1991)
EVIAN (FILM STUDENT, 1989)
LITE BEER (NURSE, 1985)
WINE COOLER (LIBRARIAN, 1983)
`LUDES (SINGER, 1981)
OBSESSION (AD EXEC, 1989)
DRAKKAR NOIR (MODEL, 1988)
POLO (STEWARDESS, 1984)
LECTRIC SHAVE (PHYSICIST, 1982)
CACTUS (REPORTER, 1989)
FERNS (DIETICIAN, 1983)
MOLD (PRE-RELATIONSHIPS)
ARMANI SUIT (INVESTMENT FUND MANAGER, 1990)
ALL-BLACK WARDROBE (REPORTER, 1988)
HAWAIIAN SHIRT (TRAVEL AGENT, 1985)
FILMS WITH SUB-TITLES (MUSIC TEACHER, 1988)
VHS
FILMS WITH SPACE ALIENS (PHARMACIST, 1983)
FILMS WITH GYNECOLOGICAL CLOSE-UPS (PERFORMANCE ARTIST, 1982)
GOLF (PROGRAMMER, 1990)
RACQUETBALL (THERAPIST, 1987)
TENNIS (SECRETARY, 1984)
JAZZ (EDITOR, 1988)
NEW AGE (POET/DENTAL HYGIENIST, 1986)
SHOWTUNES (ACTRESS, 1983)
GRATEFUL DEAD (HITCHHIKER, 1981)
WINGTIPS (ARCHITECT, 1990)
REEBOKS (PUBLICIST, 1987)
BOOTS (OFFICE MANAGER, 1984)
SANDALS (PHOTOGRAPHER, 1982)
NKR

PLAYBOY PROFILE

microsoft's boy billionaire is being forced to grow up the hard way

BILL GATES SOFT ICON

NOT LONG AGO, on one of his infrequent vacations, William H. Gates III lay soaking up sun on an exotic Brazilian beach, surrounded by a sea of distractions, including Brazil's fabled women. Normally, it would be an idyllic setting for an eligible bachelor, particularly one who is America's youngest self-made multibillionaire. A chance to swim and party with some of the locals—but most of all, a chance to relax and let his mind go blank.

Unless you're Bill Gates.

For the 35-year-old chairman of Microsoft, the world's largest computer-software company, vacations are a problem. Once, he considered them a sign of weakness, occasions to miss out on irretrievable opportunities for Microsoft to outdo the competition. Now he'll grudgingly take pleasure trips, but only after assigning them motifs.

"One of our trips had a physics theme," remembers Ann Winblad, a former girlfriend. "We collected tapes of guys like Richard Feynman and read all sorts of books." In Brazil, while the sun shone and beautiful women cavorted around him, Gates buried his nose in *Molecular Biology of the Gene*, by James D. Watson.

The single-mindedness that drives Gates to turn a vacation into study hall has also made him—and his company—the most powerful force in the world of computer software. Microsoft will probably generate sales of 1.6 billion dollars this year, more than its top four competitors combined. "He's the single most influential figure in the computer industry," said *The Wall Street Journal*.

"Gates reminds me of the 19th Century industrial barons who, by force of will and business genius, built the oil, steel and banking monopolies," wrote analyst Stewart Alsop.

The computer industry is also full of people who think that Gates has become too successful for his own good—and theirs. Apple Computer is suing Microsoft, claiming its best-selling Windows 3.0 program violates Apple's copyright. Gates's lengthy alliance with IBM, which served as the bedrock for Microsoft's success, has been severed, and IBM has switched from patron to competitor. But those are minor inconveniences compared with the biggest problem Gates faces. The Federal Trade Commission has launched an investigation into Microsoft's alleged monopolistic and unfair business practices.

While the FTC won't comment and Microsoft claims the probe is limited to one development arrangement it had with IBM that has since been disbanded, other software publishers claim to have been interviewed by the FTC. They say the investigation is much broader and a few even predict that omnipotent Microsoft may ultimately be split into two weaker companies. That prospect, while grim to Gates, has left some competitors smiling.

"Bill Gates is a megalomaniac," one software manufacturer told the *Los Angeles Times* when the FTC probe was announced. "[He] wants to win at everything he does."

"Bill wants to have as much of the software industry as he can swallow," said another. "And he's got a very big appetite."

"Microsoft throws its weight around in unpleasant ways sometimes," added an industry analyst. "But just being successful isn't illegal."

From the outcry against him, you'd think Gates was the robber baron of the information age. But not everyone agrees with that assessment.

"He's one part Albert Einstein, one part John McEnroe and one part General Patton," says Heidi Roizen, a friend and competitor.

Gates pauses for a moment when told that description. "That's very complimentary," he says with a smile. "Must be somebody who likes me."

•

Go ahead, call Bill Gates a nerd. *The Wall Street Journal* did. Twice. On its front page.

Gates wears thick, boxy glasses; his characteristically uncombed sandy brown hair shrouds his forehead and obscures his eyebrows. His face has lost some of its boyishness from years of obsessive overwork. His chin doubles and he could use some color to offset the gray indoor pallor. It's not likely he'd be noticed across a crowded room.

"His mom used to color-coordinate his clothes, like Garanimals-type things, pin them together," recalls Winblad fondly. "So he'll be beige one day, green the next. Sometimes his clothes are even the wrong size." Once, Gates arrived at Winblad's North Carolina beach house for a vacation—without a suitcase. She took him shopping at the Ben Franklin store in Kitty Hawk, purchasing four pairs of four-dollar shorts. "He wore those shorts for two years," she says.

Not surprisingly, most meals are consumed at Gates's desk. At home, he gravitates toward take-out pizza and SpaghettiOs, and when he does go out for dinner, he doesn't travel far, usually hitting a Thai restaurant near the Microsoft headquarters in Redmond, Washington. He hasn't eaten meat for four years—one of his self-imposed tests of discipline, like not watching TV. Over the years, as befits a billionaire, he has developed at least one sophisticated habit: drinking Dom Pérignon. He keeps half a dozen bottles in his refrigerator at all times. But if you spill some around him, don't be surprised if he quickly estimates the dollar value of your waste. (The average *faux pas* is approximately seven dollars.)

Actually, Gates is more prototype than stereotype; he's the nerd fully matriculated. He isn't uncoordinated, bereft of social graces or shy with women. But he is eccentric. Steve Ballmer, a senior Microsoft executive and close friend, remembers when he and Gates *(continued on page 146)*

By David Rensin

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

THE BARBI TWINS ARE A COUPLE OF DOLLS YOU'LL NEVER OUTGROW

SEEING DOUBLE

HOLLYWOOD began seeing double late in 1989. That's when a hugely voluptuous billboard went up on Sunset Boulevard—a goddess-sized pair of blonde, nearly nude beauties over two mysterious words: BARBI TWINS. Who were they? No one seemed to know, but their impact was instant. Dazzled motorists turned Sunset into a small-scale demolition derby. The billboard, stage one of the twins' plan to become world-wide celebrities, had done its work: They were the buzz of a town that buzzes for a living. Now television calls them a "marketing miracle." To the *Star* tabloid, they are the "high-voltage Barbis with the living-doll looks." Prospective agents and managers look at them and see gold doubloons. To their fans, the Barbis are a double fantasy come to life. And to you, the reader, Shane and Sia Barbi are the latest in a procession of future stars you met right here in *Playboy*. Who are they? Identical twins from San Diego, 28 years old. "I'm six minutes older," says Shane, the athletic twin. "I'm the *young* one," says Sia. Both twins call Sia "the sensualist." Physically, they are so similar that their parents can't tell them apart. Mentally, they are as sharp as tacks—which shocks stereotypists who expect buxom blondes to say little more than "duh"—and funny, too. Looking at their photos, Sia says, "Sometimes we can't tell ourselves apart, but if one of us looks a little chubby, that's Shane." Delightful to interview, lovely to view, they're a new binary star over the Hollywood hills. Like most twins, they share a kind of ESP. "We like to finish each other's——" Shane says. "Sentences," says Sia. In 1989 B.C. (before celebrity), they were belly dancers, rotating their hips for $20 tips at Middle East festivals from San Francisco to Washington, D.C. Few California girls belly-dance, but the sultry discipline suited them. "It's hypnotic," says Shane. She can still do a back bend called the Turkish drop and place a half-dozen quarters in a circle around her navel and flip them using nothing but her stomach muscles. Sia isn't quite so adept. "I can do only four quarters," she says, "but I'll let you keep the change." In 1989, they quit performing for small change. The billboard was followed by a poster and a torrid *Barbi Twins* calendar—too sexy for some stores, says Sia—that outsold 336 of Landmark Calendars' 342 offerings. Soon, Shane and Sia were awash in business—and personal—propositions from agents, producers and at least one amorous rock star. They haven't signed away their futures yet. They're in no hurry; and with their fast start, quick wit and Olympian looks, the world may beat a path to their door.

Sia (top left, facing page) and Shane Barbi are sudden celebs. They'd love to be comic-book heroines; tabloid gossip has them joining Schwarzenegger and Stallone in an upcoming film. They live in Malibu, where they sun-bathe nude on the beach. That scene wasn't hot enough for photographer Kal Yee, who jetted Shane and Sia to Maui for their *Playboy* debut and caught them at their barest.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KAL

There are advantages to being a twin: "We dated the same man and never told him we were two people," says Sia. The man, a noted pro athlete based in L.A., thought his lover was inexhaustible. "Shane's athletic and I'm very sensuous. We took turns." There are drawbacks to twindom as well: "We started wondering which of us would go to the wedding, and which would get the honeymoon," Shane says. That affair ended before the jock became an unsuspecting bigamist. Says Shane, "We had to stop being codependent!" She and Sia (seen here and on the next seven pages—that's Shane on the left, or is it the right?) seldom agree about men. "I go for intelligence," says Shane. "Right," Sia says. "She likes nerds. I like *bad boys*." Eggheads and hunks agree: There's something for every man in this dynamic duo. Just don't be hypnotized by appearances. The Barbi twins are more than Barbi dolls. Shane and Sia are savvy.

BILL GATES *(continued from page 134)*

"As one Los Angeles software retailer put it, 'Gates is the ultimate propeller head.'"

were at Harvard. "He never put sheets on his bed. He went home for Christmas vacation with the door to his room open, the lights on, money on the desk, the windows open."

Or, as one Los Angeles software retailer put it, "Gates is the ultimate propeller head."

You wouldn't know that Gates is America's ninth richest person by visiting his home. At the moment, he dwells austerely in a modest house in Seattle. He still leaves his bed unmade. When he's home—after a 12-to-15-hour workday—he reads. He can recite pages from *Catcher in the Rye* and *The Great Gatsby*. When an author engages him, Gates will consume the entire *oeuvre*. When he turns on the tube, it's not to watch TV but to check out his massive film collection on video. He started by buying every Best Picture Oscar winner. He used to spend Saturday nights watching video tapes of university physics lectures.

"I have nothing against TV," he explains. "It's purely a time-allocation decision."

•

Much of Gates's impact, at least at the outset, had a lot to do with his appearance. For years, executives were shocked to walk into a meeting chaired by someone who looked like a teenager. But Gates quickly demonstrated to everyone who met him—from the blue suits at IBM to the computer guerrillas—that, juvenile looks notwithstanding, he was consumed with winning, he hated to be wrong, he thrived under pressure. This was a predatory capitalist brainiac who saw business strategy in terms of global corporate geopolitics. He was committed to the long term and loved to play corporate chess. He was a master at forming alliances between Microsoft and rival business factions, leveraging one against the other.

"Bill is simply a lot smarter than anyone else," says Paul Maritz, one of the company's handful of top-level programmers, called architects, who, like scientific cabinet ministers, advise Gates on how to fulfill Microsoft's grand corporate mission: *to write the software that puts a computer on every desk in every home*. "We're not talking about ordinary mortals. We're talking genius level. He's able to process tremendous amounts of information and talk to you intelligently on almost any topic."

Although beset by massive responsibilities as C.E.O., Gates relishes nothing as much as disassembling the bits and bytes of computer code with his programmers. He easily holds his own in the technological trenches. "He won't get any respect because he's Bill Gates," says Maritz. "He gets respect because he can take those guys to the cleaners."

And yet, according to Bill Machrone, editor and publisher of *PC Magazine*, the most widespread conception of Gates remains that he's 19 years old. Even as he edges toward middle age, he is still called the boy billionaire. Of the two words, Gates clearly favors the former. "I like to think of myself as youthful and willing to challenge the way things have been done," he says. The latter is unsettling. "Billionaire is, uh, mathematically accurate, but it has a tendency to imply that the reason I like my job has something to do with the economic value it's created, which would be completely off the mark."

So what's in it for Gates? "The whole notion that you can create a company and have a lot of impact is *fun*," he says.

•

The episode that made Gates a computing cynosure is already part of industry mythology. In 1980, Microsoft cut a deal to provide IBM with the basic operating software (MS-DOS—Microsoft Disk Operating System) for all its personal computers. If you own or use an IBM or IBM-compatible PC, you can't live without Gates. And neither can your computer.

At the time, Microsoft was a 38-person company and the leader in providing programming languages for personal computers, which it supplied to IBM. It could not, however, supply the basic operating system, so Gates sent IBM to a competitor, Digital Research, Inc. DRI was already well established with CP/M, the operating system that ran many early eight-bit desktop computers. IBM was also planning to base its PC on an eight-bit CPU (central processing unit, the chip at the computer's heart). Gates, in a secondary strategy move, persuaded IBM to use the more powerful 16-bit chip, the Intel 8088, in its new PC.

Next, his partner, Microsoft cofounder Paul Allen (currently owner of the Portland Trailblazers), found some operating-system software that had been recently developed by a small firm, Seattle Computer Products. Microsoft bought it for $50,000 and hired the creator. Gates told his mother she wouldn't see him for six months because he was going to work 24 hours a day to get the IBM business. When IBM was ready to negotiate the operating-system deal—luckily for Gates, DRI's top man was unreachable in Europe on vacation—the nod went to Gates. This time, Microsoft—and its operating system—was ready.

In 1981, IBM designated MS-DOS (renamed PC-DOS 1.0) as the soul of its new machine. Microsoft would collect a royalty on each copy sold, as well as on the MS-BASIC programming language it provided. And both were included with every personal computer. Today, MS-DOS runs on 60,000,000-plus machines world-wide, and the royalties are estimated at $200,000,000 per year.

But Gates didn't want to be dependent only on IBM's annuity. In a bold move, he asked if he could license MS-DOS to *other* PC manufacturers. IBM allowed it, hoping the spread of its operating system would help deflect Apple Computer's inroads into the PC market. But Gates did more than lobby other manufacturers to buy MS-DOS. He eventually persuaded some, such as Compaq Computer—the most successful computer start-up company of the Eighties—to make their machines *truly* IBM compatible, so that any software written for the IBM could run on all such machines. The PC clone market was born, and MS-DOS sold like crazy.

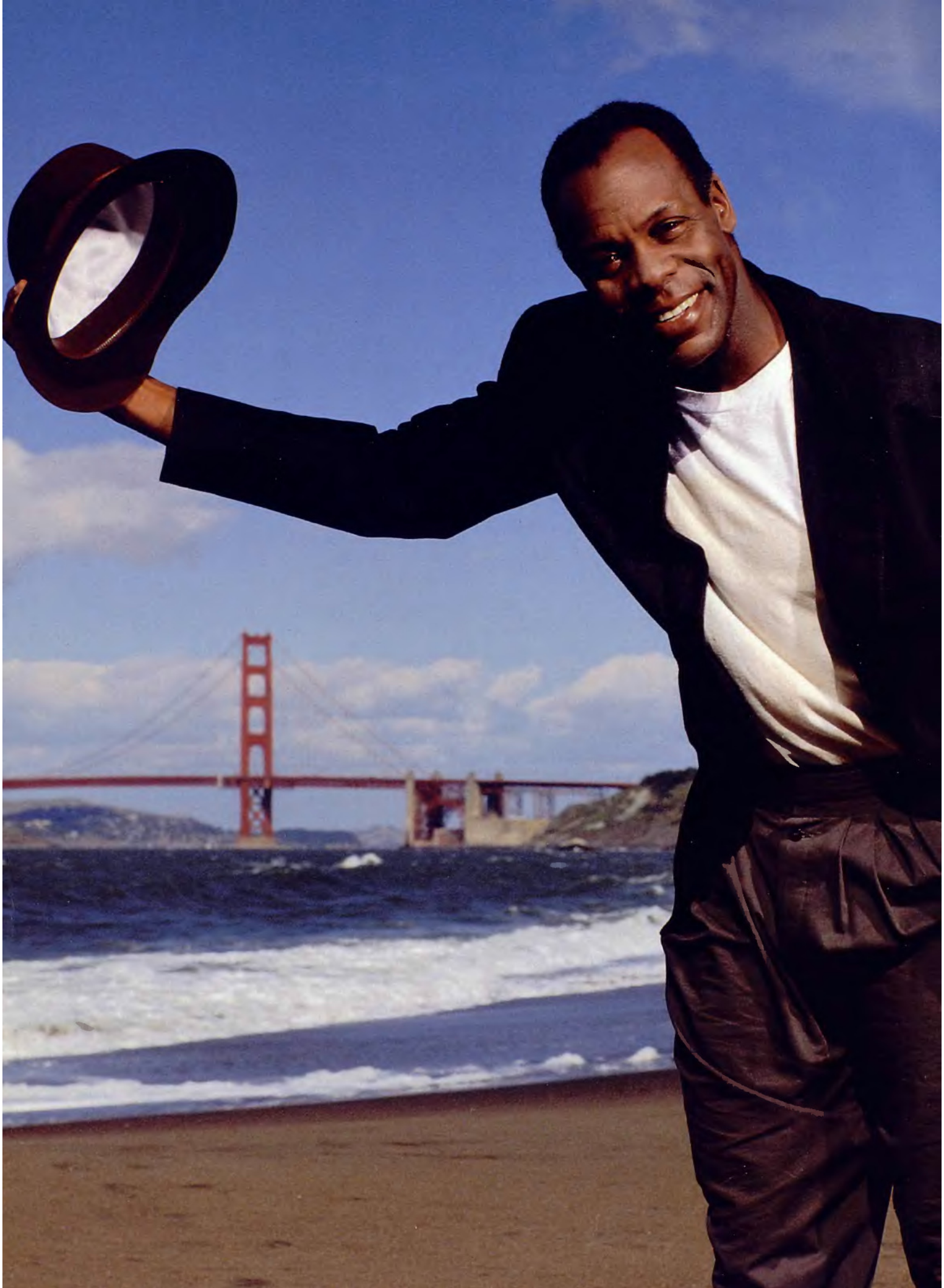
That steady revenue enabled Gates to take the next step, a slow and steady expansion into the software market.

Today, Microsoft makes more than 40 products for the IBM-compatible PC and the Macintosh, including word processors, programming languages, MS-DOS, integrated business packages, data bases, spread sheets, presentation graphics and networking solutions.

It is Microsoft's latest triumph—Windows 3.0, the graphical environment that makes computers "friendlier"—that, ironically, is causing much of its current grief. It's the source of the copyright-infringement case filed by Apple and it hasn't made IBM very happy, either. Until recently, IBM and Microsoft were working together to create a version of OS/2, the new-generation operating system for PCs that, like Windows 3.0, was more user-friendly. But when Windows 3.0 took off and sold more than 3,000,000 units in one year while OS/2 languished, selling only 300,000 units since its inception in 1987, the deal fell through. IBM didn't like the fact that Microsoft had moved most of its programming muscle to Windows 3.0. Now IBM is developing

(continued on page 166)

"My wife, my best friend, my condoms!"



DANNY GLOVER

hollywood's sturdiest black star reveals how mel gibson says no, lists the women who should say yes and tells us why we may not want him to come to dinner

Danny Glover wants people to notice him. We noticed him in movies such as "The Color Purple," "Places in the Heart," "Silverado," "Predator II," "Lethal Weapon" and "Lethal Weapon II," the miniseries "Lonesome Dove" and HBO's "Mandela." We also noticed his passion when discussing issues of color. Glover is a winner of the NAACP Image Award and a member of the Black Filmmakers Hall of Fame. He's also a community activist who takes one month a year to speak to children and young adults about education, drug abuse and other issues. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Glover in Los Angeles during the filming of Lawrence Kasdan's "Grand Canyon," due later this year. Says Rensin, "Glover had just waked up after a tough night shoot. He sprawled in a comfortable sofa chair, wearing jeans, a hotel bathrobe and a greenish herbal face mask that covered his cheeks, chin and neck. It didn't seem to inhibit his responses."

1.

PLAYBOY: Some white people seem to like you because they consider you the pre-eminent "safe" black actor. Do you resent that?

GLOVER: [*Chuckles*] No, because black people *also* like me. It's great that white people like me. It's not as if I feel I've misrepresented myself because they like me. Just because Asians or Mexicans like me, that doesn't trivialize me, either. My *wife* likes me. [*Laughs*] That's the most important thing.

Besides, I don't know if I'm safe, because I don't know what's dangerous. Was Paul Robeson dangerous because of what he represented—a very powerful black man with an incredible presence? Or was he dangerous because of his political convictions? If anything, that label started with hiring people who were safe because they made the funniest faces, as opposed to men who would stand up and tell you that they were a man on the screen, just by looking at you, without saying a word. Paul Robeson was one of those, but Stepin Fetchit wasn't. Is that how we define safe? Sidney Poitier's considered safe, but when he said, "They call me *Mr.* Tibbs" in *In the Heat of the Night*, man, he made a whole bunch of people sit up straight.

2.

PLAYBOY: Since you mentioned Poitier—is there anything we don't know about you that would keep us from inviting *you* to dinner?

GLOVER: I have a tendency to pick off everybody's plate. The mothers of my girlfriends used to love me, because I'd go right into the house, go into the kitchen, open up the icebox and look for something to eat. I'd go in and lift the tops off pots.

3.

PLAYBOY: In *Lethal Weapon II*, you captured the record for the most on-screen time spent on the toilet. Describe the experience.

GLOVER: First, my ass was sore! [*Laughs*] *I* wanted to *experience* the actual feeling of sitting there and not being able to move. I tried to achieve that physical fatigue. Sometimes I stayed on for almost two hours straight. I didn't let my stand-in do it. My ass hurt, my legs hurt. I tried to keep from moving a muscle. I read the magazine on my lap over and over.

The fear that accompanied the fatigue came from a recurring nightmare I have. I dream I can't move my body. I start sweating. The more I try to move, the more impossible it becomes. The only way out is to holler—and on the toilet, I held that in. When I have the nightmare, I'll flail around in bed and my wife will be going, "Danny! Danny! Danny! Danny!" I think the whole thing comes, to some extent, from having had epileptic seizures from the time I was fifteen until I was about thirty.

4.

PLAYBOY: Can you take us inside a seizure?

GLOVER: What happened progressively with my epileptic seizures is that I would begin to remember more and more of them. At first, it was like somebody just knocked me out. As I got older, they became controllable to some extent. I was able to remember what was happening. I was able to remember *every element* of what happened—the uncontrollable shaking. To be conscious in the middle of one is hell. I'd get to a point where I'd tell someone to grab me, to hold me, so I wouldn't injure myself. I'd tell them there was a point where I was going to lose control.

5.

PLAYBOY: What's more embarrassing to an actor—doing a scene on the toilet or doing a nude love scene?

GLOVER: For me, the toilet scene. Like I say, you pull inspiration from your life. I remember the first time I ever had to sit on a toilet in public was when I went to jail. I was probably about twenty-six. I'd get four hundred dollars' worth of parking tickets, wait for the warrants to come out and I'd go turn myself in. I'd spend the weekend in the San Francisco jail and they'd be cleared up. Now I pay them—it's safer. At the time, the people I'd have to spend the weekend with weren't crack addicts, just alcoholics and others busted for petty stuff. The cell would have maybe fourteen people, five, six beds on one side and one toilet. So you had to sit right in the middle of everybody and shit. The worst was when everyone was eating and you had to shit. Everybody around the table would groan. And the shit don't come out! [*Pauses*] It blew my mind when I saw that scene in the script!

6.

PLAYBOY: What do you know about Mel Gibson that no woman ever could?

GLOVER: It's not like I know that he sucks his thumb when he's asleep or anything. The moments we have—when I'm holding him in my lap at the end of *Lethal Weapon II*—we're able to create because we let go of some part of ourselves on screen. [*Pauses*] I remember doing a play called *Wolves*. At the end of it, I kiss this man. The play is really about a transference of power—I'm transferring the power that I've maintained through a kiss. We kissed every night for, like, ten, twelve weeks. And we were able to get to a point where we didn't feel embarrassed. Now,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GWENDOLYN CATES

somebody might think, Uh-oh, Danny's going in a *different* direction. But we were just able to commit to the moment and not carry the baggage off stage. It's make-believe.

7.

PLAYBOY: Which of Mel's love secrets did he pass on to you?

GLOVER: [*Big laugh*] Can we say this? How to walk away from pussy. He's happily married, with a bunch of kids, but he gets pussy thrown at him all the time. I have watched him walk away from it. If Mel can walk away from it, then so can I.

8.

PLAYBOY: But *how* does Mel say no?

GLOVER: Mel has a way. His method, I think, is really his shyness. He can divert the conversation; without minimizing you, he can neutralize the effect you could possibly have on him or his desires.

I learned to say no by stringing the mental part out a long time after the first flash to the point where I didn't want to do it. Of course, if you discover the energy is reciprocal, that's when you start talking about the wife and kids. [*Laughs*] There have been times in my relationship with my wife when we've had long discussions about me translating the mental phenomenon into a physical one. I guess being older, among other reasons, changes things. You just get tired. It's a lot of work, and you just don't have the energy. I don't have the energy anymore. I find out how much energy I have every time I get on that stationary bicycle every morning. [*Sighs*]

9.

PLAYBOY: What's the first thing you hope people notice about you?

GLOVER: Hmmm. Really? I want them to notice I'm impressive. In the way that I carry myself, in the way that I walk. Physically. "Boy, that's an impressive-looking man." It's interesting: I've wanted that since I was a kid and it hasn't really changed. I want people to like me. I figure if they respond to me physically, then they'll respond to me in other ways—to my intelligence. "Well, I think he ain't that dumb. He's got a somewhat clear picture about what he is and what he thinks he is."

10.

PLAYBOY: Imagine that a Martian came to earth and wanted to know what the black experience was. What cultural thing might you show to explain it?

GLOVER: I'd go to a black church. Something happens there that transcends place and time. There are other places, too. Before I had any kind of visibility, walking on 125th Street in Harlem was magical. Just taking in life there. In some communities, the church and 125th Street coexist. These are two obvious cultural metaphors. Another is less obvious: watching a black man work. The dignity of it intrigues me. Our work contains part of our humanity. I've worked at hospitals, as a longshoreman. It's something about the way in which we use our hands.

Of course, what comes to mind is the misconception that black men don't want to work. We lack opportunities—and so, maybe when they come about, the work takes on a whole other meaning and beauty. Perhaps I'm partial to this because I watched my mother and dad work. There was something about my mother—when she worked, you always wanted to join in. You could not stand apart. I think I'm endowed with that kind of spirit in terms of my work.

11.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall the last time you were brought uncomfortably face to face with your skin color?

GLOVER: I had an experience recently and it made me realize, clearly, that skin color *is* what makes the difference. I was getting off the plane in Oakland and a young girl who'd been on the plane with me walked alongside me. We started talking, and pretty quickly, she got around to saying, "If you walk next to me and it looks like we know each other, people will say, 'Boy, she knows Danny Glover. God dang.'" So we were walking off the plane, talking, and to make it a little bit real, I put my arm around her as we went down the hall. We were having an animated conversation. At the gate, her mother came up and didn't even acknowledge me. *Didn't even acknowledge me*. She looked the other way, as if her daughter were not talking to this black man. The girl says, "Mom, I want you to meet Danny." But her mom rushed off with her. I walked the other way, thinking, Boy, this is *deep*. Apparently, the girl said, "Well, that was Danny Glover, the movie star," or something like that, because her mother turned around and was, like, "Oh, wait!" I kept walking the other way. Bye! But, hey, that's some deep shit. It was a reminder.

12.

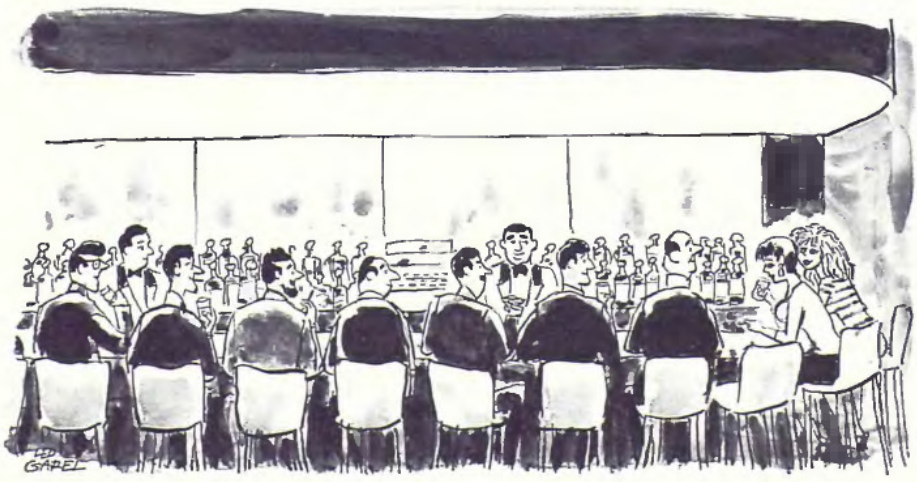
PLAYBOY: You played Nelson Mandela in 1987, on HBO. Three years later, he was free and visiting the United States. For the sake of those who just thought he was an old black man on tour, give us the short course on Mandela's contribution and most important qualities. What's his appeal?

GLOVER: Nelson empowered people. There are certain people who know that they have power, like the Kennedys or President Bush. But unlike their power, Nelson's is based solely on principle. Nothing tangible. He took the intangible and made it tangible. He uplifted us, just on principle. Great men do that.

13.

PLAYBOY: After you made *The Color Purple*, in which you play a black man who beats his wife, you were subject to a lot of criticism for your portrayal—by blacks. How did you handle the flak from your own community?

GLOVER: I didn't lose no sleep over it. [*Laughs*] I fucking would have been upset if there hadn't been any criticism. This is a volatile subject and a very sensitive industry. Black people are very sensitive to their image and to the way they've been portrayed, and continue to be portrayed. The role of Mister was essential to the story, and what mattered was how we elevated people through the story. Mister's survival depended upon his willingness and his ability to change. Yet I've had people say, "Man, you like playing them negative roles. You played a negative role in *To Sleep with Anger*." What can you say, man? I mean, I'm telling a story about human beings changing, growing. That's what this job is about. However, my purpose is not to hold a mirror up to the



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black community. That's not my responsibility. I'm just helping tell a story, a fiction, through which people can see themselves. [*Smiles*] So I guess the mirror thing does happen, anyway.

14.

PLAYBOY: *To Sleep with Anger* is really a jewel of a movie. It flies in the face of Hollywood's idea of the black experience. What did you do to achieve that? How do you produce truth in Hollywood?
GLOVER: There's no formula in that film. Most of the pictures I do, there's some formula, though I can't deny that they unravel *some* level of truth. Charles Burnett [the director] wanted to carry us along on this journey in spite of the format in which you do it. He paid attention to that journey more than anything else.

15.

PLAYBOY: Dennis Miller recently told a joke on *Saturday Night Live*. He said whites are now a minority in New York City. Then he said, tongue in cheek, "And we're getting tired of getting heat from the Man!" Given national population patterns, in certain areas, whites *are* in the minority. Do you think those whites should be given preferential treatment?
GLOVER: [*Big laugh*] God, they *already* get preferential treatment. You're a minority in the *world*, and you get preferential treatment, anyway. Shit!

16.

PLAYBOY: Did you do *Predator II* simply for the money or as a career move?
GLOVER: Well, there are movies that you make. . . . My agent comes to me and says, "OK, let's look at this deal. What we want to do is be in a position to get the roles we want to get and do the things we want to do. Now, in order to do that, we have to be considered a player on some level. Someone's got to be able to say, 'Oh, that's Danny. A film he stars in did a hundred million dollars. Granted, it's a sequel, but it did that kind of business. He has that kind of visibility. It did wonders overseas.' Then we go to Warner Bros. and say, 'We want to do this with Danny, a script that he has. Would you be willing to put up the seven million and we'll go get the other seven million overseas because he's a player?'" So you do a film and you say, "This is a career move." Besides, when's the last time you saw a black man fighting a supernatural being?

17.

PLAYBOY: As a forty-something, latter-day action hero who does a lot of his own running and jumping on screen, describe your relationship with your knees.
GLOVER: My knees don't react the same way they used to, but I'm still relatively physical. I think the *coup d'état* came on *Predator II*. I was hanging off buildings and shit like that. But it's cool. I mean, I'm forty-four and you don't have a seat for me over at the rest home yet, so I'm all right. Besides, I've run since I was twenty. But I only run on beaches, no more concrete. I like the action stuff. I like movement. I wish I could have been a dancer, if there's a kind of dancer a big, tall, clumsy kid can be.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the role that you've never been offered and are dying to do?
GLOVER: I've done one of the two people I think warrant getting their life done—Mandela. The other is Paul Robeson. I doubt if I'll ever get to do him. I'd be petrified if I were offered Robeson. I just think too much of him.

Also, I haven't done a romantic lead. When I was doing *Lethal Weapon*, I played a good guy, with a family. I applaud that. But at the same time, he don't get no pussy. What's happening? Is it because he's older? Mel gets the pussy. [*Smiles*] But it'll happen where I get the girl. I'll do all right on that. [*Laughs*]

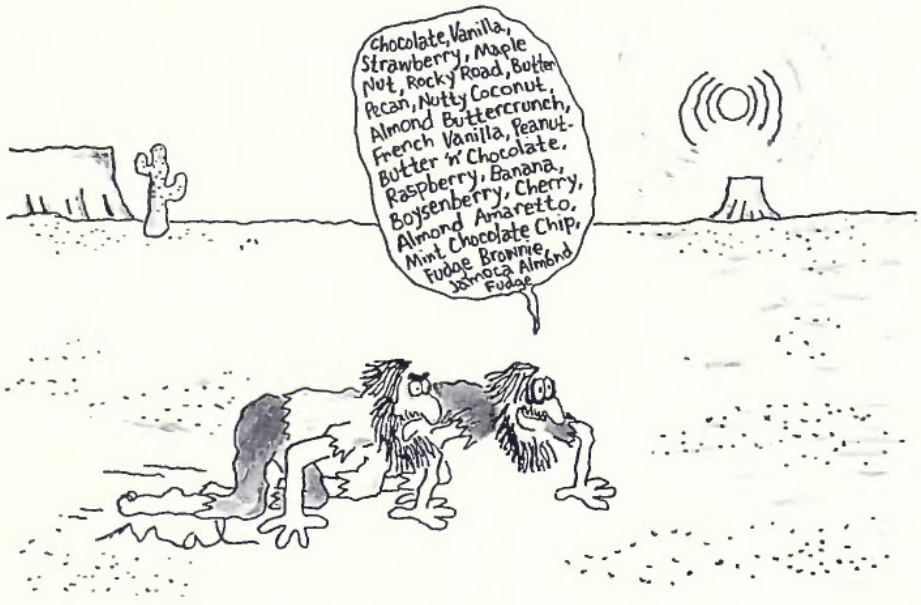
19.

PLAYBOY: Imagine this: You're cast as the romantic lead; there are several love scenes. You pull the director aside and tell him who you want to be your leading lady—black or white. What's her name?
GLOVER: First choice is Alfre Woodard. She stops my breath. I also like Whoopi Goldberg. She's really beautiful. I like to look at her. This is fun! Two white women occur to me: Amy Madigan, the long-haired version. She's hot. She's raw. I like raw women. And Anjelica Huston. But I already told Anjelica I love her. An-jel-i-ca! Jesus Christ, yeah! She's beautiful, and I like her mouth. She'd be a fun kisser. Now, if you want to go back to the classics, somebody I've *always* wanted to make love to—always, hope to die—is Sophia Loren. And then, when I saw her at the Academy Awards show, I thought, God, this ain't diminished!

You may have noticed that I pick women around my age, too. I don't really get turned on by real young women, except to look at them. I want to think that I'm going to learn something from this. I talk about this with a couple of my buddies all the time. I have a friend—women *love* him—he's a model. He's real cool. But he likes them between twenty and thirty. That's like baby-sitting, man. I went through that. He has a kind of teacher thing about him. [*Laughs*] Of course, I like Julia Roberts, too.

20.

PLAYBOY: What do you suspect would be the most interesting thing about being a woman? If you woke up as a woman tomorrow, what's the first thing you'd do?
GLOVER: I'm so shaped by the women in my life. I always feel like I'm being nurtured by women. I think that they know so much more than I do. If I were a woman, I think I would know so much more. That's their most endearing element to me. One of the incredible things about women is that they have the capacity to experience and to feel so much more. And in that, they are just so magnificent. I tell people all the time that my wife is the D in Danny. I'm a joke compared with her. But it's all right. It's all right. I mean, I get a little heady sometimes and think that I make the ball roll, but, shit . . . I could never be that magnificent. My life is a reflection of women of magnitude, all the way down to my daughter.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Who Made DANNY RUN? (continued from page 86)

"He was the last of a breed: 'Gene knew what he liked, and if he didn't like you, you knew that, too.'"

"Put it on page one, but keep it down to two columns."

High on a hill in Paradise Valley, a wealthy suburb north of Phoenix, Barry Morris Goldwater, 82, sits in his home office studying the urban sprawl framed by his picture window. In the distance, jagged hills poke through the smog like sharks' teeth. The former Senator wears Bermuda shorts and a golf shirt. His hands are as gnarled as the limbs of a Joshua tree; the fight is gone from them.

These days, Goldwater recalls his friend Gene Pulliam grandly. He was the last of a breed, the elder statesman says. "Gene knew what he liked, and if he didn't like you, you knew that, too. Whatever he thought, he sat down with his little white hands and punched it out on his typewriter. You could read about it on the front page."

Although Pulliam's Arizona papers endorsed Goldwater's bid for the White House in 1964, Gene abandoned his buddy during the campaign. He plotted strategy with Lyndon Johnson and made public statements in support of the incumbent. Even the newspapers' editorial endorsement was backhanded, informing readers that "Lyndon Johnson has been a good President," and "Barry Goldwater is not a political freak."

Goldwater waves those untidy memories away. "I think I'm the only one who knows this story," he says. "For some reason, Gene wanted to own a share of the New York Central Railroad. I never asked him why, I just knew he did. Johnson promised he would help Gene get the New York Central deal if he was elected, so that was business, not politics. It was nothing personal. I don't think we ever had an argument about politics."

Savvy as he is about the business of politics, Goldwater takes his time pondering Dan Quayle's astonishing career. What would Gene Pulliam have thought of his famous grandson's success?

"That's a hard question," Goldwater says. His gaze wanders from the streets of Phoenix to the Native American art that covers his office walls, then back to the window. "I know Quayle about as well as anybody. He went to school with my children. I knew his mother and daddy. He served on the Armed Services Committee when I was chairman."

The old conservative gunslinger thinks for a moment. "I have a very strong hunch," he finally answers. "Gene would have called Bush and told him, 'No. That's not the man to pick for Vice-President.'"

The careers of Barry Goldwater and Dan Quayle were midwifed by Pulliam and his newspapers. But long before he was trumpeting political pets and projects, Eugene C. Pulliam had to create himself.

Picture a boy on the wind-swept plains of western Kansas as the 19th Century draws to a close. He wears coarse clothes sewn by his mother from his father's castoffs. He trades pennies for kernels of corn, sells the popped corn to railway passengers, then reinvests his copper profits. Hand to mouth, he learns his first lesson in commerce.

His father is a fundamentalist missionary who tucks a Bible into his saddlebags and rides to nearby towns. At each dusty stop, he spills from his heart tales of hellfire, damnation and Jesus' eternal love. He is paid with butter, potatoes, bacon, beef, wrinkled dollar bills. Every few years, the Pulliams pack their meager belongings and move to a new home, and at each home, they welcome to their table those with even fewer comforts, a grimy congregation of tramps and beggars with their eyes askance and their palms out. The father bends his head in prayer. The boy looks for a way out.

Teddy Roosevelt was in the White House when Gene left Kansas to attend DePauw, his mother's alma mater. Unlike his famous grandson, whose academic indolence would become a subject of public fascination, Pulliam left his mark. He helped start a college newspaper, helped organize a press club and cofounded the country's first journalism fraternity. He became a stringer for *The Indianapolis Star*, a paper he would one day own. Still, schoolboy life chafed like church clothes. After his junior year, he dropped out and hustled back to the West, taking a job as a reporter first at the Atchison, Kansas, *Champion* and then at *The Kansas City Star*.

On the police beat in Kansas City, he observed a raid on an opium den. His nostrils flared at the "pungent, stifling odor." He saw "buckets on the stove . . . bubbling hard with the concoction." Inside the buckets was a witch's brew—"the drug that makes beasts of men and women." Hell-fire! Damnation! With his notebook and pen, the fledgling scribe prowled the land his father had canvassed with a Bible. He learned to like the sound of his printed voice and he learned a new lesson: The man who owns the paper calls the shots. From the reportorial trenches, he looked for a way up.

Gene got his first crack at publishing in 1912, when he married a girl he'd met at DePauw and, with the help of his Midwestern in-laws, bought the *Atchison Champion*. He made a mess in Atchison, sinking the little paper in two years, but his youthful mistakes presaged his later style. The *Champion*'s new publisher, 23, came out swinging. He fought a tawdry print battle with his competitor, the *Atchison Globe*, beginning with a story that hinted the wife of the *Globe*'s publisher was drunk at a party—the ethical equivalent of a sucker punch. He leaped into local politics with windy exhortations to restructure government. He focused his parochial hatred of the East Coast on John D. Rockefeller, Sr., cofounder of Standard Oil, crudely dubbing him "the Pharisee." Throughout, the mudslinger heralded his own honor. "The policy of the *Champion*," Pulliam wrote, was "in accord with enlightened journalism."

After the *Champion* debacle, Pulliam returned to Indiana to start over. His weak eyes kept him out of World War One, so he put his powerful lungs to work, stumping the Hoosier State selling war bonds. Widowed and remarried, Gene used the few thousand dollars he'd salvaged from Atchison to buy a share of the *Franklin Evening Star*. It was the first bite of a purchasing binge that lasted three decades. He traveled the country by train and car, studying Commerce Department reports to locate towns growing faster than their newspapers, then swooped in for the main chance. He borrowed money from friends, leveraged his investments with debt, traded up. B.S.C. Pulliam, they called him. Buy, Sell, Consolidate.

Between 1917 and 1922, he became sole owner of the *Evening Star*. He bought a daily in Lebanon, Indiana, two papers in Daytona Beach, Florida, and one in North Carolina. Cashing in a portion of his holdings in 1929, he went to Oklahoma and snatched up 11 papers in six months. When the stock market crashed, he found his fiscal savior in Oklahoma City oilman Frank Buttram, who bought $150,000 worth of Pulliam's stock and promptly decided to run for governor. Buttram got a share of flattering coverage for his money, and his opponent took some editorial flak. The oilman lost at the polls, but not before the *Clinton Daily News* staked a hollow claim for its part owner. "We are for Buttram solely because we think he is the better of the two men—the man with the most qualifications." So much for enlightened journalism.

Pulliam moved on with a new partner, Texas tycoon Charles Marsh. In 1930, they claimed ten papers; in the next three years, they collected 16 more. By 1934, Gene was ready to fly solo. Taking a handful of dailies, he left Marsh and formed Central Newspapers, Inc., and within five years, the boy who'd learned to turn a profit selling popcorn was atop a print empire of his own.

He divorced his second wife, the enduring Martha Ott Pulliam—who would celebrate her 100th birthday with grandson Dan Quayle at her side—and wed his secretary, Nina, a regal-looking blonde 18 years his junior. Between 1944 and 1948, he bagged the influential morning dailies in Indianapolis and Phoenix and matched them with a pair of afternoon papers that solidified his power base in those cities. He traveled the world with his new wife in the chilly dawn of the Cold War. He changed his papers' motto from "Fair and first" to "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." That New Testament phrase—still printed daily on Pulliam's front pages—expressed "the whole spirit of Christian living," he told readers, "the whole reason for the existence of man on earth."

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Picture a man at the height of his power: deep-chested, thickened with age, as prickly and stubborn as a saguaro. He measures six feet from his soles to his silver crewcut but seems taller. His head is massive, roughly chiseled, the weak eyes magnified by black-framed glasses. Ambition has stiffened his posture, success suffused his fury with divine right. A fat cigar juts from his hand. Commands tumble from his lips. He is the majority of one.

Pulliam lived his last years in a whitewashed adobe home in Paradise Valley, near Goldwater's hilltop compound. He and Nina looked out on eight private acres landscaped with desert grasses, palms and cacti, citrus and eucalyptus trees. Some days, Nina wrote the prayer that appeared on the front pages of *The Arizona Republic* and *The Indianapolis Star*, the two largest-circulation newspapers in their states. At banquets, she bowed her head before ambassadors and businessmen and recited an invocation. The Old Man, as his employees called him, poured drinks with a heavy hand. He rode to work in the back seat of a black Cadillac. He ate lunch at his desk. Soup and crackers, fruit and cheese: The missionary's son was no sensualist, no connoisseur. Sunday mornings, he was ferried three miles along the base of the chocolate-colored Camelback Mountain to the Paradise Valley Country Club for a round of golf. He played well and scored even better, routinely giving himself long putts and teeing up balls on the fairway—working the angles at his hobby just as he did in business. Sometimes he was joined on the course by his grandson, a promising young golfer named Dan.

Employees felt fortunate to work for him. He paid a decent wage. He built recreation areas for staffers in Indianapolis and Phoenix and hosted annual picnics there. Among those who served him in his heyday, Pulliam's acts of generosity are legend: bonuses written on his personal checks, hospital bills summarily cleared, children's educations underwritten. The Old Man also dipped deep into his pockets to upgrade his newspapers, expanding editorial staffs and modernizing pressrooms. He sent correspondents to Vietnam, the Soviet Union, Europe, Canada, Mexico. For an ambitious reporter, Central Newspapers was a place to make a name.

But Poppa also liked to preach. As much as he liked reporters and respected enterprising journalism, Pulliam would sacrifice both to flaunt his most prized possession: political power. In Indianapolis, he picked a fight with Democratic governor Henry Shricker. "The Old Man had a hell of a vendetta going with Shricker," recalls columnist Don Campbell, who worked in Pulliam newsrooms for 30 years. "If Pulliam didn't like you, you were blacklisted from the paper, and that's what happened with Shricker. Can you imagine trying to cover state politics without ever mentioning the governor's name? It got to the point where if they had a picture they wanted to use and he was in it, they'd white him out. I remember one where someone had his arm around empty space, just hanging there where the governor was standing before they zapped him."

In Phoenix, Gene wanted two state-supreme-court judges to be re-elected. "He called me into his office and told me who he wanted to win," remembers Robert Early, managing editor of the *Republic* at the time. "He said, 'I want a story in the paper every day, either on the front page or on the front of the metro pages.' This was three months before the election!" Early produced stories for 90 days. Gene's favored judges won.

Although he toed no party line, Pulliam was a conservative by instinct. He despised the East Coast establishment, resented old money and felt no sympathy for the urban underclass. In his cowboy credo, America was a ladder every man could climb. No one deserved a boost. Active and generous with the college he'd dropped out of, Pulliam quit DePauw's board of trustees in the Sixties when the president decided to accept Federal financial aid. "Taking that first million dollars from the Government will be like taking the first shot of heroin," he told fellow alumnus Bernard Kilgore, chairman of *The Wall Street Journal*.

Pulliam's favorite whipping post was the Federal bureaucracy. He capped years of columnizing with an editorial in 1971 that filled the front pages of his seven newspapers. "Most democracies have been destroyed by centralized bureaucracies—or at least by the rule of organized minorities," the publisher fumed. Working himself into a frenzy, he attacked

"I know you are young and inexperienced, but you can trust me to be sensitive and understanding. Tequila?"

Government agencies ranging from the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and the Bureau of Indian Affairs to the FCC, the FDA and "State Department parasites." Busing school children was a "national scandal." Consumer advocate Ralph Nader was the new Lenin. "'His goal,'" wrote Pulliam, quoting another Nader hater, "'is a top-to-bottom take-over of industry by the Government, with Mr. Nader himself, I would guess, in charge. . . .'" Not satisfied to preach only to his own readers, Pulliam paid to have his screed reprinted in *The Washington Post*.

While veering in print from the center to the hard right, the Old Man privately curried favor with any big-time pol who'd have him. "I am for you 100 percent," he wrote to candidate Nixon in 1960. Four years later, Pulliam was advising Lyndon Johnson. "I wouldn't discuss a word about civil rights," he warned L.B.J., as the Democrat headed for Indiana. "The law has been passed. . . . Any effort on your part to justify it would only hurt." He lambasted Jack Kennedy in countless speeches and editorials—Kennedy had "a dictator complex," had bought the Democratic nomination, had made "a martyr of himself on the Catholic issue in order to get sympathy and to glamourize himself." But when Kennedy won, Pulliam trotted off to the White House for lunch at the new President's side.

Before long, another Kennedy hit the campaign trail, and Pulliam was back to his old tricks.

In the spring of 1968, Attorney General Robert Kennedy went to Indianapolis for Indiana's Democratic primary. As it happened, R.F.K. arrived just as news was breaking of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, assassination. When his plane touched down, Kennedy was told that King had been shot. Stunned and grieving, Kennedy began an impassioned, extemporaneous speech on the virtues of King's nonviolent crusade. What America needed, he said, was "not division, not violence or hatred but love, wisdom and compassion." Parts of the speech are engraved on Kennedy's monument in Arlington National Cemetery.

Pulliam was not impressed. The *Star* buried Kennedy's speech deep in a story about a youth group supporting Indiana governor Roger Branigin, who was also in the Democratic primary. Journalism students—including many of the reporters who now work for Central Newspapers—study that day's *Star* as a textbook case of news manipulation, a vestige of highhanded tactics that have mostly gone the way of the Model T.

A former editor of *The Arizona Republic* remembers April 4, 1968, for another reason. Shortly after he learned King was dead, J. Edward Murray picked up the phone in his Phoenix office and heard Pulliam's familiar growl.

"No picture of Martin Luther King on the front page," the boss ordered.

Beloved by his ambitious young staff for his dedication to fair reporting, Murray was as much a fighter as the Old Man. As staffers gathered outside the glass wall that enclosed his corner of the newsroom, he battled Pulliam on the phone. "I won," Murray remembers, "and he never said anything about it again." But the editor's luck didn't hold for long. When he decided to bring the rebellious Sixties to the pages of Arizona's dominant newspaper, Murray added the syndicated cartoon *Doonesbury*. Pulliam let a few of Garry Trudeau's leftist salvos slip by, then canceled the strip without consulting his editor. Murray also hired a young columnist named Daniel Ben-Horin to present his generation's point of view. In one early column, Ben-Horin reported on Arizona State frat boys' serenading sorority women, who responded by showering their suitors with panties and bras. The publisher's pious wife was outraged. Ben-Horin and Murray were canned.

Back home in Indiana, the Sixties passed quietly. Pulliam's dutiful son Gene, assistant publisher of the *Star* and the *News*, didn't blow his nose without first checking with Dad. To this day, he can't remember a time when he made an editorial decision against his father's wishes. "Never," mumbles the inheritor of the throne. "You didn't do that." You did help your own, though—as when Wendell Phillippi, a retired Army major general and senior editor of the *News*, made the recommendation that got Dan Quayle into the Indiana National Guard. Like his grandfather, the hawkish scion never went to war.

Sunshine and golf had called the Old Man to Phoenix in the Forties, but it was politics and power that preoccupied him there. From his white *casa*, he exerted control over almost every aspect of civic life. The city limits were expanded because Gene Pulliam wanted it done. Huge tracts were zoned to promote business because Gene Pulliam wanted it done. He killed the cross-town Papago freeway project in 1973 by filling his papers with antifreeway stories, photos of smog in other cities and front-page cartoons mocking Papago supporters. By then, the population of Phoenix had grown more than four times as large since Gene hit town. He had courted and won Presidents, Congressmen and governors and launched the career of Barry Goldwater, the voice of American conservatism.

On the morning of June 23, 1975, Gene Pulliam, 86, dictated a memo on unemployment to one of his editors. Then he scribbled a note on the pad by his bed—"Goldwater." Soon after, he suffered a massive stroke and died. Then the preacher's kid made one last trip East. Eulogized in Phoenix, Pulliam was buried in Lebanon, Indiana, a little town

in the cornfields north of Indianapolis. His plot is marked with a small granite stone engraved with only one word other than his name: SON.

•

When Pulliam died, control of Central Newspapers passed to a trust managed by his son Gene, his third wife, Nina, and a corporate executive named William Dyer. The company's board of directors includes the Vice-President's father, James Quayle, who at 69 is nearly two decades younger than the oldest of the directors, 88-year-old Dyer. Some newsroom grunts refer to them as "the petrified forest."

Two years ago, Central's executives took the chain public so that the third generation of Pulliams and other stockholders could get their money out of the company. Franklin College, in the Indiana town where Martha Ott Pulliam turned 100, sold 1,300,000 shares at the first public offering. Dan Quayle hung on to his cut of Central stock and made $13,444 in dividends and interest on it last year. Management now feels the heat to turn a profit, and Young Gene is reduced to perusing expense reports, running the empire with Wall Street analysts looking over his shoulder.

Upstairs from the paneled room where his dad sits with his do-dah awards, Russell Pulliam, 41, taps out his editorials for *The Indianapolis News*. Pleasant in the noncommittal way of his father, Russell does not travel far, in conversation or in print, before marking his path with a crumb from Scripture. None who know him think he has a shot at the corner office. "Little Rusty's a dial tone," says a former *Star* writer.

"The only way he could run things is if they turned it into a Christian newspaper chain," says another Indy wag.

"I just want to do what needs to be done," Russell humbly asserts. "There's a phrase in the Scripture—it says not to lord it over people. I'm not going to take my family name and lord it over people."

His sister Myrta, on the other hand, just might. In Indianapolis and Phoenix, staffers talk about Myrta's short skirts, her profane temper, her liberal politics, her ambition. "She's got the Old Man's piss and vinegar," says an editor at *The Arizona Republic*. The 44-year-old heir has worked her way around the newsroom like someone with an eye on the top job. Like her granddaddy, Myrta started on the police beat and was boosted through the ranks at *The Indianapolis Star* to assistant managing editor for news, her current post. The position was created for her earlier this year. When the promotion was announced, she was vacationing in Antarctica.

Earlier in the year, Myrta had gone on safari in Kenya—and written it up in a splashy two-part feature published with her own photos in the *Star* on consecutive Sundays. The stories left some staffers rolling their eyes. "Another gig she got through hard work and industry," said one, with a sarcastic laugh. Before Kenya, Myrta had organized a jaunt for journalists and friends to the Soviet Union.

"How many weeks of vacation you up to, Myrta?" a sportswriter needled her recently. "Fifty?"

Globe-trotting, dabbling at Daddy's papers, Myrta waits for the trees to fall in the petrified forest. "I think she's been offered the job of publisher," says a friend, "but I think she's delaying it as long as possible, because she'd have to settle down."

While the Indianapolis papers are guided by the timid hand of the patriarch's son, Phoenix erupts with one crisis after another. The first publisher on the Western front after the Old Man died was his widow, Nina. Her brief, tumultuous tenure included an editor's suicide and a labor dispute in which the papers sued their own employees. Publisher Duke Tully, who a year later took the reins from Nina, boasted of having flown combat missions in Korea and Vietnam, wore a chestful of medals and made speeches in full military regalia; he locked horns with the Maricopa County attorney, who did some digging and unmasked Duke as a fraud. Tully, it turned out, had never even joined the Air Force. He quit in disgrace and checked into a psychiatric ward.

In 1976, one of the *Republic*'s reporters was murdered. Don Bolles, an award-winning investigative reporter, had written about corruption in state government and the Mafia's entrance into Arizona. One summer day, he got a call from a man claiming to have information Bolles might be interested in regarding a sleazy land deal involving local bigwigs and state-government representatives. After the meeting, Bolles climbed into his white Datsun and was blown to bits by six sticks of dynamite attached to the belly of his car.

Months of investigations by reporters and the cops produced a mountain of newsprint and a round of trials. A local plumber and a land developer were convicted of the assassination (and later freed when another court overturned the ruling). "To this day, no one knows who was behind it," says writer Paul Dean, who headed the *Republic*'s team investigating the murder. Some who knew the martyred reporter, though, look back at that sad chapter in the Phoenix papers' history and see it as a sign of changing times.

"I'm here to tell you, if the Old Man had been alive, Bolles would not have been blown up," says Don Dedera, a *Republic* reporter in the Fifties and Sixties. "Nobody would have dared. Gene wouldn't have slept a night until they were found, and when he got 'em, they'd

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have been nailed up on the side of a barn like a bearskin."

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In Old Man Pulliam's day, his papers clawed and crowed and puffed out their chest feathers like fighting cocks; they had a taste for blood. Now their black-and-white world view has blurred to gray. The newspapers have become bland and, with few exceptions, predictably professional—more like Dan Quayle, the Yuppie Vice-President, than like Eugene C. Pulliam, the firebrand founder. Still, the presses roll.

In April of this year, *The Indianapolis Star* won a Pulitzer Prize for a series of investigative stories on the state's medical-malpractice-insurance laws. A few months earlier, the paper had published a syndicated column that blew verbal kisses at the Vice-President. "Dan Quayle has done more than survive," the columnist opined. "He has prevailed." The paper's front page still carries a daily "Prayer" and "Chuckle"—quaint remnants of Old Gene's homespun style. On January 16, the day the Gulf war began, a solemn note below the prayer read, "The Chuckle will return tomorrow."

In Phoenix, an *Arizona Republic* special-projects team known as the SWAT team broke the story of a wide-ranging police sting that netted indictments of 18 people—including seven state legislators—on charges ranging from campaign-law violation to bribery.

Shortly after the series began last February, an editor strolled through the lobby of the *Republic* and *Gazette* building. He paused to read a bronze plaque. On it was a quote: IF YOU FORGET EVERYTHING ELSE I'VE SAID, REMEMBER THIS—AMERICA IS GREAT ONLY BECAUSE AMERICA IS FREE. Beneath was the craggy signature GENE PULLIAM. The editor smiled. He knew the Old Man. "If you forget everything else I've said," he roared, mimicking his former boss, "you're *fired*!"

"Quick—throw it the sandwiches."

TULA

(continued from page 105)

daughter, had been warmly supportive.

During the next few years, Tula's career—by then as a model and an actress—blossomed, as did her personal life. "Now that I could enjoy sex as a woman, I'm afraid I went a little wild," she says. "Fortunately, that was all before AIDS."

In answer to the obvious question, yes, Tula is orgasmic. That's more easily understood when one realizes that some of the sensitive tissues of her original sexual apparatus were retained in the surgical reconstruction.

"I suppose my sex life now is like any other woman's," she says. "Sometimes you can't relax and reach a climax; other times you do."

Modeling job followed modeling job, leading to what looked to be a big break: Tula was offered a role as one of the Bond Girls in the 1981 James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only*. The part led to a nude photo in a June 1981 *Playboy* pictorial about the movie (she fooled us)—and, eventually, to exposure of a different sort. One Sunday in 1982, a headline in the tabloid *News of the World* blared, "JAMES BOND GIRL WAS A BOY."

"I was devastated," Tula recalls. "There, I thought, went all my hopes of leading a normal life. I was hounded by journalists everywhere I went, and their lack of understanding—the kinds of ignorant questions they asked—made me determined to tell my side of the story."

The result was her first book, the paperback *Tula: I Am a Woman*. After the attendant hoopla died down, a psychologically wearied Tula decided to accept only low-key modeling assignments. On one such, a skiwear shoot in Italy, she met an Italian advertising executive who was knowledgeable about transsexualism. "His name was Count Glauco Lasinio, and he was the first man I'd been out with who knew from the beginning all about my past. Eventually, we fell in love, and to my surprise, he asked me to marry him."

It was the count who urged Tula to seek changes in British law regarding transsexuals, law that is full of inconsistencies. Although Tula's British passport says she's female, her birth certificate says she's male. Britain's National Health program pays for sex-change surgery, but the government refuses to treat the postsurgery patient as female if she wants to marry. To complicate matters further, Tula contributes to her health insurance at the rate charged a woman, but she won't be able to collect a pension until she's 65 (women are eligible at 60). If she were to commit a crime, she'd be sent to a men's prison, with all the images of assault that that entails.

So, with encouragement from her Italian fiancé, Tula began the seven-year

process that would take her petition, challenging the British government's refusal to treat her as a woman, to the European Court of Human Rights at Strasbourg. The case was to outlast her engagement to Glauco, which she broke off over an episode of infidelity, and would even outlive her marriage to a wealthy Jewish businessman, Elias Fattal, whom she still calls the love of her life.

Elias and Tula met in 1985. Seeking a career change, she had studied acupressure at the Oriental School of Medicine in London and was accepting private clients. Elias was looking for relief from a painful condition called polymyalgia rheumatica. Eventually, they became lovers and, on Valentine's Day, 1988, he proposed.

This left Tula with a problem. Although she had told Elias that medical problems made her unable to bear children, she had not actually told him about her sex change. Terrified of his possible reaction, she gave him a copy of her book and asked him to go away and read it. He refused, sat down and read it in her presence.

"When he got to the last page, he squeezed my hand and said, 'Well, you've certainly got balls, pet!'"

Not anymore, Elias, not anymore.

"I thought he'd change his mind about the proposal, but all he asked was that I consider converting to Judaism," Tula says. And she did, enrolling in a nine-month course in Jewish history and tradition and the elements of the Hebrew language.

This went part way toward mollifying Elias' parents, well-to-do orthodox Sephardic Jews who had come to England from Iraq and were none too pleased that their son was courting a gentile.

"That was bad enough, so I felt it wouldn't be wise to tell them I was a transsexual right away," Tula explains. "We had planned to tell them eventually, of course, after they had a chance to get to know me. We had even planned to give them grandchildren. Both my sister and a girlfriend had expressed willingness to become surrogate mothers and bear Elias' child."

After an initial coolness—Mrs. Fattal refused for three months to meet her son's fiancée—the senior Fattals seemed to accept their prospective daughter-in-law, to the point of taking over the wedding plans. Tula had wanted a quiet ceremony for family and friends, but Mrs. Fattal insisted on a lavish reception at London's Savoy Hotel.

The first hurdle, getting a marriage license, was surmounted when nobody asked Tula to produce a birth certificate. Meanwhile, a decision in Strasbourg was handed down in Tula's favor, ten votes to six, on May 9, 1989 (though the British government appealed), and on May 21, Elias and Tula were married at a liberal synagogue in St. Johns Wood, London.

The couple set out on a three-week honeymoon in Acapulco and Jamaica, which Tula still recalls with fondness.

"We were like a couple of teenagers. At Las Brisas, we had a private pool and we just wandered around naked and made love morning, noon and night. It was lovely. But on our return, my mother and sister were there at the airport to greet us [her father had died a year and a half earlier], and they looked upset. I said, 'What on earth is it? Have you crashed my car?' And my sister said, 'No,' and my mum started to cry, and then she showed me the paper. The *News of the World* had done it again. There it was on the front page: 'SEX CHANGE PAGE THREE GIRL WEDS.'

"So Elias called his mother, hoping she hadn't seen the papers. But she had. And he asked me to go with him to speak with his family, but I felt I couldn't face them just then—if they said the wrong thing, I'd just feel so hurt and rejected. In retrospect, that was my biggest mistake, letting Elias go to his family alone—because from that point on, he was gone.

"In the end, I guess he just couldn't stand up to his family. The sad thing is, I think he still does love me. You can't just stop loving somebody in five minutes."

For the first few months after Elias' departure, Tula could barely cope. There was a telephoned death threat, an attempt to sabotage the brakes of her Mercedes. "But after I reported that to the police, the threats stopped." As therapy, she began to write another book—just published in Britain under the title *My Story*, by Caroline Cossey—and went back to modeling. "Elias hadn't wanted me to work, so my career had been pretty much on hold for four years."

One of the things her agent, Yvonne Paul, suggested was posing for *Playboy*.

"As I said to Mr. Hefner when I finally met him, 'I want to do *Playboy* because it would help change people's attitudes. I would like readers to look at me as a woman, to see that transsexuals *can* be attractive, that we can look sexy and we don't have hairy chests and all the things that one conjures up about transsexuals—confusing them with transvestites, who are so different.' In other words, I wanted to make a statement."

Playboy was interested. As one editor put it, "If *Playboy* can't provide a tasteful forum in which a person can express his or her own sexuality, who can?" We commissioned Contributing Photographer Byron Newman to create the pictures you see here.

While waiting for her story to be published, Tula threw herself into the appeals process at Strasbourg. She visited the States, appearing on *Donahue* and giving interviews, always hopeful she'd win the case.

But on September 27, 1990, the court announced its decision: ten votes to eight against her right to change her birth certificate, 14 votes to four against her right to marry, leaving her and other British transsexuals in a no man's—or no woman's—land.

"I can only believe that when we join the European Community next year, that's going to raise some questions," Tula told me this past April, when we had lunch and talked in London. "Because in other European countries, transsexuals are entitled to rights, and we're supposed to be part of a common Europe. So I'll have another stab at changing the law then."

As she toyed with her cheese omelet, a young Asian man approached. Obviously recognizing Tula, he asked shyly whether or not she'd won her case in Strasbourg.

"No? You lost it? That's a shame."

"Well, I'll have another go next year."

"Good luck," said the man. "I wish you the best."

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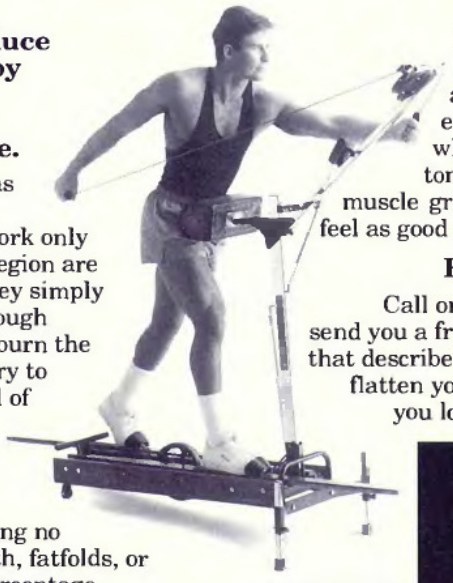

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THE SAFARI

(continued from page 100)

bite, even with medication, throbs excruciatingly for an entire day. There were caterpillars that dropped from trees and made the skin itch for hours. He showed them plants to avoid, such as the ruin, whose innocent-looking stalks can slice through flesh like a razor. As bad was the hortigha, a broad-leaved spiny plant that causes a debilitating rash.

But he also described the medicinal wonders of tropical plants, such as yuquilla for snakebite and ayahuasaca for almost anything.

"So the jungle," said Paula, her face pasty and wet, "is a living pharmacy."

Ramon gave her a smile of approval. Then he reached into the brush and yanked out a large furry pod. Breaking it open, he smeared some of its red juice on his forefinger, reached out and traced it carefully on Paula's lower lip, then her upper. Too surprised to move, she stood there and let him apply the jungle lipstick. "Well?" she asked Sheldon with a smile. "Does *achiote* suit me?"

He laughed and admitted it was a better shade than the lipsticks she bought at Bloomingdale's. But as they continued along the trail, Sheldon studied their guide, who had taken such a liberty with his wife. Ramon seemed unaware that his bold application of lipstick had been an act both intimate and impudent. He had just discovered a dragon's-blood tree and with his machete was cutting into its slim trunk. He drew out a blood-red exudate that he claimed would cure ulcers, sore throats and pimples.

He explained which plants could be eaten.

"How can you tell," Paula asked, "if something's poisonous?"

"Look for signs that animals and birds have eaten a plant. What they can eat, you can eat."

"I think getting along in the jungle," said Paula, "is complicated."

Putting his hands judgmentally on his hips, Ramon said, "This is true. But outsiders think *la selva* is only trees and insects and anyone who lives here must be stupid."

"I don't think that," Sheldon put in.

Ignoring him, Ramon continued. "Everywhere you look, there is meaning." He walked up to a tree with whitish bark. "This is the testigo. See those slashes? They're messages left by Indians." Reaching out, he took Paula's arm and led her off the path to another tree. "Look at that."

Sheldon joined them and they stared at a tiny arrow, about as long as a finger and with a small bolt of cotton at the end, sticking into the bark. "That's a message, too. It's an Auca arrow. It means stay away."

"I read about the Auca," Sheldon said.

"Primitive nomads. They used to be dangerous."

Ramon laughed.

"*Are* they dangerous?" Paula asked.

Turning to her, Ramon explained that the Auca still resist outsiders. Near their temporary villages, they cut bamboo at a slant about six inches from the ground. These stakes keep intruders away. Reaching out again, Ramon touched Paula's arm reassuringly. "Don't worry, though. This arrow must have been left here long ago. The Auca are far back over there these days." He pointed vaguely eastward.

That night, around the campfire, in front of their two tents, they ate rice and corned beef that Ramon had cooked with casual skill in an aluminum pot.

"Let me tell you about the Auca," Ramon said abruptly, turning to Paula. "Last year, a missionary went out to live with them. He was warned, but that meant nothing to him, so people said, 'Well, let him go look if he wants. He'll never find the Auca.' But the Auca found him." Ramon waited for a response.

"What happened?" Sheldon asked curiously.

Ramon turned toward him. "For one thing, they dug his fingernails out with a knife."

"His fingernails?"

"All of them. Then they took his teeth. Every one. Carefully."

"How?"

"I don't know. But all his teeth were gone."

"Sheldon," said Paula.

"Then what?" Sheldon asked, ignoring her. He felt himself in the grip of something too horrible to resist.

"They tied him to a tree," Ramon said. "Hands and feet. To a ceibo macho."

"You mean, they took his nails and teeth *before* tying him down?"

Ramon shrugged. "Before, after, I don't know when they tied him. He was found spread-eagled against the tree, his arms pulled back around it."

"Go on."

"Sheldon," said Paula, "I don't want to hear any more."

"Go on," Sheldon demanded.

Ramon pointed to his abdomen just below his diaphragm. "Cut here down to here." He indicated a spot a few inches below the navel. "They inserted a stick bent like a fishhook and"—he made a soft pulling motion like hauling a rope—"hooked and drew the coils out."

Sheldon gave a low whistle.

"About a meter," explained Ramon, "so the guts hung down to his feet."

Paula got up and crawled inside their tent; when she was gone, Sheldon turned to Ramon again. "Go on."

"Then the Auca killed him."

"You mean, he wasn't already dead?"

"That's one thing I'm sure of. The Auca know how to make it last. They can keep a man or animal at the edge as long as they wish. It's the way they are. How a thing dies is important to them."

"Go on."

"Finally, they cracked his head open with an ax and let his spirit out."

"Why did they take his fingernails and teeth?"

Ramon shook his head. "I don't know." He seemed abruptly embarrassed by the account he had given.

Sheldon breathed deeply, as if he had just run a race. "We won't see any of the Auca, will we?"

Ramon laughed. "No, my friend. That's impossible. Unless the Auca want us to see them. But that is impossible."

"Why?"

"The Auca don't want people to see them. They're shy like the jaguar."

"The missionary saw them."

"That was different. He must have come along just at the right time."

"What does that mean?"

Once again, Ramon shrugged. "Who knows when the right time is for the Auca? They're not predictable. When they want to celebrate something or need to please their god or try to change their luck. Then they might let someone see them before they kill him."

They sat a while longer in silence. Then Sheldon got up and went inside his tent. He and Paula said nothing until they heard Ramon get up with a sigh and go around the fire to his own tent.

"That was a horrible story," Paula whispered. "Why must you listen to something so horrible?"

"I couldn't help it."

"Darling, let's not talk about it anymore," Paula said, snuggling close, kissing him, reaching for him.

•

Ramon seemed to know everyone who lived in the jungle. He squatted in the shade of houses built on stilts and talked quietly in Quechua with banana-plantation men, coffee growers, Indian laborers with eyes red-rimmed from drinking *chicha*. Once, during a visit, he went up the ladder into a dark hut and emerged with a blowgun. It was eight feet long, made of two parts of wood wrapped in liana. Ramon's cheeks expanded when he blew into its bone mouthpiece and sent one of those little Auca arrows into a papaya 20 feet away.

"Did you notice his change of shirts?" Paula asked her husband later. "In Misahualli, he wore the Batman shirt."

"Right."

"Then, when we first got to the jungle, he had on that Galápagos Islands shirt."

Sheldon thought about it, then he nodded.

"Now he's got on a plain gray one."

"What are you getting at?"

Paula stared thoughtfully at the guide. "The deeper Ramon gets into the jungle,

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the more himself he becomes."

Sheldon scoffed at the idea. But he did envy Ramon his ease in such a hostile environment. And Ramon was a born teacher. He taught Sheldon to crumble up termite nests at the four corners of a tent at night because their material repelled snakes and insects. Sheldon learned from him how to identify breadfruit, wild cotton and a species of mimosa that can induce immediate sleep in an insomniac. Sheldon was learning to hold his own out here. He felt the day would come when he didn't need a guide in the rain forest.

•

They went deeper into the massed greenery until they no longer came upon huts or little settlements. Often, when they halted for the day, Sheldon took solitary walks and imagined himself alone out here, a jungle expert. Returning to camp one afternoon from such a walk, he found a pot boiling on the butane stove but no one in sight. He called out and Paula answered from their tent. There was a water bottle near the fire, so Sheldon picked it up and unscrewed the lid to have a drink. Just as he got a whiff of cheap yucca alcohol, he saw Ramon emerge from the other tent. Raising the bottle high, Sheldon said angrily, "What's this?"

Ramon, smiling, approached. "That's medicine. Good in the jungle."

Sheldon inhaled deeply over the open bottle, grimacing. "This is *chicha*!"

Ramon continued to smile. "Out here, it is medicine."

"You're drinking!" Sheldon yelled.

Paula emerged from their tent.

"You said you didn't drink! You lied!"

"Please, *señor*, do not accuse me of lying," Ramon said. Reaching out, he took the bottle from Sheldon's hand and returned to his own tent with it.

"Say nothing," Paula told her husband, gripping his arm.

"But he said——"

"Say nothing!" his wife commanded so sharply that Sheldon pulled his arm away, went into the tent and brooded.

Later, as they ate lentils and rice, while howling monkeys kicked up a racket in trees beyond the firelight, Ramon told them chilling stories about snakes. There were the fer-de-lance, terciopelo, urutu, cascabel, jararaca—all lethal. The bushmaster grew to 11 feet, had fangs like railroad spikes, and its poison prevented the blood from clotting. "I've seen a bitten man's gums bleed and he had blood in his urine and there were purple patches on his skin." Ramon reached down for frequent pulls at his bottle of *chicha*. "Don't you worry," he told Paula with a grin. "Snakes usually keep to themselves."

"Usually?" she said.

The raw metallic stench of cheap alcohol hovered above the campfire. It was still lingering about the campsite the next morning.

Sheldon couldn't remember if they had been in the jungle 15 or 16 days. He didn't want to admit that to his wife and surely not to Ramon.

Every night now, their guide drank *chicha* at the campfire.

One evening, as they strolled out of earshot of camp, Sheldon told his wife, "We're letting him bully us."

"We mustn't get him angry."

"Are you serious?"

"He's got the advantage out here, Shelly. Don't you see?"

Of course he did. Clasping her hand, Sheldon promised to do nothing that would get them in trouble. "I've never loved you more than I do now," he said.

Back in camp, Ramon had their dinner ready. There was a bottle of *chicha* beside him, and with a smile, he greeted them cheerily. "Hello, big man from the city of New York! Hello, pretty lady."

Sheldon sat down and cleared his throat for emphasis before speaking. He told Ramon of his respect for a man who knew the jungle so well. On the other hand, he was paying for this safari and must insist that Ramon keep his part of the bargain. That is, not drink.

Ramon immediately poured the *chicha* into the fire; it hissed like a snake and sent up a pungent smoke into the humid night. "I told you," Ramon said. "You get what you pay for."

"Thank you."

Ramon guffawed. "You think you know the jungle?"

"I know something about it because of you," Sheldon answered politely.

"Have you seen the signs?"

"What signs?"

"Then you know nothing." Ramon sat back, hands on his knees, and looked triumphantly from Sheldon to Paula. "They are there to be read and understood."

"What signs?" asked Paula.

"Don't be afraid, pretty lady. I'm no animal. I am nothing to fear. There is plenty in this jungle to fear, but not me." He cackled loudly.

Then he dished out boiled yucca, onions, chilies, tinned sausages and fresh pineapple.

The Whites, feeling drowsy, turned in early and fell asleep.

And they slept deeply until a cacophony of morning sounds nudged them awake. Rubbing his eyes, his head aching, Sheldon crawled from the tent and looked around.

He let out a cry that brought Paula to the entrance, too. Ramon's tent was gone; so was the butane stove and a backpack of tinned food.

"Drugged us," Sheldon declared. He made a quick assessment of what was left: one knapsack with a half-dozen tins of tuna and one of Spam, three cans of pinto beans, their own tent and sleeping bags, a flashlight. That was it. They had no cooking utensils, not even a machete.

"He won't get far with all that stuff," grumbled Sheldon.

"Oh, yes, he will," Paula said.

She was right, of course. Thickset, jungle-wise Ramon Torres was able to carry a load that would exhaust three Sheldon Whites. And there was no sense in trying to follow him. It was drizzling, and even if they could locate his trail, they would lose it again within 100 yards.

Huddled together in their tent, the Whites tried to analyze their situation. As they talked, Sheldon discovered in himself a new excitement, as if all along he had hoped for something this challenging to happen. He thrust his head out of the tent and studied the cloud-covered sky. "We'll get our bearings when it clears up." Having spoken confidently, Sheldon was surprised at his wife's reaction.

"I'm scared to death," she admitted.

After a long silence, she said, "Well, there's a bright side. At least we're alive."

"You don't seriously think he would kill us, do you?"

"I think he must have considered it. He's a proud, vindictive man. Shelly, did you pay him?"

"Of course I did. By contract. That morning we left the hotel." As soon as he spoke, Sheldon felt like a fool.

"I don't think he registered us with the capitan."

"Sure, he did. Why wouldn't he?" Then Sheldon answered his own question. "Well, if anything happened to us, he'd be off the hook." He avoided saying the obvious: They didn't officially exist.

"He felt you cheated him on the fee, Shelly." After a pause, she added with a sigh, "And then there was me."

"What are you talking about?"

"That night you yelled at him about the *chicha*? You took a walk. Before you came back, I was standing outside the tent and he sneaked up behind me and grabbed my breasts and I slapped him."

"You slapped him? What happened then?"

"He just laughed. I went inside our tent."

"And then?"

"That's all. But I could hear him still laughing."

Sheldon leaned forward, clenching his fists. "Why did you keep it from me?"

"Why do you think?"

He knew, of course. Ramon might have welcomed an excuse to deal with an outraged husband who didn't stand a chance against him.

Sheldon stared at the empty campsite. "He got back at me for being cheap and at you for holding out. I wouldn't have believed this could happen."

"It wouldn't have, except out here."

A glance at his wife told Sheldon she was assessing him. He sat up

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straight. "We can't go back the way we came," he declared briskly. "We have to reach the river and go upstream to Nuevo Rocafuerte."

"He mentioned signs. Shelly, did he mean the Auca?"

"He just wanted to scare us."

"Then he succeeded."

"Darling, if you've ever had faith in me, have it now."

Paula scuttled over in the hot, cramped tent and put her arms around him. "I love you, Shelly."

•

The next few days had a dreamlike quality. There were fierce thunderstorms followed by soft evenings filled with clouds transformed by final sunlight into pink castles, lavender ships, crimson birds, while fog rolled in off the blue mountains into the jungle valleys.

As they went forward through the dense rain forest, Sheldon tried to remember specific plants and what they were good for: chonta, *cana agria*, chambera, bigao. Which were edible? How could he really tell if animals ate them? Which were poisonous? The names got mixed up in his mind, just as his perceptions of the trail became a chaotic mixture of tree bush vine tangles of brown tendrils stems a hot caldron of green geometries a watery stew of rotting plants.

Even so, he was going forward each day—four now—with his wife, Paula, a splendid woman, someone to be proud of, courageous and tough and uncomplaining.

At high noon, they were trudging along when Paula's feet shot out from under her. This sort of accident often happened in the slippery rain forest. Each of them on occasion had laughed at Red Skelton–and–Chevy Chase pratfalls, with legs scooting out, arms flailing. This time, Paula went up, twisted around and fell on her stomach.

Giggling, Sheldon bent over his wife, who was sprawled face down on the muddy ground, and said, "Let me help."

"Wait," she gasped. "Be careful."

Bending closer, he looked at her face and saw to his dismay Paula's mouth working soundlessly, her skin ashen, her eyes wide and straining. "What in hell?"

"I'm hurt. I fell on something."

When gently he began lifting her at the armpits, Paula screamed, the sound issuing so loud and knifelike through the trees that a host of unseen parakeets fluttered out from the branches like confetti. Startled, Sheldon let go of her, and she screamed again. Scooting around Paula's body, examining her, he saw a pool of blood under her left hip.

"Fell on something," Paula said in a dreamy voice.

This time, he lifted her high, straight up, and could see that she had been impaled on a jointed stem of bamboo, maybe three or four inches long. When she slid free of the stake and he rolled her onto the muddy jungle floor, a gush of blood spread over her trousers. Sheldon quickly undid them. He stared a moment at the bubbling hole in her side, then stanched the flow with the shirttail of her blouse. Paula's blue eyes had the glazed look of someone in shock.

"The Auca put it there," Sheldon muttered as he worked to hold back the red tide of Paula's life.

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Somehow, in his fear and anguish, Sheldon White managed to haul his stricken wife down to a meandering stream and bathe the wound with soaks made of their clothes. Ramon had stolen their first-aid kit, a theft for which Sheldon would have asked the death sentence. Paula lay on the bank naked from the waist down. Sheldon spent much of his time frantically waving off flies that lit on the wound or her pubic hair, great waves of wings and curious little legs, striding on, probing her flesh. While he held one of his shirts against the large puncture, Sheldon had the compelling but horrible sense of being watched. If the Auca were out there and appeared, he'd tell them they weren't to blame. They just wanted to protect their territory. He had no argument with them. It was Ramon Torres' fault. He would somehow get this across to them if they appeared. He leaned close to Paula's ear and whispered, "We're going to be all right." He repeated this encouragement a few more times before acknowledging to himself that his wife was unconscious.

Night fell; by then, he had managed to stop the flow of blood. Clumsily, he made a bandage from a pair of cotton pants found in the knapsack. The flying insects no longer had access to her flesh. He sat beside the riverbank, cradling her head in his arms, listening to her labored breathing, terrified by convulsive movements she made.

It rained, he hovered over Paula, covering as much of her as he could from pelting drops that hit the overhead palm leaves like pebbles. Once, she awakened and cried out and brought sobs of horror from Sheldon, who kept telling her he loved her loved her loved her. What happened during the rest of that night he would not remember, but he awoke shortly after dawn, his face against hers, and at the instant of waking, he knew from the cold texture of her skin that Paula was dead.

Hours later, as he staggered through a drizzle, Sheldon gripped Paula's neck pouch, which contained her wedding ring, her passport, her driver's license and a few other documents. It was all he had left of Paula Levine White; the rest of her lay beneath a cover of leaves beside a stream.

"I didn't say goodbye," he declared out loud. The sound of his own voice, muffled in the humid air, startled him. "I didn't tell her I'd get the son of a bitch!" Turning, he tried to retrace his steps, but after a time of stumbling through undergrowth, Sheldon realized he would never find her again.

He headed in what might be an easterly direction and set out at a steady pace. If only he could see the sun or the stars, he could fix his course, but the weather conspired against him. In his mind, Sheldon forgot about the jungle and imagined himself back in Quito, filing charges unsuccessfully against an Ecuadorian national, and back in the States, making enough money to return to this country, where he would bribe judges and politicians, persist maybe for years until he got the better of a corrupt legal system and finally brought Ramon Torres to justice. Or, if that failed, there were other measures. . . . He would buy a gun. He would creep up to that battered little house, swing the screen door open and shoot Ramon Torres, lying in the hammock, right between the eyes.

•

"We're going to make it."

That's what Sheldon said aloud as he trudged steadily on through the jungle. He felt stronger as the hard-earned miles fell behind him. He had mild diarrhea, perhaps from licking raindrops off broad-leaved plants (long ago, his canteen had gone dry and he had no Sterotabs with him for purifying water), or maybe the wild berries he had eaten were responsible. He had only a single tin of tuna left and meant to husband it judiciously. The sun hadn't come out, not since before Paula's death, and that had happened three or four days ago. Or was it five? If only he would come upon a little settlement or even an isolated hut in a clearing, he might discover a way of sustaining himself. He wouldn't ask for anything save the answer to one question: What could he eat in the jungle? He mustn't impose on people who likely as not would be hostile to a lost gringo like himself. But he never met anyone.

Stopping once at a pool, he stared at his image in the water and noticed large round splotches on his face. Touching them, he realized that the suppurating sores, doubtlessly caused when he scratched some insect bites, were much larger than he had supposed. Gnat-sized flies had done it to him. Ramon had said of these flies, "They will bite you and bite you and you'll never see them do it." But Sheldon no longer minded the insects. They lived on him as familiarly as he had seen them live on naked children playing in the mud of a jungle compound.

"We can do it, Paula," he declared, aware but not afraid of speaking aloud to his dead wife. He had been talking to her for a few days now. It began during a stop when he lay back against a large boulder to rest. "What do I tell them?" he asked

her. "I mean, your brother I can handle. He'll understand what happened, how we couldn't help it. We couldn't, could we? But your father—what can I tell him? That's a man who won't even try to understand what the jungle is." After a pause, he added glumly, "Forgive me, darling. I was a fool." He felt better after saying these words.

And so, by holding conversations with Paula, he was not losing his mind but gaining it. All he needed was a blue sky to give him direction.

Finally, the sun came out, though a dense webbing of ceibo and eucalyptus leaves obscured most of it. Climbing a hillock to reach a commanding view of the countryside, he saw a brilliant bowl of blue sky arching over the rain forest right down to a green horizon. It was shortly after dawn, so from the sun's position he could orient himself reasonably well for the first time in days.

While descending into the deep jungle again, he recalled another of Ramon's remarks: "Everything in the jungle comes around again like a wheel. You'll find that out."

And he did. Almost every tree and vine and leaf had a familiar look. Although the sun had given him bearings so that he could travel more generally in a straight line, Sheldon felt he had been everywhere before. Perhaps he had circled round and was retracing his steps in the pursuit of a delusion. That tree there—that specific ceibo there—he was certain of having seen before. This rising bit of ground, that trumpet vine, this cluster of orchids—all seen before. Yet it wasn't true. It couldn't be, because whichever direction he took, each object along the way was the same as those just passed. By nightfall, when he sat exhausted against the hard trunk of a chimbra (did he remember this tree?), Sheldon appreciated a new subtlety of the jungle: Wherever you went within it, it remained the same, like water, each segment identical to the next. He muttered something like that to Paula before plunging into dreamless sleep.

Sheldon awakened slowly, coming into a conscious state of controlled alarm. His entire body understood that something was wrong, something was happening. He never moved, though a moving weight made a path perhaps the width of two fingers across the calves of both legs. It was just after dawn; by lowering his chin slowly, he could see in the misty light a final few inches of snake undulating beyond his legs into the bush. What had it been? A fer-de-lance? A jararaca?

"Never mind," he told his wife. Getting to his feet, ignoring the hunger pangs that cramped his stomach, Sheldon lunged into the rain forest, pushing on toward Nuevo Rocafuerte. He kept telling her, "We're going to make it."

Toward noon, when he stopped to open the tuna and lift out two fingerfuls for his lunch, Sheldon had the strangest feeling—the jungle had grown silent, truly without sound. There had always been some kind of sound even within silence: a tapir grunting through the undergrowth, a white-noise constancy of buzzing insects, the whistling or caw of a bird overhead. Something. But suddenly, it seemed as though the jungle had inhaled and was holding its breath. Nothing moved. A silence as deep as an ocean swept in and remained there, hovering around Sheldon White until he found himself holding his own breath. It lasted perhaps a minute, then the sounds poured in again as into a bowl, and he himself breathed.

•

"We're going to make it," he heard himself saying aloud just as the undergrowth ahead opened into a small clearing, and Sheldon stepped forward to face a group of men, maybe a score of them, all naked except for a few who wore vests of jaguar skin adorned with bird beaks, feathers, bits of glittery things.

He knew instantly who they were.

Not one of the Auca was more than five feet tall. A few held thong-wrapped axes, but all had blowguns with bamboo quivers slung over their shoulders. Their faces were brightly smeared in intricate designs with the red exudate of *achiote*. They wore stony expressions that Sheldon couldn't interpret.

He wanted to say that Ramon Torres was responsible for his wife's death. It wasn't their fault; he didn't blame them. But having seen them, he knew they wouldn't understand a word. There was nothing to do but wait. Time passed and passed and the score of men stood in front of him, motionless.

At last, one of the Auca, who wore a feathered headdress, came forward to stand within touching range of Sheldon, who looked down at him and smiled tentatively.

Reaching out and taking one of the white hands into his own, the tribesman ran a stubby thumb across the smooth surface of each fingernail. Dropping the hand then, he took a step closer and pried open Sheldon's mouth. He drew the same callused thumb across each of the upper front teeth.

Sheldon let out such a yowl of horror that the surprised Auca took a few steps backward.

Startled birds in a neighboring tree—macaws and kites and owls—flapped rapidly into the bright sky.

Clutching their blowguns, the Auca stood there in the dappled sunlight, perhaps wondering if the white man's spirit was leaving his body before they had even begun to kill him.

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BILL GATES *(continued from page 146)*

"'Mitch is obviously down on me,' says Gates. 'I mean, "Kingdom of the Dead"? Where do I go from there?'"

one version of OS/2, Microsoft another.

Through it all, Microsoft has had the luxury of being able to keep tinkering with products that were not always bug-free or fully realized when released. Unlike most software companies, which operate on shoestring budgets, Microsoft was never forced to live or die by initial market response. The result is a hefty piece of the software industry, which has grown to a 100-billion-dollar-a-year business world-wide. And although much of the hardware and chip manufacturing has moved to Japan and elsewhere, *Fortune* magazine pointed out that "the role of DOS as a unifying component of most PCs has helped entrench the U.S. as the epicenter of world software."

Gates says plainly, "Microsoft changed the computer world in a big way."

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He's the biggest, he's the baddest, he's the ultimate power in software. But to hear Bill Gates tell it, neither he nor Microsoft is a danger to anyone, especially other software companies.

"Ask the guys at WordPerfect if they think competition is at an end," snaps Gates, and he has a point. Although Microsoft is the largest combined provider of major application software such as spread sheets, word processors and data bases, its products in each category run a distant second. Lotus 1-2-3 outsells Microsoft's Excel. WordPerfect towers over Microsoft Word. And Ashton-Tate's dBase is more popular than Microsoft's Multiplan.

Business Month magazine wrote that Microsoft's success was mostly due to luck and Gates's ability to "recover the fumbles" of his even more inept rivals and industry peers. The magazine quotes an unnamed software executive who claimed, "Gates is supposed to be so technical. But Microsoft's secret is that it is *not* an innovator. Bill is just a systems guy who's been able to fund a wide range of 'me, too' applications on the basis of one extremely lucrative product practically handed to him ten years ago by IBM. All he's done since is hang in."

Gates will admit, when pressed, that serendipity certainly played a part in his success. But he will never agree that he just got lucky. "If they are saying that they were just as likely to have ended up in my situation," he says matter-of-factly, "then they're ignoring other significant elements, like my being into computers, my intensity, my energy.

"This backlash is a natural result of success," he claims, citing his foresight in developing software for the Macintosh computer, the success of Microsoft's Flight Simulator program, the impact of the Excel spread sheet (for both the Mac and PCs) and the buying spree for Windows 3.0. "I feel responsible for maintaining an attitude of innovation. *I do.* That's what makes it fun for me."

Gates estimates that DOS accounts for as much as 25 percent of Microsoft's profits. "But believe me, those profits go to the bottom line. If we weren't very profitable, you could say we were using DOS to fund the other stuff. The fact is, *everything* here is very profitable—except multimedia and networking, which are still in an investment mode. I guarantee that if we start writing crummy products, the bottom will drop out."

However Gates's success is figured, he is "disappointed" by the resentment and hurt expressed in some of the comments. "Negative guys say I cheated my way here," he complains. "Positive guys say I must have overwhelmed everyone with my I.Q. Both are gross oversimplifications of what have been interesting years."

The hurt is worse, of course, when old friends, such as Lotus founder and former C.E.O. Mitch Kapor, seem to turn on him. "The revolution is over," said Kapor. "Bill Gates has won. [Today's software industry is] the 'Kingdom of the Dead.'"

"Mitch is obviously down on me," says Gates, sighing. "I mean, 'Kingdom of the Dead'? Where do I go from there?"

•

Bill Gates was born into a well-to-do Seattle family. His father, William H. Gates II, is an attorney. His mother, Mary—the smart one, they all say—sits on the University of Washington Board of Regents and is a director of First Interstate Bank. Gates remains close to his folks and doesn't hesitate to consult them for business advice.

As a teenager, he attended Lakeside School, an academically rigorous private school, and it was there that he met Paul Allen, who shared his interest in science fiction. Gates was also the resident math whiz (he would later score 800 on his math S.A.T.), bypassing seventh-grade math classes because he'd already read the high school texts. He took his math quite personally: "The thing I liked about math was that you were either right or wrong; so even some guy who *nobody* liked could come up with some math proof and you had to say, 'Hey, this guy is right!'"

When the Lakeside Mothers Club donated the proceeds of a rummage sale to buying time on a local mainframe, Gates and Allen became members of the Lakeside Programming Group. Their activities included skipping gym classes, sneaking into the computer center at night and rummaging through trash cans for computer-program listings. By Gates's eighth-grade year, the Lakeside Programmers were working for real money: They computerized the school's payroll system and counted holes punched in cards by machines that monitored highway traffic. The rechanneled profits went into more computer time. Two years later, the group formed a company, Traf-O-Data, with Gates as president, to sell the traffic-counting system to local communities.

Gates missed much of his senior year, because he was by then working full time at TRW as a $20,000-a-year programmer. When he went to Harvard in 1973, Allen transferred East from the University of Washington. Their first winter, they picked up an issue of *Popular Electronics* and read an article about the Altair, a kit computer based on the new 8080 microprocessor from Intel. It had a 4K memory and the manufacturer, MITS, said it needed a computer language written so the machine could be programmed. Gates and Allen were shocked. "We had been predicting this thing and then to have somebody *doing* it; there it was happening *without* us. So I called them from the dorm room and said, 'Hey, we have a [condensed version of the language] BASIC that will work on your machine. Do you want it?'" MITS said yes.

Now all Gates and Allen had to do was actually write it.

Three weeks later, they flew to Albuquerque, checking the program simulation one last time on the plane. Had they read the manual incorrectly, nothing would have functioned. But it worked. "For the first time," says Gates, "they saw their computer actually do something."

In June 1975, Gates dropped out of Harvard. He and Allen moved to New Mexico to work with MITS and started Microsoft. Originally, Allen wanted to move into hardware, but Gates was adamant that software would drive the industry and persuaded Allen to see things his way. MITS eventually folded, but Microsoft had acquired other clients, and in 1979, the company moved near Seattle. In 1980, IBM came calling and the modern PC era began.

From a staff of eight people in 1975, Microsoft has grown to more than 5200 employees. Yet, because Gates likes to think of Microsoft as a collection of separate enterprises under one umbrella, the business retains a small-company feel. Headquarters are a pastoral, campuslike setting of low-rise buildings near Seattle. A small pond on the grounds has been

dubbed Lake Gates. In the cafeterias, all beverages are free. And employees can buy the latest reflections of corporate culture: Microsoft T-shirts, jogging shorts, knapsacks. Workers even get a free membership at a local health club. Although Microsoft workers are generally paid less than they could make elsewhere—Gates himself receives only a $190,000 salary—and toil longer than standard hours, they remain loyal to the company for many reasons, which include a generous discount-stock-purchase plan and the chance to be part of Gates's goal of global software domination.

For fun, there are picnics and parties. An annual bash, called Microgames, is sometimes held at Gates's home or at the family compound that he bought for his folks. Last year's theme was Africa. Everyone did the limbo, shot blow darts, tried to fill in the names of African countries on a giant map (Gates had a map of Africa on his garage wall for months in advance, to prepare), raced canoes and played Jungle Jeopardy on Macintosh computers in the rain.

Employee turnover is extremely low at Microsoft and both morale and profits are high. Microsoft was the first software manufacturer to gross more than one billion dollars in a year.

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Today is a beige day. Gates wears light-brown loafers, beige slacks, a predominantly beige madras shirt and a beige cashmere sweater. His beige hair is a mess.

Night has fallen and Gates picks at the remains of take-out Thai food from white cartons and aluminum dishes set on the rug. "One thing I'm not good at is keeping my office clean," he says, embarrassed. "Seriously. If I had a subordinate whose office looked like this, I would really wonder what was going on."

He's surrounded by his notion of corporate decor: a Microsoft product poster from Germany, another touting DOS 4.01 in Russian, a Teddy bear, a beer stein, a Casio mini-TV left by some Japanese visitors, a globe and a coffee table covered with yellow legal tablets, a yellow Koosh ball, a cassette of *Chicago IX* and other paraphernalia. Near his desk is an award for winning the 1990 Computer Bowl—a brisk competition among prominent techies.

There are also some more revealing mementos—an assortment of personal photographs. One shows Gates sleeping on a park bench with a *Scientific American* on the ground, just beyond his outstretched finger tips. Another is of Winblad. A third features Gates and Allen, in 1983, back at Lakeside. They'd built a math and science building for the school and Gates got the Alumnus of the Year award. The final photograph is the "Picture of Eight," a Seventies portrait of scraggly counterculture types—the original Microsoft group—who look as if they're straight off the commune. Gates, looking about 13 years old, anchors the lower left corner.

Gates is asked what he thinks when he looks back at those days. "I hope I look the same," he says blankly, obviously uncomfortable with much personal reflection. OK, then, what *does* arouse sentiment? "There are milestones, like when we first moved onto this campus or started buying more land. Or at our five-year anniversary, we looked back a little bit. On our ten-year anniversary," he adds, "we looked back." Let's try this: Does he wander the deserted halls at night? "I kind of walk around sometimes and see what things they've got posted on the walls. Maybe run into somebody who's got something running on a machine." So, no sitting in his office, in the dark, contemplating what he has wrought? "Nah," says Gates, "I don't turn the lights off much. The cleaning people might start coming in and vacuuming."

Gates is so indistinguishable from Microsoft—in his mind, at least—that any plans to marry and begin a family are always on hold. Gates faces a quandary familiar to any young lion: Can he handle two wives when one is the company? "Sure I can," assures Gates. "But it's not something you can schedule." Even so, the clock ticks and the gossip flies. Competitors wish he'd get started, because it might give them a chance to catch up. Gates insists he has no shortage of "dance partners." So think of him as Bill Gates, rock star, says a friend. "Think of anybody in a position of power. Gates is rich. He gets letters from women all over the U.S. and the world. Once you've got the rep, it's easy." A woman from Mensa once wrote to Gates, asking him for software for her Mac. He delivered, then met her in Atlanta later.

Gates is not always so charming. His confrontational style at work has been called management by abuse. When anyone presents programming codes or ideas that he feels are the result of haphazard and sloppy thinking, he won't hesitate to say, "How can you be so stupid?" Another favorite reproach: "That's totally random." If you listen carefully, you'll hear these Gatesisms, and others, echoing campus-wide.

Microsoft's most senior programmers claim they've learned not to take the insults personally. "Bill has toughened us up," says Jeff Harbers. "He used to just beat us up, and we went away feeling bad. You have to be able to take this abuse and fight back. If you back down, he loses respect. It's part of the game."

But Harbers claims that since returning from his recent vacation in Thailand, Gates has mellowed out. "Oh, that's the most bullshit I've ever heard," says Gates. "I have *always* been as friendly or as unfriendly as I am now. Maybe I've changed a *little* over the past ten years. I'm a little smarter about when I'm going

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overboard." And apparently, he is willing to take what he dishes out. "I *believe* in feedback. I encourage people I respect, my parents and my business associates or my friends, to tell me when I'm a little out of control. If I haven't combed my hair for two weeks, they might say, 'Hey, a little more often.'"

A pet project these days is Gates's $10,000,000, 37,000-square-foot new home now under construction on the shores of Lake Washington, in suburban Seattle. It will include a swimming pool, a trampoline, a game room, a movie theater, a beach, underground parking for 20 cars, a 14,000-book library and a dining pavilion that will seat 100. He'll also install high-definition-TV monitors in most rooms to constantly display images from a massive collection stored on computer. "We'll have images of most of the famous art, cars, plans, maps, boats," Gates told one reporter. "If you type in FRENCH SCULPTURE, you'll see French sculpture. If someone says to you, 'Russia's so bleak,' you can say, 'I don't think so,' and type in RUSSIA and take a look."

His other indulgence is fast cars. One, a $300,000 Porsche 959 (now worth $1,000,000), sits on a dock in Oakland, California. The Government won't let it through Customs without a crash-test safety certification. But the cars are too expensive for Porsche to sacrifice the four models required for testing. Gates and Allen each own one, and they've been concocting a way of simulating the crash on a computer in order to satisfy the safety requirements.

Both the house and the car are well within Gates's budget. When he took Microsoft public in 1986, holding 40 percent of its stock, Gates became worth in excess of $300,000,000. Today, that figure is near four billion dollars.

"Yes," Gates confesses, "I have a bunch of money and the freedom to do whatever I want."

It is interesting, then, to note what Gates chooses *not* to do. On his frequent business trips, he won't charter a private plane or even buy a first-class ticket—unless circumstances absolutely demand it. He is happy flying coach, often covering his head with a blanket or a coat and catching a cat nap. (He's an instantaneous sleeper.) He also likes to arrive for flights just seconds before the gate doors shut in his face.

There are no limos or chauffeurs in his life. Gates drives himself everywhere, in a Lexus. For years, until the company insisted, he didn't even want his own parking space at work. Unfortunately, without an assigned spot, he sometimes had to park four blocks from his office on days when the lots were filled. Once, he was harassed after hours by a disgruntled security guard. He has since relented and accepted not one but two slots under the main building. "So I got one for my company president, too," he says. Gates parks his Lexus next to Microsoft president Mike Hallman's big Mercedes.

Why resist so many of the perks of power? "He's worried what people will think," says Harbers. "If he's not a regular guy, he thinks people will not respect him as much."

Gates agrees, insisting that the notion of specialness is dangerous and wouldn't enhance whatever contribution he's capable of making. "It's screwed up. It sets a bad example. I think eventually you get used to those things, then you're just abnormal. I'm afraid I'd get used to it."

But Gates is clearly not a regular guy—no matter how many all-night poker fests he attends, or coach airline tickets he buys, or bachelor parties he throws, or suits he won't wear. And sometimes, he has to be reminded of that fact.

Not so long ago, Gates and some friends were drinking Dom Pérignon and partying late. They decided they were starving and wanted pizza. Gates made the phone call but was told there were no deliveries after one A.M. "He looked up at us," remembers a friend, "and said, 'They don't deliver this late.' We said, 'Bill, you're *Bill Gates*, one of the richest men in America. *Do something about it*. How much is it worth to you to have that pizza?' And he thought for a minute and said, 'Two hundred forty-two dollars.' So he got back on the phone and said, 'This is Bill Gates and it's worth two hundred forty-two dollars for me to have that pizza!'

"We got the pizza."

"Well, well! The Incredible Shrinking Man!"

HERE'S *LOOKING*

(continued from page 108)

of a young girl's getting dressed to leave the house is enormously complex. Her choice of what to wear is her choice of what signals she means to convey to the people who will see her. As she prepares to go out, she has a look for herself in mind. The range of possibilities available to her is staggering: If she chooses her baggy Army pants and her father's old stretched-out Irish fisherman's sweater to wear downtown, she's going to be almost invisible. But if she chooses her pink miniskirt with her white tank top, she's going to get a lot of attention, with only a small portion of it coming from the people from whom she'd like to receive it, or being the kind of attention she'd like to get from them.

These are matters in which very early in her life, with a collection of 19 Barbies and one Ken, my daughter began carrying out an apprenticeship. To choose what to wear is to exercise a power, the technology of which women master by the time they are in their midteens.

In warm weather, young women and men gather outside my office building at the University of Vermont, and the level of hormonal energy often runs so high out there that it renders invisible a professorial type like me. This is the ideal anthropological circumstance for observing the preliminary mating rituals of *Studentus americanus universitatus*. Spoken language may be essential for the male of the tribe, but in this setting, the female can get along very well on body language and wardrobe signals alone. Surprisingly enough, the ones who merit real scrutiny are the dropouts, the young women who for one reason or another have said goodbye to all that and have chosen to dress plainly. While their fashionably dressed sisters are standing, sitting or strolling in conversation with young men, the dropouts in their drab, loose-fitting clothes move through the crowd, alone and apparently purposeful. They are literally out of it, the "it" being the sexual fray.

Since they are so much in the minority—say, one for every 30 or 40 consciously adorned coeds—one can hardly help wondering why they've made such a choice. Do they hate their bodies? Are they lesbians? Religious fanatics? Victims of rape or child molestation? The fact is that they may simply not want to be looked at "that way." And it is remarkably easy for them to choose not to be.

But is this what I really want—women to stop constructing their appearances so that I will stop ogling them? In spite of my admiration for the ones who eschew it all, the truth is that I'd hate it if women stopped putting on their "summer dresses." It seems comfortingly evident that we two genders are collaborators in this ogling business and that we'll all feel a lot better about it if we understand both the fact and the nature of our collaboration.

Maybe we all do understand it; maybe I'm just one of a few men who don't know how to swim with the flow of contemporary sexual politics. Standing in a grocery-store check-out line, I can't help remarking on a women's-magazine cover with a provocatively dressed young woman and the caption, SAY YES TO SEXY. Checking out other magazine covers, I am intensely reminded of how "sexy" is a way of life in a culture whose dominant force is advertising. Sexy is mainstream American ideology. But I can't help noticing, too, that not one person around me has "said yes to sexy," that the 40 or 50 of us there in the check-out area are your basic, drably dressed mid-Saturday-morning grocery shoppers.

•

If I follow a young woman who has "said yes to sexy" all over town, it may be that I've simply received some positive signals that weren't intended for me. Or else I've chosen to ignore any negative signals she has transmitted and allowed my actions to be determined by testosterone alone. In either case, faulty technology is the issue, and the result won't be fun for anybody.

On the other hand, if in walking behind her toward the English department's main office, I take note of my colleague Professor Ann Fisher's pretty legs, am I not simply registering once again the refreshing fact that I am a living creature? Out of my usual guilt, I may lightly slap my cheek and swear not to be affected by Professor Fisher's high heels, subtly shaded hose and smoothly shaved legs. (I still have that instinct to whine about what a nice boy I am.)

•

I think now of Ellen Bryant Voigt's poem *The Wide and Varied World*, which entertains the question of its epigraph, "Women, women, what do they want?" and ends with this dark answer: "We want what you want, only/we have to want it more."

Perhaps included in this "it" is our mutual desire for more freedom from sexual oppression. I find it painfully humiliating to be inappropriately provoked to desire a woman. With me, as with everyone else, it goes back a long way: I remember attending a high school dance around the age of 14 and walking across about 40 acres of open floor to ask Teresa Robinson to dance, only to have her glance up briefly and say, "No, thanks." Am I talking about mere social embarrassment? Obviously, that's part of it, but I'm also talking about self-worth, about feeling so diminished in value that you want to shrivel up and die. Manners may be on the surface of this topic, but at its center are crucial issues of dignity and debasement. I know it's reasonable for a woman to want to be desired by invitation only. I also think it's reasonable of a

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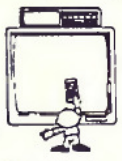

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man to want the invitation to desire to be as precisely transmitted as possible.

Nobody's talking about putting an end to ogling. I've had occasion to remind myself of how healthy a pleasure looking at women can be. Professor Fisher and I are longtime friends, each of us married for the long haul. But, by God, I like the sight of that woman, and if her face and manners are any sign at all, she doesn't half mind the sight of me. Professor Fisher and I have an ongoing regard for each other. Professor Fisher wears dresses I like, maybe a little old fashioned in style and conservative in cut, but they give her a cheerful, dressed-up look. She keeps her hair a decently generous length. In my professional opinion, she has a smile that would make an angel gain altitude.

But this is easy, right? Looking at an old pal isn't ogling, except maybe by Moslem standards. Let's try something tough—a healthy case of ogling a stranger. OK: I am about to pull out of the grocery-store parking lot when a car pulls over beside me, and before I even look, I know the driver is a woman. You know how when your car is sitting beside another car, you can't help but let your eyes shift over that way, but you don't want to do it when the other person is looking at you? Well, this time when it happens, she and I lock eyeballs before we know what we're doing. It's warm weather; we have our windows rolled down; my radio is playing some aching, midafternoon hillbilly ballad; and all of a sudden, this woman and I are looking deeply into each other's eyes. Nothing for it but to smile a bit and look back straight ahead; we both do that. But I like what I've seen. This is a lady of my own generation, and her face is both lively and showing some wear. The history of her love life is more than one chapter long, I'd bet on that. I like her smile, which has a rueful discipline to it, a wry turn at the corners of her mouth. Just as the light changes, she and I turn back toward each other and exchange another glance, and this is the old heart squeezer, the look that says, Stranger, you've got your life and I've got mine, and we're never going to see each other again, but given a chance, we'd know how to spend some hours together, now, wouldn't we? She pulls out, I follow, and a block later, I turn right to go to the gym, and she keeps going. I'm still feeling the buzz from exchanging that last look with her, so when I turn off, I lift a hand to wave to her. I don't expect her even to see it, though she could if she glanced in her rearview mirror. Sure enough, she does, she lifts a hand and waves back. I drive on to the gym, squinting little tears out of the corners of my eyes.

All right, so maybe within speaking three sentences aloud, the woman and I would have hated each other. Maybe if we'd gotten out of our cars, we'd have been horrified at seeing what the rest of us looked like. That's at least part of the point: The lady and I didn't see a whole lot—and maybe that's the essence of looking, that you never get to see it all—but we liked what we saw. I liked remembering the sight of her so much that in the gym, before I changed clothes for racquetball, I went to the big mirror in the men's locker room and checked myself out, a dangerous act for a man my age and my weight. But I wanted to see what that lady might have seen in me that earned me a smile like hers. And you know, I didn't think I looked so bad.

"Yes, Hal, I sent for your course and listened to all the tapes, and even though I had poor credit and no cash, the very next day, I went out and bought all the sex I needed with no money!"

PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

(continued from page 132)

play-off win over the Chiefs, and his stats weren't bad, either—more than 3500 yards, 21 touchdowns and only 11 interceptions.

In last year's draft, Shula added offensive linemen Richmond Webb and Keith Sims to protect Marino. They were instant sensations, and Webb went to the Pro Bowl as a rookie. In the 1991 draft, the Dolphins chose Randal Hill, a speedy wide receiver out of the University of Miami, to give Marino a target to hit deep. Mark Duper and Mark Clayton, both 30-something, must rebound for one more good season.

The rap on the Dolphins the past few years has been weak defense. Defensive end Jeff Cross (11½ sacks) and undersized linebacker John Offerdahl are prime players, but Cross needs help on the line and the Dolphins need some new bodies to fill in for linebackers Cliff Odom, questionable because of injury, and Hugh Green, a ripe 32 years old.

The **New York Jets** still aren't a very good football team, but at least they play harder than the crashing bores who have recently embarrassed the Big Apple. Credit coach Bruce Coslet and general manager Dick Steinberg, the new kids on the block, who demand more sweat from the Jets and get it. Jets sweat resulted in two extra wins in 1990–1991, 22 fewer sacks allowed and ten more made and the fourth-best rushing average (132.9 yards per game) in the N.F.L.

Retooling the anemic Jets, however, is a formidable job. Quarterback Ken O'Brien is simply filling in until either Troy Taylor or number-one draft pick Browning Nagle settles in as the new number one. Blair Thomas could be a great running back if the offensive line could open a few holes.

The defensive line has tackle Dennis Byrd (13 sacks) and not much else. The Jets' linebacking is unremarkable, and only Erik McMillan is impressive in the defensive backfield. Overall defensively, the Jets finished 23rd.

Looking at the numbers, it's hard to understand how the **Indianapolis Colts** won seven games. They had the second-worst over-all offense in football, the third-worst defense. The Colts landed hometown hero Jeff George, the quarterback of the future, but mortgaged their future by giving up Pro Bowl lineman Chris Hinton, wide receiver Andre Rison and this year's number-one draft pick.

George had, under the conditions, a pretty good rookie season—16 touchdowns and 13 interceptions. The conditions were lousy pass protection and a weak rushing game. He should be congratulated for showing up every week.

Running back Eric Dickerson is not the superstar he was, due partly to age, partly to a lack of blocking. However, Jessie

Hester (17.1-yard average per catch) was a welcome surprise at receiver.

The guys who were supposed to be Indy's studs on defense didn't play like it. End Jon Hand was a major disappointment (only three and a half sacks) after a contract holdout, and linebacker Fredd Young—obtained from Seattle a couple of years ago for two number-one picks—has retired.

Why would a nice guy like Dick MacPherson leave a cushy job at Syracuse—where he had built the Orangemen into a top-20 team—for a foxhole at Foxboro? Why would Sam Jankovich trade the sun and sand and status of his post as athletic director of perennially top-ranked Miami to run a team whose prospects look dimmer than its 1–15 record? Evidently, **New England Patriots** owner Victor Kiam found time between bad jokes to sweet-talk both men into taking on the biggest rebuilding challenge in pro football.

The Patriots make good tabloid copy, but they are awful at football. First, they have no quarterback. Rookie Tommy Hodson survived six starts last season; the Pats have added Hugh Millen, who wasn't very good with Atlanta. The offensive line was ineffective, giving up 58 sacks, and so was the running game (New England finished 25th in the league).

On defense, first-round draft choice Chris Singleton didn't contribute at linebacker after a lengthy contract holdout. An uninspired Andre Tippett underperformed, recording just three and a half sacks. The defensive backfield got beat often and deep.

Short of hoping for the Second Coming, the Patriots should concentrate on developing young talent. Get rid of Irving Fryar, who has always been more trouble than he is worth. Give Hodson and draft pick Scott Zolak long looks at quarterback.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Cincinnati Bengals	10–6
Houston Oilers	9–7
Pittsburgh Steelers	8–8
Cleveland Browns	4–12

Cincinnati may dominate the A.F.C. Central (10–2 versus divisional opponents the past two seasons), but can the Bengals maul anyone else (7–13 outside the division)? Houston wins most statistical categories on offense but can't win the big games. The Steelers are the best team in football when opponents throw the ball (Pittsburgh led the N.F.L. in pass defense) but can't pass themselves. And in one season, Cleveland went from perennial contender to everybody's favorite punching bag.

Coach Sam Wyche thinks this could be the year for his **Cincinnati Bengals.** "Boomer Esiason, running back James Brooks and receivers Eddie Brown and Tim McGee are all in their prime," says Wyche, who somehow found time to talk between his running battles with football commissioner Paul Tagliabue. Wyche is right. This is the year of the tiger in the Central Division.

Esiason, despite 22 interceptions (many of them on tips and deflections), threw for 24 touchdowns last year. He seems more comfortable than ever as the man in charge. Brooks had another 1000-yard season and is a superbly conditioned athlete, despite the fact that he's 32 years old. Fullback Ickey Woods, fully recovered from a knee injury, should be back to his Super Bowl XXIII form. McGee and Brown are gifted receivers who didn't see enough of the ball—Esiason's pass protection seldom held up long enough for them to get downfield.

Line play was the team's bugaboo last season. The Bengals got burned by the Raiders' Al Davis, who stole guard Max Montoya from under their noses on Plan B. Massive Anthony Muñoz suffered a torn rotator cuff. Guard Bruce Reimers broke his foot. On defense, the Bengals lacked presence up front. Their entire defensive line combined for just 11 sacks and allowed opponents a hefty 4.7 yards per rush.

Muñoz is an absolute necessity if the offensive line is to get back to championship form. The dominating defensive lineman the Bengals needed wasn't available in the draft, so they settled for linebacker Alfred Williams. He will improve the pass rush. Finally, Wyche must avoid butting heads with Tagliabue and the media if his team is to boom this year.

If you think the forward pass is the path to glory in the N.F.L., you have to love coach Jack Pardee's run-and-shoot offense. The **Houston Oilers'** numbers are mind-boggling: more than 5000 yards passing (that's almost three miles), 37 touchdowns via airmail, a pass-completion percentage of more than 60 percent. The top gun of this aerial attack is, of course, Pro Bowl Q.B. Warren Moon. Only a dislocated thumb in a game against Cincinnati in week 15 kept Moon from toppling Dan Marino's records for passes attempted and completed and yardage gained.

If you're a wide receiver who likes to keep busy, Houston is the place. The Oilers' "Fab Four"—Haywood Jeffires, Drew Hill, Ernest Givins and Curtis Duncan—split 286 receptions almost evenly among them.

There's more to the Oilers, however, than offensive explosiveness. The defense, headed by tackle Ray Childress, was 11th overall in the league—eighth against the rush. Last year's first-round choice, linebacker Lamar Lathon, should make Houston even better this year.

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the Oilers won only nine games? Why just a second-place finish this year? Because they are consistently inconsistent. Last season, Houston crushed the Bengals 48–17, only to lose to the lowly Jets and struggling Rams two and three weeks later. When crunch time came in the play-offs, the Oilers turned their earlier 31-point win against Cincinnati into a 27-point loss.

Moon at the helm for all 16 games would be helpful, though backup Cody Carlson isn't bad. Houston must learn to win on the road—and in bad weather—if Moon and company hope to shoot for the big prize.

A couple of years ago, the **Pittsburgh Steelers'** Chuck Noll was just another old-guard coach and a likely prospect for Sun City retirement-condo salesmen. Then Pittsburgh got Steely again. It wasn't exactly a return to the days of Terry Bradshaw and the Steel Curtain, but Noll's club fought its way back to respectability. The rebuilding job may not be done, but Noll is busy hammering away.

Quarterback Bubby Brister should shine in the second year of offensive coordinator Joe Walton's complex system. Eric Green, the huge tight end drafted out of Liberty University last year, hit it big, with 34 receptions for an 11.4-yard average. But the Steelers are weak at wide receiver, where Louis Lipps, not as quick as he once was, is the only proven talent.

Noll is unhappy with running back Tim Worley, who had two disappointing years since being drafted number one. Merril Hoge, who has carried the mail reliably from the fullback slot, may shift to halfback, giving Barry Foster more playing time.

Unless you live in Pittsburgh, you probably haven't heard of most of the Steelers' defensive players—nose tackle Gerald Williams, linebackers David Little, Bryan Hinkle and Hardy Nickerson. They're not famous, but they are fierce. The Steelers were the number-one defense in football last year, holding opponents to a mere 257.2-yards-per-game average. Their one marquee player, cornerback Rod Woodson, is as good as his reputation—and he's a top kick returner.

Noll needs consistency from his offense. Worley must get serious and play like a number-one pick. The return of defensive end Aaron Jones, who missed nine games last year with a broken foot, will make the defense even better.

Owner Art Modell and his **Cleveland Browns** would like to forget last season. The once-proud Browns set club records for losses (13), points allowed (462) and fewest points scored (228). Coach Bud Carson was canned after Buffalo creamed the Browns at home 42–0 in week nine. Offensive coordinator Jim Shofner took over and the Browns responded by finishing 1–6, proving that Carson wasn't the only problem.

Cleveland's headaches began before training camp. Some players held out; some reported late. Others, uninspired by the Browns' prospects, retired. Cleveland went into the season unprepared and unhappy.

Quarterback Bernie Kosar, never known for his mobility, took a season-long beating behind an undermanned offensive line. He failed physically and psychologically, throwing more interceptions than touchdowns for the first time in his career. The defense joined the retreat and the season was lost.

Owner Art Modell started to look suspiciously like George Steinbrenner when he hired his fourth head coach in four years, former Giants defensive coordinator Bill Belichick. Belichick, who says he enjoys challenges, should have a ball with the Browns.

The bright spots are Kosar, still only 27, who reads defenses as well as any other quarterback in football; receivers Webster Slaughter and Reggie Langhorne; and running back Kevin Mack, a quick 230-pound truck. The defense has nose tackle Michael Dean Perry—all the talent of brother "Fridge" without the calories—and loads of opportunities for newcomers.

If the Browns show up with a decent attitude, they will win more than the three games they won last season. The offensive line must protect Kosar. Belichick's power-running scheme could help take the pressure off Kosar's leaden legs. The Browns also need a capable place kicker and punter.

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WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Kansas City Chiefs	11–5
Los Angeles Raiders	10–6
San Diego Chargers	9–7
Seattle Seahawks	8–8
Denver Broncos	6–10

Was it only a few years back that the A.F.C. West was pro football's weakest division? This season, it could be the strongest. The Chiefs, Raiders and Chargers all have defenses as hard as nails. The Seahawks finished last season above .500 and Dan Reeves is too good a coach—and John Elway too good a quarterback—for the Broncos to stay down for long.

The **Kansas City Chiefs** (11–5) posted their best record since 1969, thanks to a strong rushing game, a gutsy performance by quarterback Steve DeBerg and a ferocious pass rush (60 sacks led the N.F.L.). Coach Marty Schottenheimer isn't satisfied: "We're not anywhere near where we'd like to be. There's no satisfaction at this point." A date in Minneapolis in January will be the only cure for Schottenheimer's malaise.

Defensive end Neil Smith is a key to the Chiefs' future success. A number-one

draft pick in 1988, Smith may finally be ready to spread his wings (he has an arm span of 7'11½"). Playing next to Smith is nose tackle Dan Saleaumua—perhaps the best Plan B acquisition ever.

The linebacking, with Derrick Thomas, Chris Martin and Percy Snow, can only get better. The secondary stars Albert Lewis, who blocked four punts last season on special teams, and the aging but still effective Deron Cherry.

After 14 years as the consummate journeyman quarterback, DeBerg demonstrated both his skill and his courage last season. He finished as the league's third-ranked passer, attempting 444 passes and completing 258, with only four interceptions. He fractured a finger on his left hand in a game against Houston; a national television audience cringed as the digit was yanked straight by a trainer on the side line. DeBerg, who afterward referred to himself as Freddie Kruger, played the remainder of the season with a cast on his hand.

The Chiefs need to score more touchdowns instead of settling for field goals inside opponents' 20-yard lines, and the defense must stop the opposition when the chips are on the table. Kansas City blew leads in the final five minutes of four of its five regular-season losses last year. Will Schottenheimer—frustrated so many times in his years at Cleveland—finally get over the hump at Kansas City? Don't bet against it.

After four seasons of staying home for the play-offs, a 13–5 record and a trip to the A.F.C. title game should have tasted sweet to the **Los Angeles Raiders.** Instead, the final course was bitter—L.A. was annihilated by Buffalo in what Raiders defensive tackle Bob Golic accurately called a debacle. The Raiders have spent the off season biding their time and licking their wounds.

Coach Art Shell will again use the Silver-and-Black legacy of toughness to inspire his team. Psychologist Shell turned quarterback Jay Schroeder around, when only a year ago, he appeared ready for early retirement. Schroeder threw for 19 T.D.s with only nine interceptions, ending L.A.'s quarterback lottery of recent years.

Of course, only Bo Jackson and his doctors know whether Bo will run again. Marcus Allen and former 49er Roger Craig will get more time if he doesn't. The Raiders' offensive line—particularly Steve Wisniewski, Don Mosebar and Max Montoya—can open holes for whoever happens to be carrying the ball.

On defense, Greg Townsend and a healthy Howie Long give the Raiders the authority up front they've lacked the past few seasons.

Owner Al Davis did some gambling on draft day—using his fourth-round pick on Raghib Ismail just in case the Rocket gets tired of playing second fiddle to a hockey stick in Canada and comes home to the N.F.L.

It's impossible to forget Dan Fouts, "Air" Coryell and the glory days of the **San Diego Chargers.** Those Chargers were all pass offense and no defense. The Chargers of today are one of the most hard-nosed defensive teams in football. The passing game? Well, it has room for improvement.

Pass rushing is a Chargers defensive forte. Defensive end Leslie O'Neal had 13½ sacks, while Lee Williams and Burt Grossman were busy occupying offensive linemen. Second-year player Junior Seau is a Pro Bowl linebacker in the making. Overall, the Chargers' defense finished fifth in the league. Its only problem was an offense that gave away field position because of frequent mistakes.

The man in the hot seat is Billy Joe Tolliver, who has yet to show the consistency needed from a starting N.F.L. quarterback. And so far, general manager Bobby Beathard has failed to find an experienced backup.

The Chargers' running game is in good shape, thanks to runaway train Marion Butts, who finished as the second leading rusher (1225 yards) in the A.F.C. San Diego needs another wide receiver to take some pressure off Anthony Miller. Nose tackle Joe Phillips, injured in an off-the-field assault last season, bolsters the middle of an already stubborn Chargers defense.

The **Seattle Seahawks,** racked by injuries and short on talent, still finished 9–7, thanks to superb coaching by the fashionably svelte Chuck Knox and defensive coordinator Tom Catlin.

Seven linebackers went down; still, Catlin patched together a defense that finished ninth overall in the league. The key to his success was switching to a four-three scheme that helped aging Jacob Green have one of his best years ever (12½ sacks). Another inspiration was Catlin's switching outside linebacker Tony Woods to defensive end. Now, with linebackers David Wyman and Terry Wooden recovered from injuries, he has even more options.

Scoring points will be Seattle's biggest challenge. Dave Krieg, who had 20 interceptions and 16 fumbles, is still the number-one quarterback. Seattle took 6'7" Q.B. Dan McGwire with its first pick in the draft this year, but he's a long-term project. Running backs John L. Williams and Derrick Fenner make a happy tandem (1573 yards combined), but the Seahawks' offensive line, except for tackle Andy Heck, is going geriatric. And Knox has to be careful not to put that weight back on.

Which was worse for the **Denver Broncos**—getting the stuffing knocked out of them by the 49ers two years in a row in the Super Bowl or finishing at the bottom of the division (5–11)? Head coach

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Dan Reeves would pick the former, but getting back to the Super Bowl will be a tough climb.

Quarterback John Elway is coming off a mediocre season: 14 interceptions and only 15 touchdowns, not bad for some guys but nothing special for a superstar. Elway was sacked a conference-leading 43 times, partly because of his willingness to scramble, partly because his offensive line left him no choice. With tackle Gerald Perry traded to the Rams, that line looks even shakier.

The Denver defense was anything but intimidating after injuries revealed its lack of depth. Cornerback Tyrone Braxton returns at full strength, but defensive end Alphonso Carreker is questionable after back surgery. The Broncos jumped at the chance to draft linebacker Mike Croel out of Nebraska as the fourth selection in the draft's first round. Safeties Steve Atwater and Dennis Smith are big hitters but sometimes get burned in deep coverage.

Reeves has to refocus his team. The Broncos, accustomed to winning, were not happy campers last season. Perry must be replaced on the offensive line. Rookie Croel should step into a starting role immediately.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Washington Redskins	12–4
New York Giants	12–4
Philadelphia Eagles	9–7
Dallas Cowboys	8–8
Phoenix Cardinals	4–12

It was no surprise that last season's Super Bowl winner came from the N.F.C. East—the toughest and most entertaining division in football. Not only did the Giants win the gold, they won our unofficial best-performance-in-the-face-of-adversity award, having lost several key players—including star quarterback Phil Simms—before the play-offs. The Eagles were the clear winners in the soap-opera category, for the Buddy Ryan story. The Redskins simply got no respect, while the Cowboys switched from being the joke of the division to its most promising up-and-comer. And the Cardinals? Well, they're secretly plotting a realignment of the conferences so that they don't have to play the other teams in the Eastern Division twice every season.

The **Washington Redskins** will go to Minneapolis for Super Bowl XXVI if quarterback Mark Rypien stays healthy for an entire season. He was 13–4 in his past 17 starts. Last year, despite missing six games, he still passed for 2070 yards and 16 touchdowns.

The Posse—Art Monk, Gary Clark and Ricky Sanders—totaled an astounding 199 receptions for more than 2600 yards. Redskins fans don't call the offensive line The Hogs anymore; they just call it good. Earnest Byner and Gerald Riggs are a formidable one-two punch at running back, and the Redskins added USC's Ricky Ervins with their second pick in the draft.

On defense, Washington, who traditionally deals high draft picks for veterans, used a rare first-round choice to nab Michigan State defensive lineman Bobby Wilson. The rest of the defense is a daunting blend of youth and experience.

Matt Millen at linebacker and Terry Hoage at safety—both added through Plan B—have to play well. The Redskins have settled on Kelly Goodburn as punter to replace Ralf Mojsiejenko, who was waived last season.

Was Bill Parcells' sudden resignation as coach of the **New York Giants** a symptom of mid-life crisis or simply brilliant marketing strategy? No chump, Parcells peered into his crystal ball and saw a Scott Norwood kick go through the uprights—and the Giants and himself turn to clay. Remember that the Giants followed their last Super Bowl win with a last-place finish in the division. Why take a chance on failure when by stepping down, Parcells automatically enshrines himself in the John Madden–Bill Walsh TV-commentator club, wherein you get paid large amounts of money for reflecting on your past successes?

Parcells leaves successor Ray Handley a team perfectly suited to Handley's conservative football philosophy. A former Parcells assistant, Handley likes to control the game and the Giants are a ball-control team, a fact they demonstrated in the first nine minutes and 29 seconds of the second half of Super Bowl XXV with a grinding drive that ended in the go-ahead touchdown that shattered the Bills' confidence.

Handley's biggest decision will be whether to play veteran Phil Simms or emerging star Jeff Hostetler. Simms has recovered from the foot injury that sidelined him in week 14 and Hostetler is ready to prove that his day in the Super Bowl sun was no fluke.

The Giants have a massive offensive line to protect either quarterback. In fact, tackles Jumbo Elliott and Doug Riesenberg, guards William Roberts and Eric Moore and center Bart Oates were the unsung heroes of Super Bowl XXV, enabling the Giants to hog the ball and win the game.

However, it's still the Giants' defense, second-best overall in the N.F.L., that is the strength of the team. And their linebacking corps—Lawrence Taylor, Carl

Chief Howling Owl and his accountant on the warpath.

Banks and Pepper Johnson—is the heart of that strength.

The biggest problem the Giants face is history; it's tough to repeat as Super Bowl champ. Three and three in the last six games of the regular season, they never blew opponents away. As Parcells knew well, a few fumbles or missed kicks could drop them to third or lower fast.

Buddy Ryan went on an Ultra Slim-Fast diet and lost 40 pounds. **Philadelphia Eagles** owner Norm Braman went on his own diet after his team again dropped its first-round play-off game and lost Buddy Ryan. Actually, Braman was contemplating Ryan's demise after the Eagles stumbled to a 1–3 start. Then the team got back on its feet and into the play-offs by riding the arms and legs of quarterback Randall Cunningham, who threw for 3466 yards, 30 touchdowns and only 13 interceptions. In his spare time, Cunningham rushed for 942 yards and five touchdowns.

The Eagles' lackluster showing against the Redskins in the play-offs—during which Ryan benched Cunningham for a rusty Jim McMahon—was the final straw for Braman, who didn't much care for Ryan's style, anyway. He first installed offensive coordinator Rich Kotite as head coach, then hired former Cleveland coach Bud Carson to run the defense.

Carson inherits a defense that includes Reggie White, the finest defensive end in football, plus hard-hitting linebacker Seth Joyner and stellar corner man Eric Allen.

Offensively, the Eagles' world revolves around Cunningham. Keith Byars runs, blocks, catches and even passes (four times last season for four touchdowns). Other than All-Pro tight end Keith Jackson, though, the receivers are average.

Since there is no viable backup at quarterback, the Eagles need Cunningham healthy and available for 16-plus games. The defense, a bunch of renegades under Ryan, will have to play with more discipline under the stodgier Carson. Philly fans can only hope that Ryan wasn't as good a coach as he said he was.

If the front runners in the East hear footsteps behind them, it's the sound of cowboy boots. The **Dallas Cowboys,** only two years ago the league's door mat and laughingstock, won seven games last season and nearly made the play-offs. No joke, they're even better now.

Hatred of the Cowboys has always been tough to fathom. Sure, their America's Team moniker was obnoxious, but lots of fans hated them simply for being good. When the Cowboys stopped winning, their fans hated them for being bad. They wanted Landry fired for losing and when new owner Jerry Jones obliged them, they decided they loved Landry and hated Jones. Go figure.

However you feel about Jones and head coach Jimmy Johnson, there's no disputing they came to play. Among their many personnel moves: trading Herschel Walker for a bunch of players and draft picks; drafting quarterback Troy Aikman; picking quarterback Steve Walsh in the supplemental draft; trading Walsh for more draft picks; signing 16 players under Plan B in 1990, seven of whom made the team; trading up for over-all number-one pick Russell Maryland and down for a slew of lower-round choices. And in next year's draft, the Cowboys have two more number-one choices and seven picks in the first three rounds.

There's a lesson in all this for the current door mats of pro football: It's still possible to wheel and deal your team into contention.

Aikman had shoulder surgery in the off season. Fully recovered, he is a budding superstar. Running back Emmitt Smith gained 937 yards last year despite a pre-season contract holdout, while the Cowboys added rookie Alvin Harper to an already speedy corps of wide receivers.

The Cowboys are probably a year away from making a run at the East title, but

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they can bushwhack the division if Aikman's wing is completely healed, if the offensive line comes together and if Maryland plays up to his number-one potential.

When you finish last in a tough division and the team immediately ahead of you is the rapidly improving Cowboys, you have to roll the dice. That's exactly what the **Phoenix Cardinals** did when they chose defensive lineman Eric Swann with the sixth pick in the first round of the draft. Swann didn't play a down in college, because he failed to score 700 on his S.A.T. (which doesn't say much for the S.A.T., since Swann is both intelligent and articulate). He's also 6'4" and frighteningly fast for a man who weighs 310 pounds. Perhaps the Cards felt lucky after last year's draft, when they stole running back Johnny Johnson, who ran for 926 yards and made the Pro Bowl.

There are other bright spots on the Redbird horizon. Quarterback Timm Rosenbach showed signs of shaking the new-kid jitters last winter, passing for 682 yards and six touchdowns in the last two regular-season games. Running back Anthony Thompson proved himself after Johnson was hurt. Strong safety Tim McDonald, the team's leading tackler and interceptor, is one of the league's best. Coach Joe Bugel kept team spirits high despite only five wins and has the confidence of owner Bill Bidwill.

Swann, the Cardinals' long shot, has to prove a winner. Dexter Manley, once a premiere pass rusher, has to show he has something left. The defensive line must play over its head, and the special teams, once a strength, must regain their form if Phoenix is to rise from the ashes.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Chicago Bears	10–6
Minnesota Vikings	10–6
Detroit Lions	6–10
Green Bay Packers	4–12
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	4–12

Let's face it. Pro football's legendary black-and-blue division is now mostly mediocre. The Vikings, Lions, Bucs and Packers all finished 6–10 last season. And the Bears, who beat only one opponent who ended the season over .500, weren't nearly as good as their 11–5 record.

The best of the group are the **Chicago Bears,** due in no small part to coach Mike Ditka, who, when he maintains his cool, is one of the best motivators in football. The Bears started fast a year ago (nine wins in their first ten games) and appeared ready to challenge the 49ers and the Giants until quarterback Jim Harbaugh suffered a season-ending shoulder injury. Harbaugh, who has a career completion percentage of 57.9, is back. Soldier Field boo-bird favorite Mike Tomczak is not. He went to Green Bay under Plan B, leaving the man with two first names, Peter Tom Willis, as Harbaugh's backup.

Running back Neal Anderson (1078 yards rushing, 484 receiving) is Chicago's bread-and-butter man, but fullback Brad Muster, with 47 receptions and 664 yards rushing, is an emerging star. And here's Ditka on the Bears' offensive line, the same five who started in the 1985 Bears Super Bowl victory: "Old men with beards—I love 'em all."

On defense, the always-bruising Bears finished a respectable sixth in the N.F.L. Defensive back Mark Carrier set a team record with ten interceptions and won the N.F.C. Defensive Rookie of the Year award. While William Perry showed that he could close the refrigerator door on opposing rushers, eight-time Pro Bowler Mike Singletary began to look human, particularly in pass coverage. Younger linebackers Ron Cox and John Roper will see lots of playing time this year.

Quarterback Harbaugh must get off to a strong start so that Ditka doesn't waffle to P. T. Willis. Anderson has to stay healthy, since the Bears have little depth behind him. Defensive end Richard Dent, one of the premiere pass rushers in football, must play with intensity every week. Ditka has to keep his composure.

The **Minnesota Vikings** are pro football's classic underachievers. And yet, to the amazement of many, head coach Jerry Burns keeps his job.

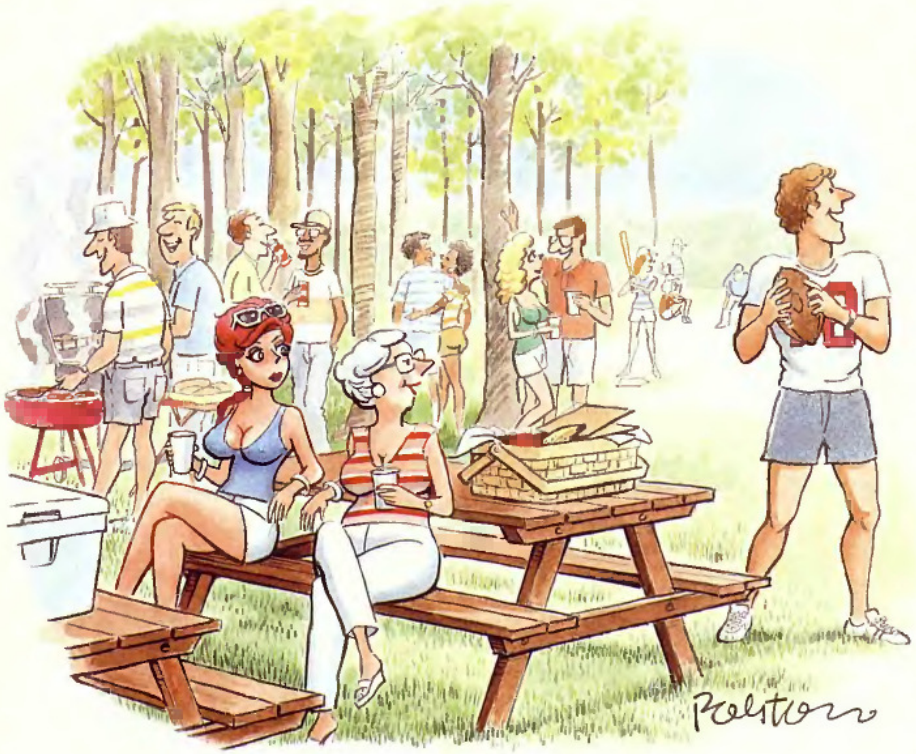
The key to a Vikings resurgence won't be coaching but the return of a healthy Keith Millard. He missed the final 11 games of last season with a bum knee. Without Millard in the middle, the outside capabilities of sackmaster Chris Doleman were severely curtailed.

Ray Berry replaces the retired Scott Studwell in the middle. Mike Merriweather is the only other sure starter at linebacker. Strong safety Joey Browner dominates the defensive backfield and cornerback Reggie Rutland is one of the league's best cover men.

On offense, Burns gave running back Herschel Walker a vote of no confidence—pulling him from the game almost every time he fumbled. Walker gained more yards returning kickoffs than he did rushing. Quarterback Wade Wilson, who missed ten games with thumb and shoulder troubles, was unspectacularly replaced by Rich Gannon. The Vikings' receiving corps of Carter squared, Anthony and Cris, plus Hassan Jones, is one of the league's best.

Burns must ignite a winning attitude in the Vikes or seek work as a double for Burgess Meredith. Wilson must show he's the man at quarterback who can make things happen. And Walker has to let everything hang out—Minnesota needs more performance and less potential. Having the easiest schedule in the N.F.L. won't hurt.

The **Detroit Lions** are sticking with their Silver Stretch offense, a version of the run-and-shoot. Too often last season, it consisted of three quick downs and a run to the side lines. That left a young and promising defensive team on the field too often and too long. The Lions



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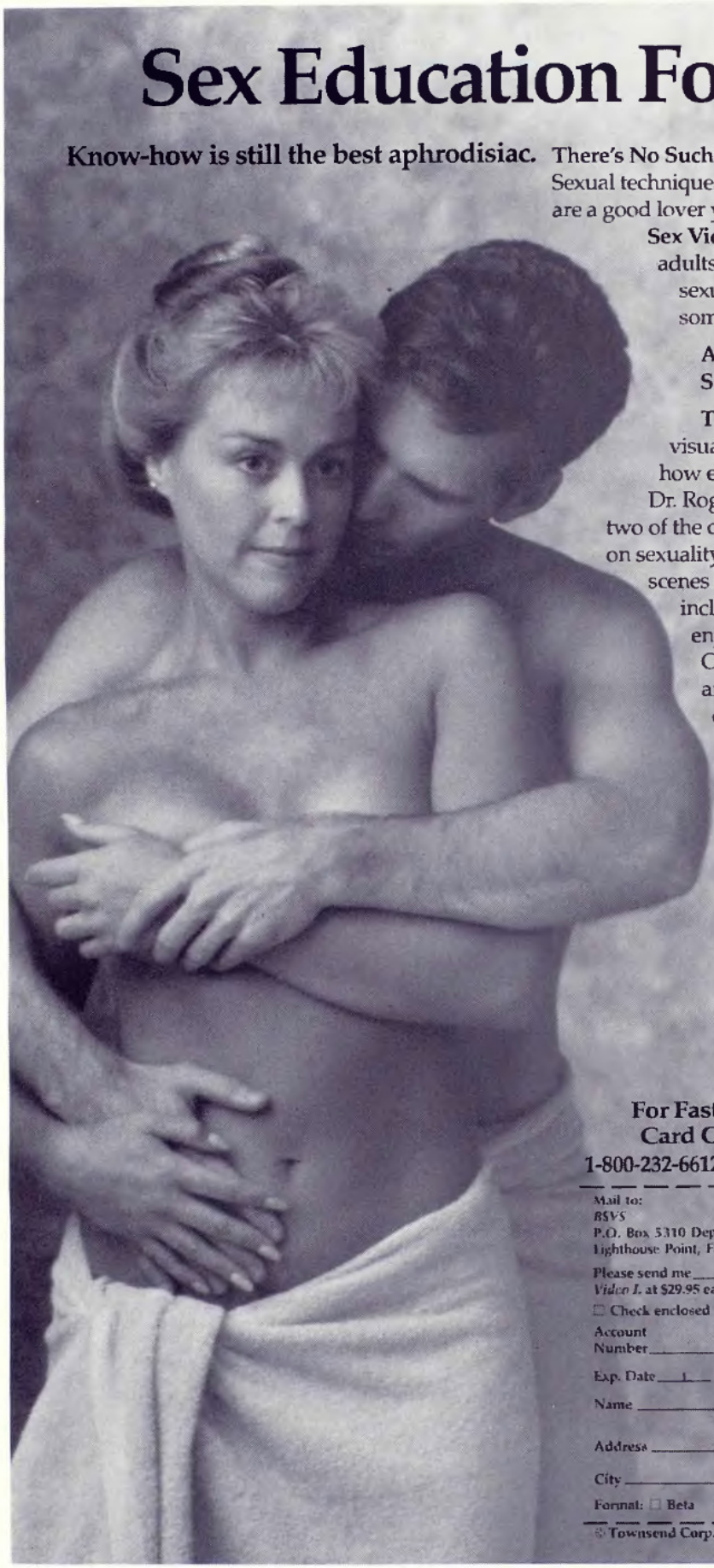

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finished dead last in N.F.L. defense—a certain path to destruction.

Injuries to linebacker Chris Spielman and defensive back Bennie Blades, two of the Lions' top cats, exacerbated the team's defensive woes. Spielman and Blades are back, as is morose nose tackle Jerry Ball, who asked to be traded but wasn't. Mike Cofer is on his way to becoming one of the N.F.L.'s dominant linebackers.

On offense, the Lions are blessed with Barry Sanders, the leading rusher in the N.F.L. last season and one of the most exciting runners ever to tie on a pair of cleats. With Rodney Peete and Andre Ware at quarterback, Detroit is rich on youth and potential. Ware, a number-one draft pick last year, missed camp because of a contract holdout and saw little action. Peete played well at times but was often hurt.

The Lions need more offensive weapons, if only to keep opposing teams from ganging up on Sanders. Peete and Ware have to learn to read defenses and the Lions' mangy defense must avoid the injuries that crippled it last season.

The most important new wrinkle for the **Green Bay Packers** in the off season may have been the shifting of contract-negotiating duties from player personnel director Tom Braatz to C.E.O. Mike Reinfeldt. The Packers have been plagued by an inability to get players signed and into training camp on time. Reinfeldt faces a tough job with quarterback Don Majkowski, linebacker Tim Harris, kicker Chris Jacke and backup Q.B. Anthony Dilweg, unsigned as we go to press.

With the Pack out of sync early and a rotator-cuff injury to Majkowski that put him out for the final six games (the Pack finished 1–5), coach Lindy Infante couldn't halt the downfall of a team that had been 10–6 in 1989. "We're not games away but plays away from being successful," says a hopeful Infante.

Running back Darrell Thompson, a Packers first-round pick last year, has failed to live up to expectations. Some of his problems can be attributed to Green Bay's miserable offensive line, which at least was consistent, failing run-blocking and pass-protection assignments with equal abandon.

You've probably never heard of the Pack's defensive linemen, and with good reason. Last year, the Pack was 27th in sacks and 22nd in over-all defense. Linebacker Harris, a big talent with a bigger mouth, fell from 19½ sacks in 1989 to seven last season—nothing to brag about. The Green Bay secondary is neither fast nor young, and the punting (37.4 yards per) is weak.

Nothing is more important to Infante, or more unlikely, than the return of quarterback Majkowski to his 1989 form. Whoever plays Q.B. will need time to put the ball in the hands of All-Pro receiver Sterling Sharpe and the holdouts must

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all sign before the leaves turn color.

Young, inexperienced but always promising, the **Tampa Bay Buccaneers** finished 6–10 last season, their best record since 1984. The Bucs jumped out in promising fashion (4–2) before reverting to form and dropping six in a row—losses that cost coach Ray Perkins his job. Owner Hugh Culverhouse decided to stay in house, promoting assistant Richard Williamson first to interim and then to permanent head coach. When asked why he anointed Williamson, Culverhouse responded, "I'm not sure I have a good answer."

The Bucs aren't sure that Vinny Testaverde, the quarterback who was supposed to save the franchise, can make them a winner. After four seasons in the pros, Testaverde still has a fondness for throwing the ball to the wrong team—he had 18 interceptions last year compared with 17 touchdown passes. Chris Chandler, who cost the Bucs a number-one draft choice in 1992, is ready if Testaverde runs more cold than hot.

Mark Carrier, the Bucs' best receiver, had a subpar season: His contract holdout was followed by a season of double coverage and pass protection that didn't hold up long enough for him to go deep.

Tampa Bay's paper-towel defensive line got no quick pickup from the draft; there was little line talent available. Floyd Peters, formerly the Vikings' defensive coordinator, would like to shift the Bucs to a four-three, but he may not have the bodies to do it. Linebackers Keith McCants and Broderick Thomas are his only stars.

It's time for Testaverde to prove he's not a head case. Williamson says, "We want football to be fun." The Bucs will find that it's more fun winning now than thinking about it later.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco 49ers	12–4
Atlanta Falcons	8–8
New Orleans Saints	7–9
Los Angeles Rams	6–10

The **San Francisco 49ers** continued to dominate the N.F.C. West—and most of the rest of pro football, as well—last season, reeling off ten straight wins to start the year and posting a 14–2 regular-season record. But their three-peat dream fizzled. Now a few cracks have appeared in the castle walls, and soon the rest of the West may storm the ramparts.

Cracks or not, the 49ers are still a very good football team. They will be until quarterback Joe Montana stops throwing passes and heads for the Hall of Fame. And then there's the incomparable Jerry Rice, who had 100 catches for 1502 yards and 13 T.D.s. But when Roger Craig hurt his knee, opposing defenses began to ignore the run, forcing Montana into a career-high 16 interceptions. The 49ers had to press, coming from behind nine times. The defense played brilliantly, with linebacker Charles Haley providing the perspiration and safety Ronnie Lott the inspiration. But the days of 'Niner dominance were numbered, even before Craig fumbled against the Giants in the N.F.C. championship game and San Francisco lost its chance to make history.

Now coach George Seifert, who has lost only four regular-season games in two years, seems to have more questions than answers. Who will replace Craig, Lott and Matt Millen, lost to Plan B? Can offensive tackle Bubba Paris and nose tackle Michael Carter, both well over 300 pounds last year, win the battle of the bulge? Will one of the best quarterbacks in football, Steve Young, be content to watch from the side lines for yet another season? Even owner Eddie DeBartolo, Jr., can't buy enough answers.

If quarterback Chris Miller stays healthy, this may be the year the **Atlanta Falcons** win more often than they lose—something that hasn't happened since the strike-shortened 1982 season (5–4). Miller was one of the top Q.B.s in the league last season (2735 yards and 17 T.D.s) before breaking his collarbone. Now he's back, with a steel plate and seven screws, and coach Jerry Glanville's go-for-broke mentality will stoke the offense and the defense.

Glanville has installed June Jones, one of the original run-and-shoot innovators, as his offensive coordinator. In Atlanta, it's called the Red Gun. Simply put, it means spreading the field with four wide receivers. The Falcons have a super offensive line to protect Miller and his hardware, headed by six-time Pro Bowler Chris Hinton, five-timer Mike Kenn and four-timer Bill Fralic.

The defense last season was strong against the run (3.3 yards per carry, which was best in the league) and awful against the pass. The Falcons added Tim McKyer, obtained from Miami, who will team with Deion Sanders in the defensive backfield.

If Miller doesn't hold up this year, cancel all bets. Draft pick Brett Favre is talented but hardly ready. A happy and productive Tony Casillas at nose tackle would be a welcome change of pace. Glanville must curtail his tendency to force the Falcons to overplay.

The **New Orleans Saints** made the play-offs last season. That's a pretty good argument against the three-wild-card-team system introduced last year by the N.F.L. The Saints couldn't or didn't want to sign starting quarterback Bobby Hebert, which forced them to play not-ready-for-prime-time Steve Walsh. They lost premiere running back Dalton Hilliard in game six to a knee injury. The Saints had the third-worst turnover ratio in the N.F.L. (-12), committed 108 penalties on offense and wound up 23rd in total offense and 15th in defense. They finished 8–8 and still made the play-offs. In today's N.F.L., nothing succeeds like mediocrity.

With Hilliard out and Rueben Mayes gimpy after an Achilles'-tendon injury that forced him to miss the entire 1989 season, the bulk of last year's rushing went to the hulking Craig Heyward, who at 260 pounds gained less than three yards per pound for the year.

Renaldo Turnbull and Wayne Martin are the future of the Saints' defensive line. The stars of today are at linebacker—all four have been to the Pro Bowl at one time or another. The secondary misses veteran Dave Waymer, who left for the 49ers under Plan B before last season. Kicker Morten Andersen is one of the best in the business.

Now that Hebert has been signed, Walsh will have a chance to mature somewhere other than in the middle of the field. A healthy Hilliard and a slimmer Heyward would bolster the offense. Someone besides Eric Martin (63 catches) must step forward from the receiving corps. And the Saints must hope their stellar linebacking corps has another good season or two left.

Last season, the **Los Angeles Rams** proved the corollary of the proposition "You win with defense." They didn't have much and won only five times. It was only the second time the Rams have missed the play-offs since 1983. Coach John Robinson was spared the gallows but had to sacrifice much of his defensive coaching staff to owner Georgia Frontiere. Jeff Fisher is Robinson's new defensive coordinator. He learned his defense as a Bear under Buddy Ryan and will shift the Rams from a three-four to an aggressive four-three. Fisher's problem is that the Rams don't really have much defensive talent beyond cornerback Jerry Gray. They signed five defensive players under Plan B and used their first four draft picks this year for defenders. The long-term defensive picture may look brighter, but the here and now is dreary.

On offense, quarterback Jim Everett shows a disturbing tendency to fold under the slightest hint of defensive pressure. Still, his pals Henry Ellard and Willie Anderson both totaled more than 1000 yards receiving. Running back Cleveland Gary fumbled 12 times and Plan B signee Curt Warner was a bust. The offensive line is still a Rams strength, though Pro Bowlers Jackie Slater and Doug Smith are 36 and 33, respectively. Kicker Mike Lansford was cut loose after a down year and former Houston Oiler Tony Zendejas signed.

Life will seem more worth living in Anaheim only when the defense establishes a more stubborn attitude against the pass. A tough schedule will not help the Rams' cause this season.

Here's hoping your team wins.

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

LONG MAY THEY WAVE

STEVE CONWAY

Global warming has given certain fashion accessories an entirely new sense of purpose. With winter less daunting, scarves are coming in from the cold and are now being tied or tucked into the collar of a sports jacket. Rich solid-colored scarves and scarves with bright abstract prints bring a visual punch to subtle earth tones, slate grays and blues. Washed or brushed silk with a twill or Jacquard weave is the fabric to choose, because it looks sharp and feels great against your skin. We also like scarves that are about 54 inches long. Why? Because too short a length doesn't give you the option of jauntily flinging one end over your shoulder, as Bob Cratchit does in *A Christmas Carol*—in case old man winter decides to return with a vengeance.

Tie on some of these great scarves. Left to right: Brushed-silk twill scarf with fruit-and-nut pattern that reverses to black, by Bubb, about $150. Silk twill scarf with boxing-ticket print, by Nicole Miller, about $80. Hand-painted geometric-patterned silk crepe scarf with rayon fringe, by Susan Horton, $160. Wool challis and silk scarf with hand-painted Aztec pattern, by Marienbad, $110. Jacquard silk hand-sewn scarf with circle prints and hand-knotted fringe, by Daniel Craig, about $240. Washed-silk scarf with floral/paisley print, by Anselmo Dionisio, about $130.

Where & How to Buy on page 178.

Unstrapped

How come we never saw a bathing suit like this at the beach? Model/starlet JAY K. LEE struts her stuff in her new movie called, appropriately enough, *Body Parts* and was rewarded for undressing as 1990's Miss Nude Alberta. We'll be happy to start the round of applause.

© WERNER W. POLLEINER

BETTINA CIRONE

Uptown Girls

We bet some serious dishing went on at *this* table full of talent. LIZA MINNELLI, EARTHA KITT and JOAN COLLINS (left to right) traded notes on Liza's recent Radio City Music Hall show, *Stepping Out*, Eartha's recent gig at the Cafe Carlyle in New York and Joan's new book, *Love & Desire & Hate*. Eartha passed the breast test.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Hitting the High Notes

OLETA ADAMS has been singing forever, but when she toured with Tears for Fears, she stepped into the limelight. *Circle of One*, her gold debut LP, gave her name recognition. Now you can hear her soar.

© KUHMSTEDT/RETNA LTD.

Delicious and Deee-Lite-ful

If you've wondered what happened to humor in pop music, check out DEEE-LITE and its gold album *World Clique*. The music samples the Sixties, Seventies and future decades. Put on your dancing shoes.

CALIFORNIA GLAMOUR

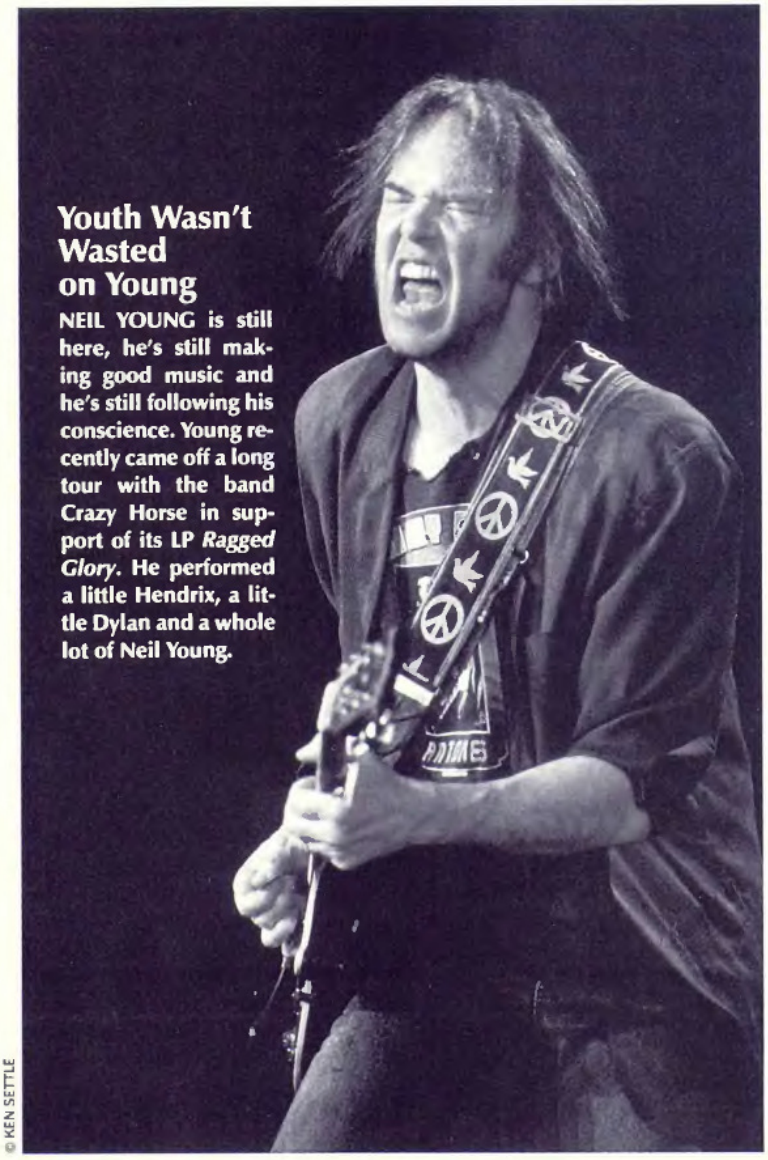
She's Benched but Still Playing

DENISE AMES hangs out on a park bench, taking a break between shooting *The Last Boy Scout*, starring Bruce Willis, and her video *Dangerzone III*. Denise does cute extremely well.

Hidden Assets

Actress TERRI BIVALACQUA has been all over your TV set, from *Tales from the Crypt* to *Who's the Boss?* to *Robert Townshend's HBO Comedy Hour*. Now that *Grapevine* has her, we expect Terri to jump-start your fantasy life.

ANDY PEARLMAN



© KEN SETTLE

Youth Wasn't Wasted on Young

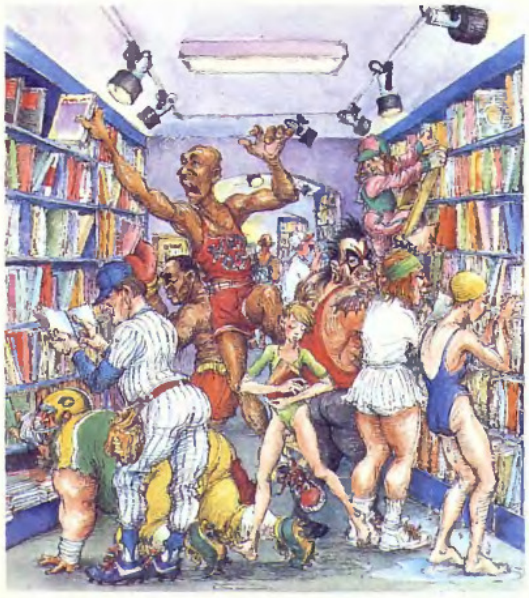
NEIL YOUNG is still here, he's still making good music and he's still following his conscience. Young recently came off a long tour with the band Crazy Horse in support of its LP *Ragged Glory*. He performed a little Hendrix, a little Dylan and a whole lot of Neil Young.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

"Sky Warriors Aerial Laser Combat is the only place in the world where nonmilitary people can learn dogfight maneuvers from former military fighter pilots," says Jay Newell of Sky Warriors in Atlanta. And, no, you don't have to have a pilot's license to make like a top gun in a T-34, because there'll be a skilled pilot sitting right behind you. The cost is $490 a phase, which includes a briefing, flight, debriefing, video tape and beers. For more information, call Sky Warriors at 404-699-7000. Way to fly!

MAKING BOOK ON JOCKS

Looking to bone up on curling, falconry or sumo wrestling? Check out SportsBooks, a new bookshop at 8761 Beverly Boulevard, West Hollywood, California 90048, which houses "the world's largest selection of sports books." Along with new hardcover and softcover titles, rare, out-of-print and signed books are available, as well as unusual sports memorabilia. A catalog costs one dollar, and if you're more an armchair detective than a jock, there's always The Mysterious Bookshop next door.



STRIPTHREES FOR THE SHOW

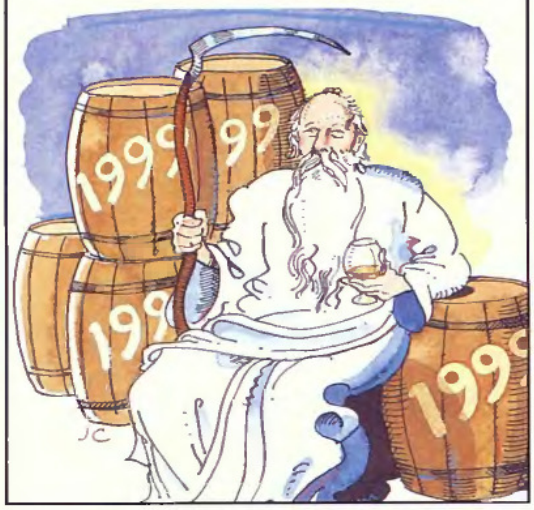
If being banned in South Africa isn't a good enough reason for buying the board game Stripthrees, then think of it as a conversation starter on such topics as AIDS and morality. As many as six players move about the board, picking up Strip Cards depicting various articles of clothing. When a player has a set of three Strip Cards of any one type, he can ask any other player to remove that article of clothing. And just to spice things up, there's a nasty Devil Card that entitles the lucky holder to ask anyone playing to do whatever he or she desires. Stripthrees costs $29.95, postpaid, sent to Tridiscard International, Citicorp Center, One Sansome Street, Suite 2100, San Francisco 94104. Or call 800-472-4386.

GO JUMP!

With bungee-cord jumping attracting thrill seekers from Vancouver to New Zealand to take a leap into the wild blue yonder, it figures that a newsletter on the subject isn't far behind. A year's subscription to *Bungee Cords*, published by the International Association of Bungee Enthusiasts, costs $24 sent to I.A.B.E., c/o Nancy Frase, 11593 North Shore Drive, Suite 12C, Reston, Virginia 22090. Recent issues have covered the ups and downs of jumping from a hot-air balloon, with emphasis on a subject near and dear to all bungee jumpers' pounding hearts—safety. Call 703-435-0800 if you have any other questions.

YEAR 2000 HOOT, MON

Has the Aberlour Distillery Company of Scotland got a deal for you! Invest the dollar equivalent of £1500 with the distillery today, and in 1999, a hogshead (30 cases) of Aberlour's ten-year-old single-malt Scotch will be delivered to you. (Sorry, the price doesn't include taxes and shipping.) Since the offer expires December 31, we suggest that you contact Ian Mitchell at 212-725-9144 immediately.



HAIL CAESARS' CHIP

To commemorate its 25th year in Las Vegas, Caesars Palace is issuing 50,000 $25 anniversary chips through April 30, 1992. Although any anniversary chips in use or in storage at Caesars will be destroyed after that date, chips in the possession of private individuals will be redeemable at the casino indefinitely. But the really smart money is betting that the chip will be worth much more as a collector's item, so stock up—and mail a stack home—before you hit the tables, of course.

MONTANA TERRITORY

Authentic Impressions Company has kicked off the football season with a handsome limited-edition lithograph of Joe Montana. But what makes this 24"x30" litho so interesting is the three-dimensional impression in the right-hand corner of the cleat worn by Montana while leading the 49ers to victory in Super Bowl XXIV. Each print is numbered and hand-signed by the artist, Francis Livingston, and by Montana. A litho can be ordered for $200 by calling Authentic Impressions at 800-EMBOSS-1. Touchdown!

HONEY, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU

Based on interviews with more than 300 men, Joan Bannan's *Perfect Gifts for (Nearly) Perfect Men* is a softcover look at "how to choose gifts for men according to personality temperament"—Mr. Gregarious, Mr. Intense, Mr. Deep and Mr. Patient. There are also chapters on "What Everybody Likes and Nobody Likes," "Nearly Perfect Colors for Gifts" and "Mr. Famous." The last includes an interview with David Faustino (Bud Bundy of *Married . . . with Children*). Price: $15.95, postpaid. To order, call 800-544-8174.

BY THE NUMBERS

Want to know the phone number of Atchafalaya Delta Tourist Commission in Patterson, Louisiana, or the Northern Rodeo Association in Billings, Montana? Pick up a copy of *The USA Travel Phone Book*, "A Quick-Help Guide to Essential Addresses and Telephone Numbers for Business and Vacation Travelers," by Conrad Persson. More than 1700 cities and 1600 attractions are featured and there's even a list of area codes for states and major cities. It just may be the smartest $8.95 you'll spend all year.

NEXT MONTH

PRICKLY CREWCUT

FREEDOM FIGHTER

RUDE BOYS

BIG TEN

"CREWCUT"—A BITTER 16-YEAR-OLD CONFRONTS HER WAYWARD MOTHER WITH SOME SHOCKING MOVES—BY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER **ELLEN UMANSKY**

CAMILLE PAGLIA, CONTROVERSIAL AUTHOR OF *SEXUAL PERSONAE*, PAYS HOMAGE TO THE WORLD'S OLDEST PROFESSION AND LIKENS HERSELF TO MADONNA AS DOMINATRIX AND TO THE MAFIA AS AN ITALIAN IN A TANTALIZING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"ULTIMATE TV"—*PLAYBOY* HARVESTS THE STURDY EVERGREENS (AND SOME NEWER SPROUTS) FROM THE VAST WASTELAND IN 25 OVERLOOKED AND UNDERVALUED TV EPISODES, INCLUDING THE BEST OF GROUCHO, *LUCY*, *STAR TREK* AND *TWIN PEAKS*—BY **NEIL TESSER**

"A BLOW FOR FREEDOM"—HE PACKS A GUN, WEARS A BULLETPROOF VEST AND DEFINITELY TAKES NO CHANCES. THIS NEW YORKER WOULD RATHER BE JUDGED BY 12 OF HIS PEERS THAN BE CARRIED TO HIS GRAVE BY SIX—FICTION BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

"RUDE BOYS"—MEET THE VICIOUS DRUG RUNNERS OF THE JAMAICAN POSSES WHO CONTROL THE ACTION IN MAJOR U.S. CITIES. FIRST IN OUR SERIES ON THE NEW MOBSTERS WHO WILL MAKE YOU MISS THE RELATIVELY PEACEFUL DAYS WHEN THE MAFIA RAN THE UNDERWORLD—BY **T. J. ENGLISH**

ROBERT MAXWELL, THE MEDIA MOGUL WHO'S BEING HAILED AS THE SAVIOR OF NEW YORK'S FINANCIALLY TROUBLED *DAILY NEWS*, TAKES AIM AT ARCHRIVAL **RUPERT MURDOCH** AND DELIVERS THE GOODS ON **GORBACHEV, MARGARET THATCHER** AND ORGANIZED LABOR IN A HEADLINE-MAKING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

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